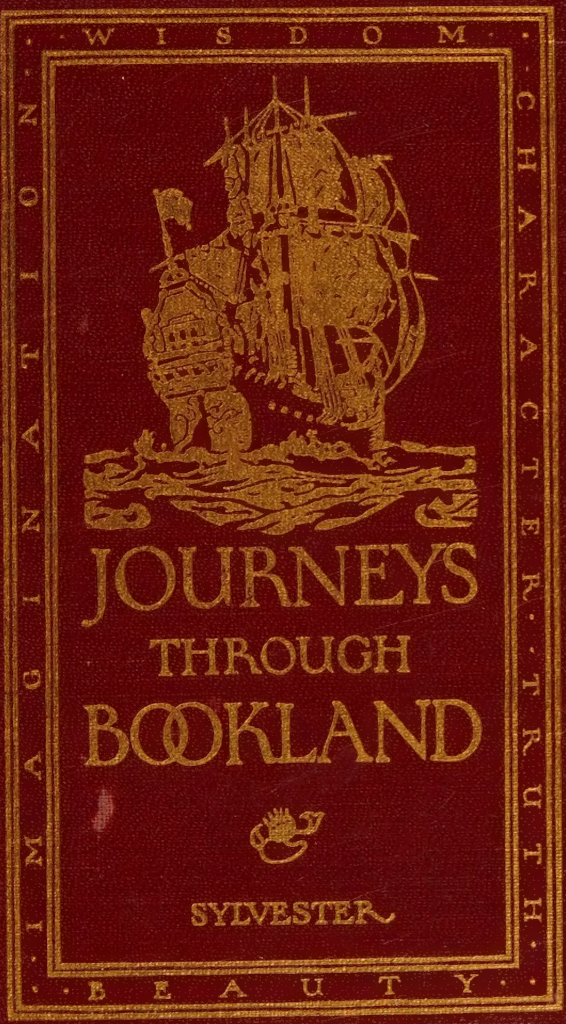

JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND

SYLVESTER

Purchased in 1931-

CINDERELLA AND HER GODMOTHER

Journeys Through Bookland

A NEW AND ORIGINAL
PLAN FOR READING APPLIED TO THE
WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE
FOR CHILDREN

BY

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER
Author of English and American Literature

VOLUME ONE
New Edition

Chicago
BELLOWS-REEVE COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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PREFACE

This series of books is the result of earnest efforts to present to boys and girls the best literature in such a way that it will appeal to their imagination, interest them, and lead them to read for information, enjoyment and inspiration.

It is reading outside of school hours that really fixes the taste of a young person, and if he is left wholly to his own resources, nothing is more natural than that he should read merely for his present enjoyment and for the excitement that the short-lived, modern stories furnish so abundantly. A youthful reader loves to learn, and it is necessary merely to suggest new lines of interest to lead him to follow them joyfully.

In his work, the writer has drawn upon the experience of long years in the schoolroom, in institutes for teachers, and upon the frank criticisms of boys and girls who have seen the work at different times.

The writer has had in all departments the valuable assistance of Miss Anna McCaleb, who has contributed not only the selections which bear her name, but also many other articles, annotations, comments and studies. The writer would acknowledge here his obligations to all persons who have assisted him, but so numerous have they been that it is impossible to mention them, so he must be content to express in this general way his deep sense of indebtedness to all.

If the critical reader notices the absence of any of his favorite classics, or the omission of commendable selections from recent writings, he must remember that the object here is to create an interest, not to satisfy it, and that only old and tried literature is basic.

Those readers who wish for a classification of the selections on the basis of their content will find what they desire in the *Index* in the tenth volume.

Chicago, December, 1909. C. H. S.

PREFACE TO THE NEW (FIFTEENTH) EDITION

The favor with which *Journeys Through Bookland* has been received has more than justified the faith of the author in the conception and plan of the work and also in the selections from literature embodied in it. In many thousands of homes *Journeys* has proved its worth both to children and to their parents.

The increasing demand for it has made it necessary to make new plates for the entire work. Only slight changes in the text have been made, but the publishers have taken advantage of the opportunity to give the work a setting which shall express their feeling of its value, and which shall enable it even more adequately to serve the public —parents and their children.

The preparation of this edition has been under the direction of Karl H. Goodwin, who brought to the work the experience of many years in pub-

lishing books for young people. In the layout of the earlier volumes and in matters of special design he has had the benefit of the advice and assistance of Will H. Howell, specialist in artistic book design, also of R. Fayerweather Babcock, whose drawings and helpful criticisms have added much to the success of the undertaking. To these and to all others who have contributed in any way, thanks are due, both for the talent placed at our disposal, and for the sympathetic and helpful spirit manifested at all times.

That *Journeys Through Bookland* may merit and continue to receive the approval of parents, and to bring helpfulness and joy into their lives and the lives of their children is the earnest hope of the author.

June, 1922. C. H. S.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

In these volumes the selections from the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, John Hay, Alice Cary, Phoebe Cary, Henry D. Thoreau, Lucy Larcom and John G. Saxe, are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of the works of these authors.

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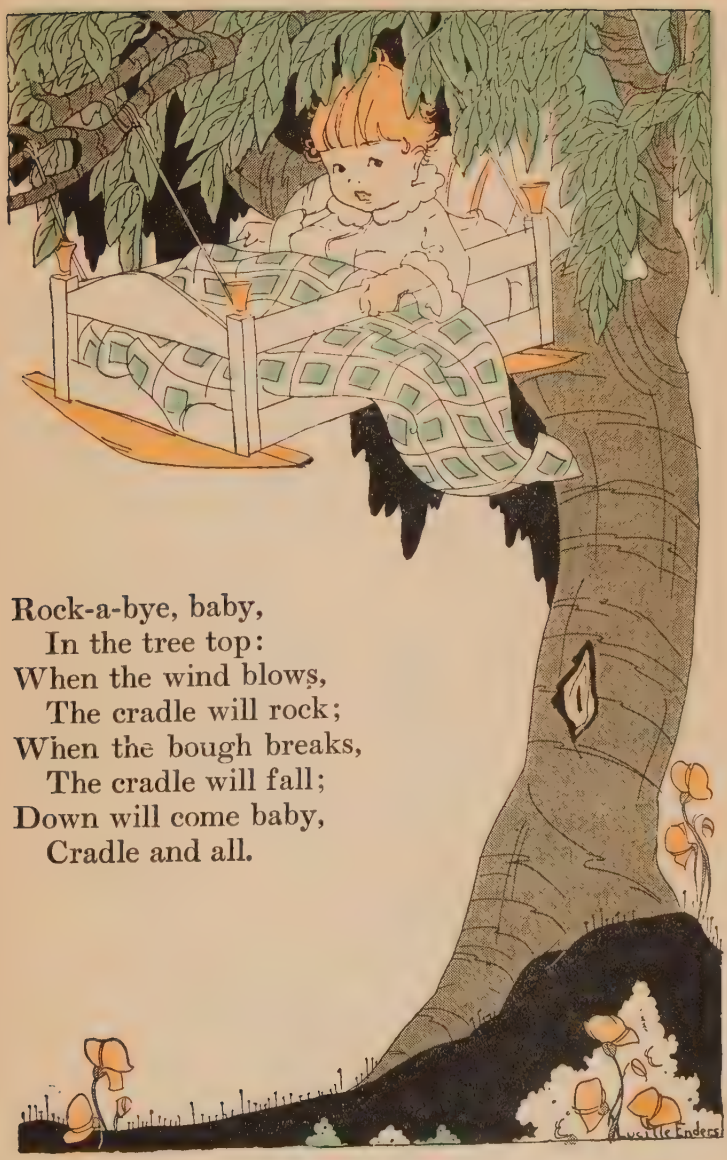


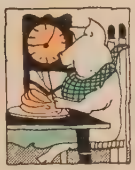
Rock-a-bye, baby,
In the tree top:
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall;
Down will come baby,
Cradle and all.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Baker's man,
Bake me a cake
As fast as you can;
Prick it and pat it,
And mark it with T,
And put it in the oven
For Teddy and me.

This little pig went to market;

This little pig stayed at home;

This little pig had a bit of meat,



And this little pig had none;

This little pig said,

"Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my
way home."

Bye, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone a-milking,
Sister's gone a-silking,
Brother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again, dancing a jig.
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog;
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

Up, little baby, stand up clear;
Mother will hold you, do not fear;
Dimple and smile, and chuckle and crow!
There, little baby, now you know!

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes sir, yes sir,
Three bags full;

One for my master,
One for my dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in our lane.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse;

Rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
And so she makes music
Wherever she goes.

Dame Trot and her cat
Led a peaceable life,
When they were not troubled
With other folks' strife.
When Dame had her dinner
Near Pussy would wait,
And was sure to receive
A nice piece from her plate.

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.

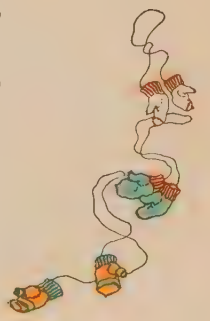
Ladybird, Ladybird,
Fly away home;
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

There was a rat,
For want of stairs,
Went down a rope
To say his prayers.

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran up to the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving knife;
Did you ever see such a sight in your life, As—
Three blind mice, see how they run!
etc., etc.

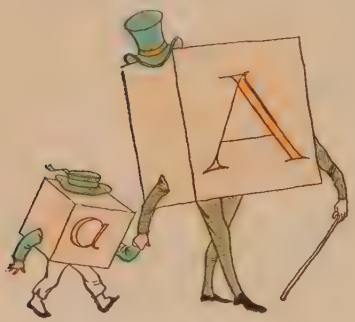
Three little kittens
Lost their mittens;
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mother dear,
We really fear
That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No; you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
mee-ow."



There was a monkey climbed up a tree;
When he fell down, then down fell he.

Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.



Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in? Little Tommy Linn.
Who pulled her out? Big John Stout.

What a naughty boy was that
To drown the poor, poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice
in his father's barn.

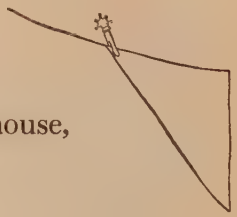
The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?"
"I've been up to London
To look at the queen."

"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair."

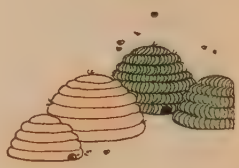
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?



The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And nipped off her nose.



Higgledy Piggledy,
My black hen,

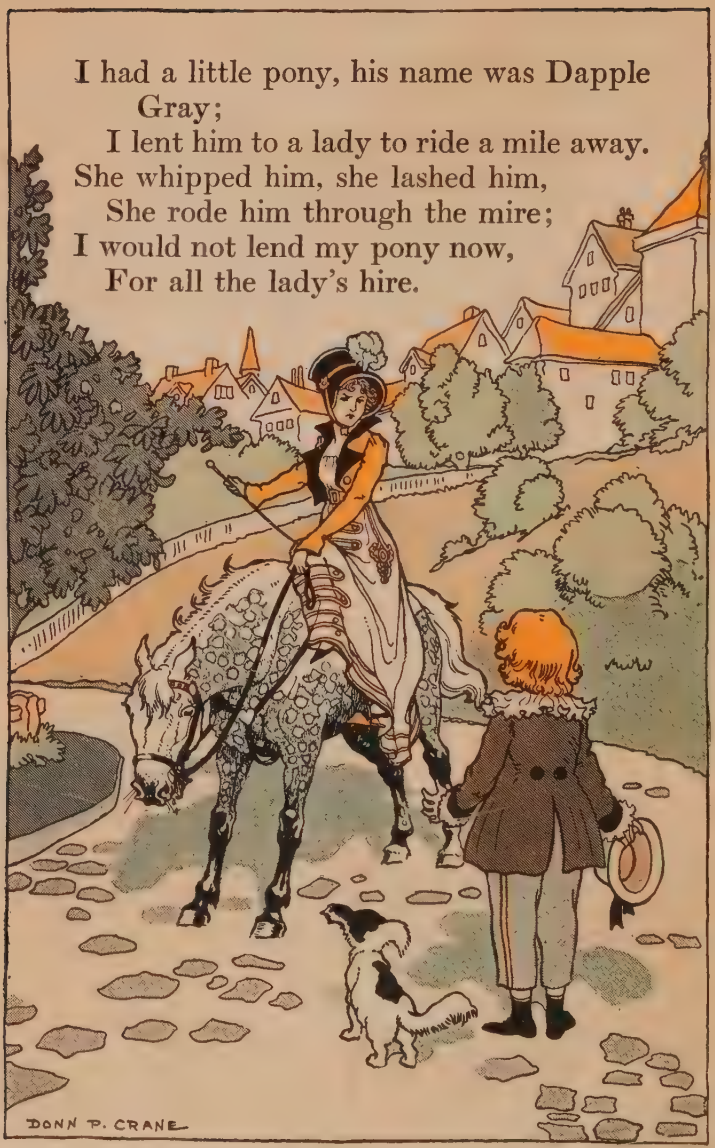
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten.

Higgledy Piggledy,
My black hen!

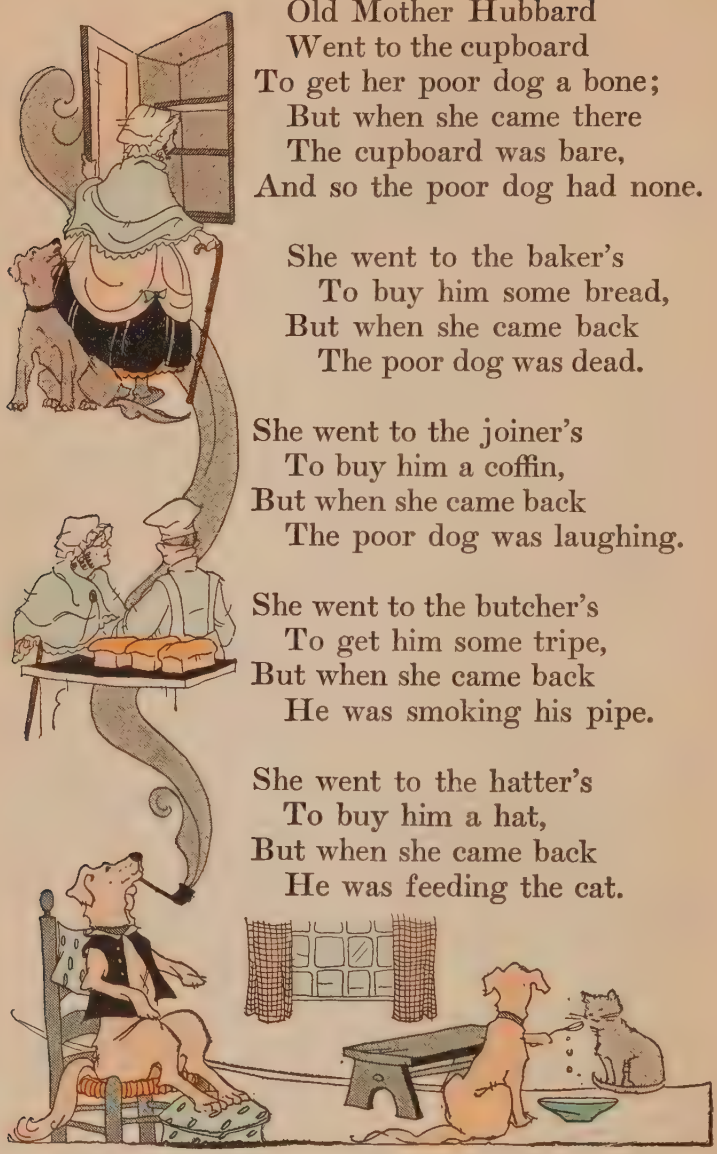
Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.

There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him downstairs.

I. W. W.


I had a little pony, his name was Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.
DONN P. CRANE

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see the sport,
While the dish ran away with the spoon.



Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She went to the butcher's
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

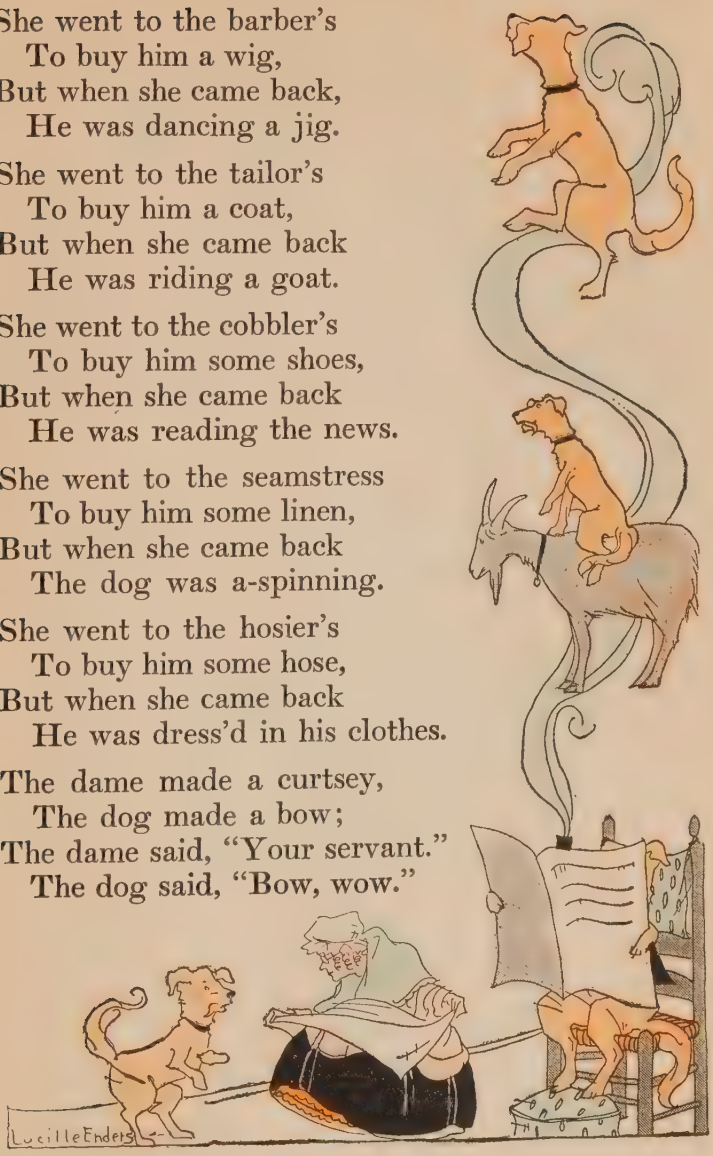
She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

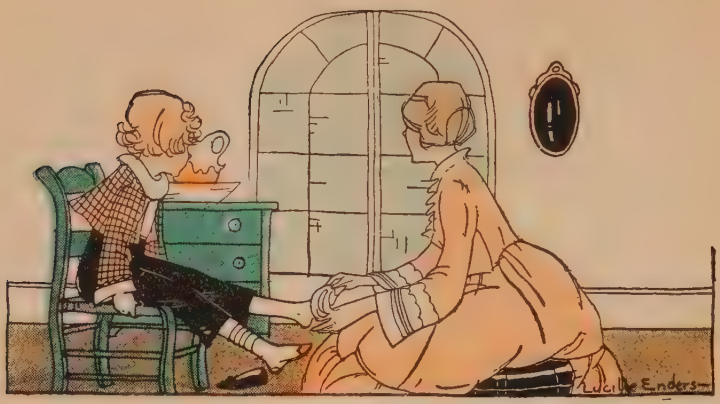
She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant."
The dog said, "Bow, wow."





Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here is a leg for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.

The cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Little fishie in the brook,
Papa caught him with a hook,
Mamma fried him in a pan,
Baby ate him like a man!

There was an old woman
  Lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone,
  She lives there still.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
Along came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockleshells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

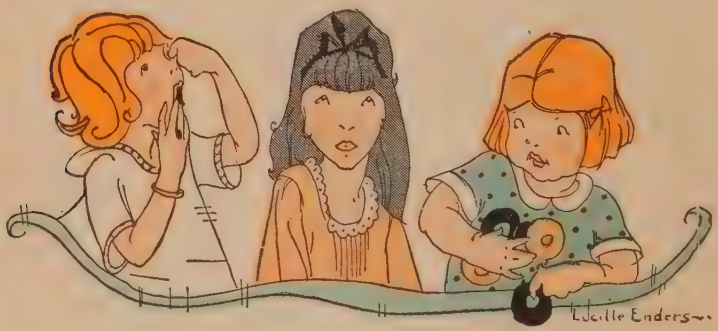
Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail!

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I."

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How can he marry
Without e'er a wife?

Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
"Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?"
"He's under the haystack, fast asleep."

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

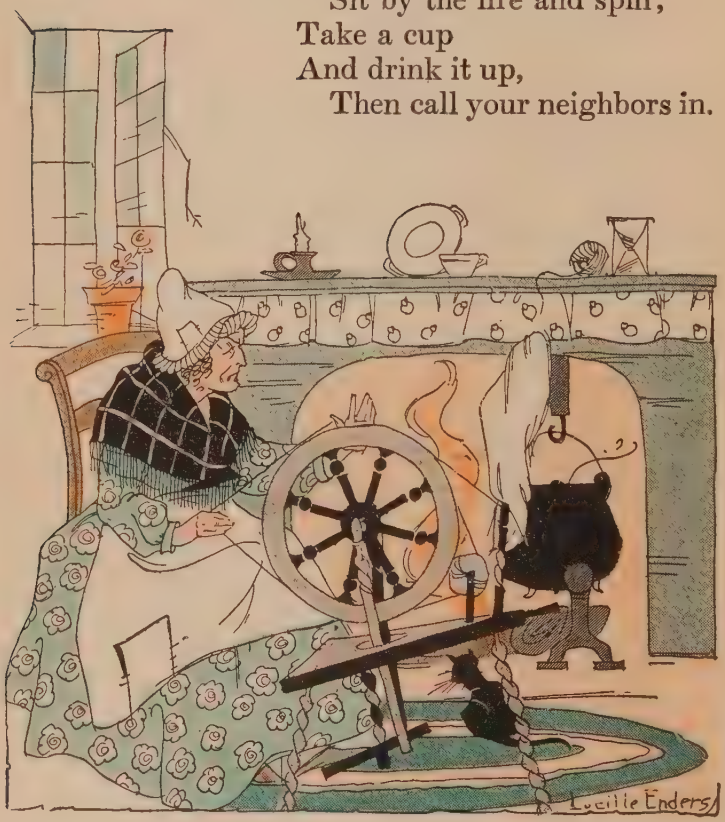


Come, let's to bed, says Sleepy-head;
Tarry a while, says Slow;
Put on the pan, says Greedy Nan,
Let's sup before we go.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what to
do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
Yet this grumbling old woman could never keep quiet.

Cross patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.



There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked
mile;
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile!
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked
mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And took them clean away.

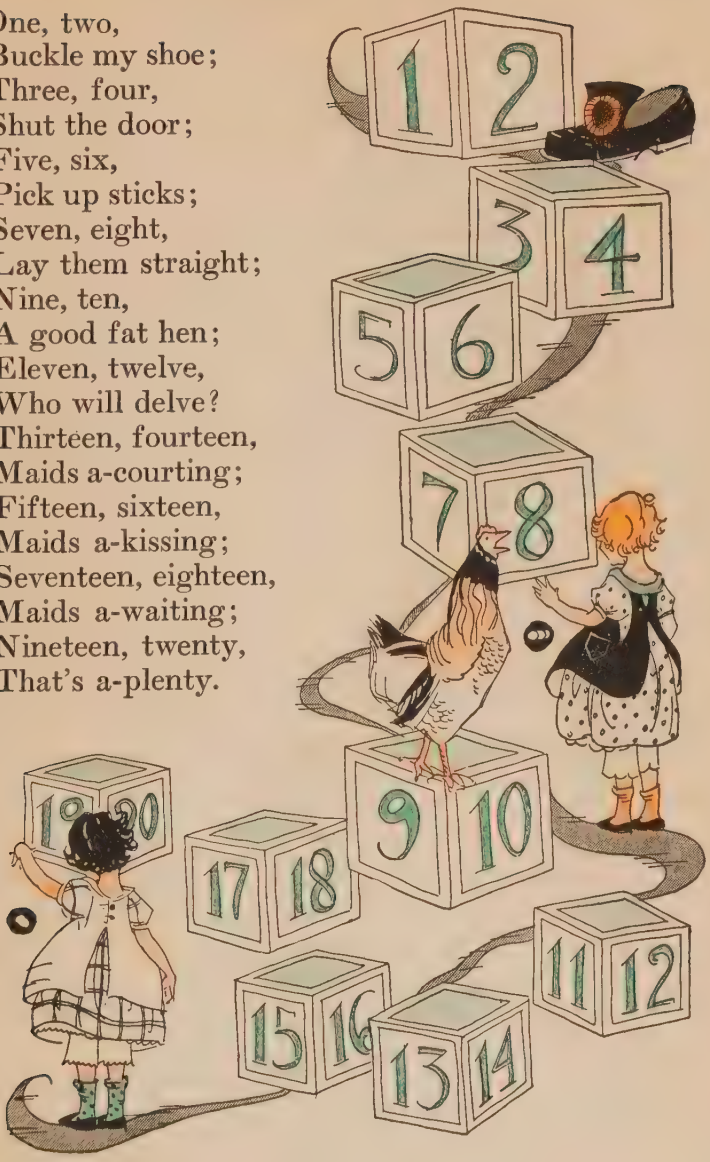
The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

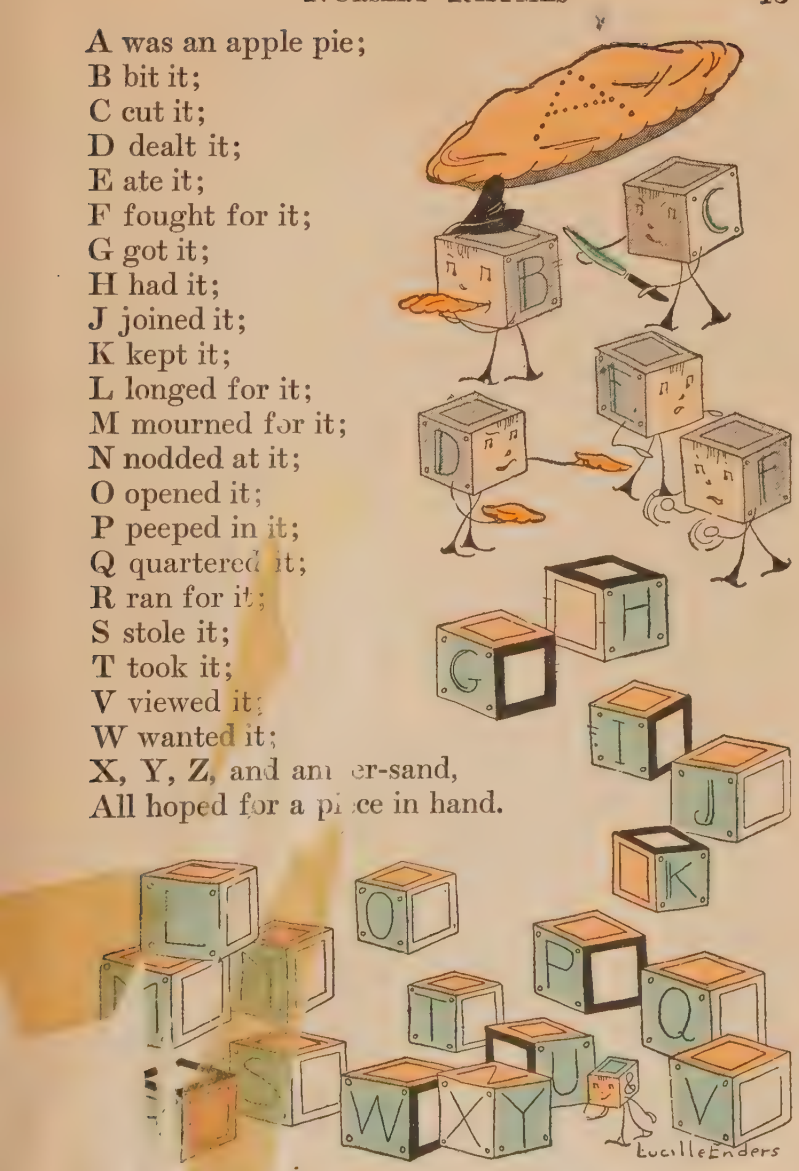
I'll tell you a story
About Old Mother Morey—
  And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another
About Jack, her brother,
  And now my story's done.

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
That's a-plenty.



Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Sick on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday;
And that was the last of
Poor old Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Sick on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
etc., etc.

A was an apple pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E ate it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and ampersand,
All hoped for a piece in hand.



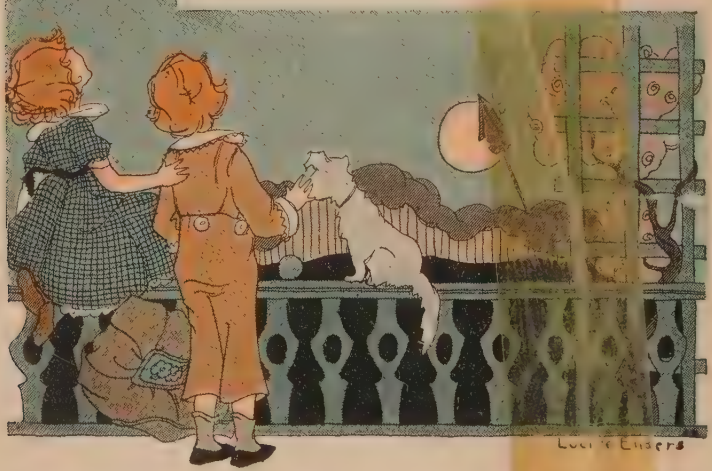
Winfield spoke this piece at Children's day exercises at the Church. Jane age 3

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

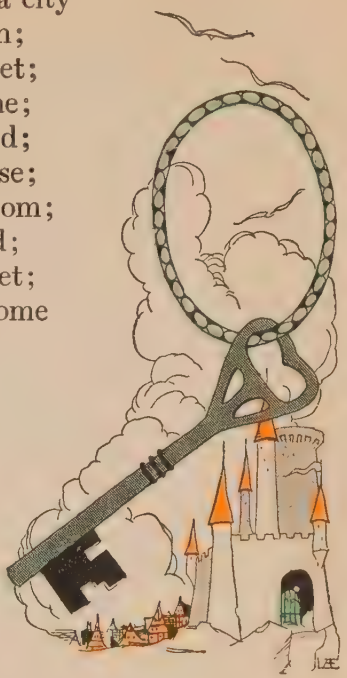
When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

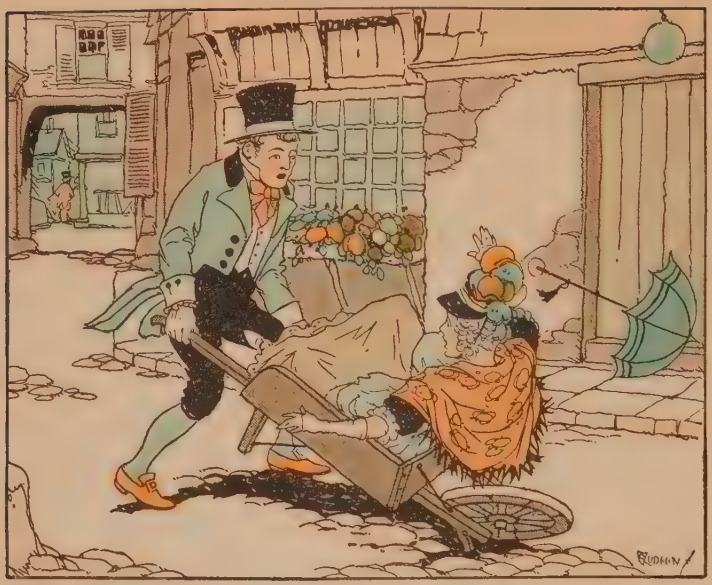
As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!



There is the key of the Kingdom.
In that Kingdom there is a city
In that city there is a town;
In that town there is a street;
In that street there is a lane;
In that lane there is a yard;
In that yard there is a house;
In that house there is a room;
In that room there is a bed;
On that bed there is a basket;
In that basket there are some
flowers.



Flowers in the basket,
Basket on the bed,
Bed in the room,
Room in the house,
House in the yard,
Yard in the lane,
Lane in the street,
Street in the town,
Town in the city,
City in the Kingdom,
And this is the key of the Kingdom.
In that Kingdom there is a city;
In that city there is a town;
In that town there is a street;
In that street there is a lane;
In that lane there is a yard;
In that yard there is a house;
In that house there is a room;
In that room there is a bed;
etc., etc.

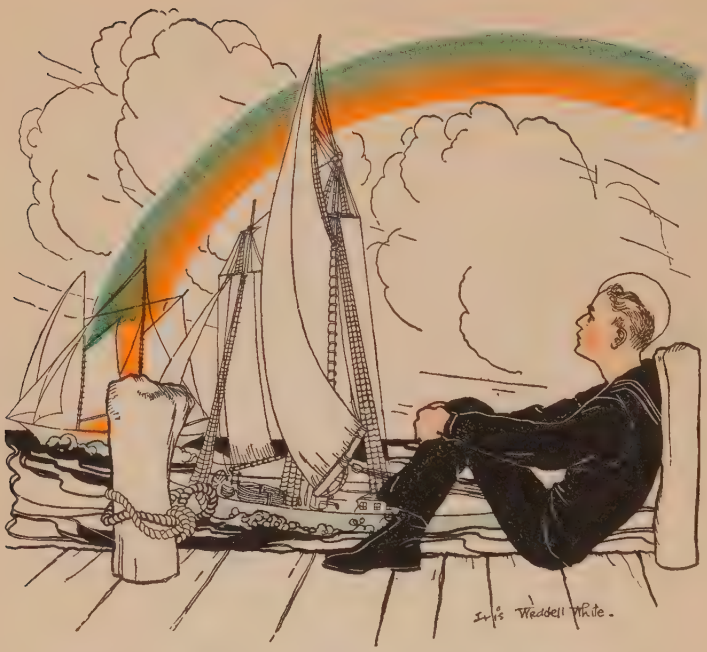


When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life
That I went to London to get myself a wife.

The streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall;
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife, and all.

There was a jolly miller
He lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be—
I care for nobody—no! not I,
Since nobody cares for me.

Daffy-Down-Dilly has come up to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.



Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning.
Rainbow at night, sailors' delight.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy and wise.

If all the world were water,
And all the water were ink,
What should we do for bread and cheese?
What should we do for drink?

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by;
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then;
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, and one could sing,
And one could play on the violin—
And they all came up for my wedding,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it best
When it's nine days old.

Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Three geese in a flock;
One flew east, and one flew west,
And one flew over the Coo-Coo's nest.

One-ery, two-ery, ickery ann,
Fillacy, fallacy, Nicholas Zann,
Queevy, Quavy, Irish navy,
Stingalum, stangalum, buck.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
Went the fiddlers three.
O! there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took a poker and flung at his head.

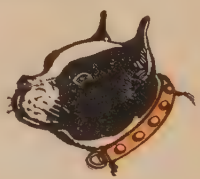
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
And all the King's horses and all the King's men
Can't put Humpty
Dumpty
together
again.

"I'm just a little boy.
But I can tell you all;
Jesus loves me just the same,
Even tho' I'm small."

This is the house that Jack built.
This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,

That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck.
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day.

A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

There was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise:
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

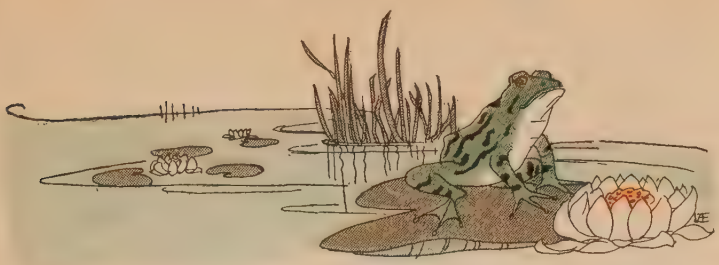
A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

My story's ended
My spoon is mended:
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door
And get it mended.

Juvenile Literature

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—*Stevenson.*



THE BOYS AND THE FROGS

SOME boys were one day idling by the side of a pond, and whenever a Frog lifted its head from the water, the boys would pelt it with stones.

"Boys," said a Frog, "this may be fun for you, but it is death for us."

The old fables were written to teach a lesson of some kind, and it was usually stated in a "Moral" at the end of the fable. We do not need to be told the moral of this little piece, but it is a great deal bigger and broader than one might think. Many times we are stoning frogs when we play a practical joke on our friends, or frighten children younger than ourselves.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

A BIG Dog carrying a big piece of meat in his mouth was one day crossing a river on a narrow bridge. Chancing to look into the water, he saw his own image reflected there, but thought it was another dog with a bigger piece of meat. He opened his mouth to grab the other's piece of meat and lost his own in the river.

Greedy people often come to grief.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A FOX once saw a Crow fly off with a piece of cheese in its beak and settle on a branch of a tree.

"That's for me, as I am a Fox," said Master Renard, and he walked up to the foot of the tree.

"Good-day, Mistress Crow," he cried. "How well you are looking to-day; how glossy your feathers; how bright your eye. I feel sure your voice must surpass that of other birds, just as your figure does; let me hear you sing, that I may call you queen of birds."

The Crow lifted up her head and began to caw her best, but the moment she opened her mouth the piece of cheese fell to the ground, only to be snapped up by Master Fox.

"That will do," said he. "That was all I wanted. For your cheese I will give you a piece of advice: Do not trust flatterers."

THE BOY AND THE NETTLE

A LITTLE boy, playing in the fields, chanced to be stung by a nettle, and came crying to his father.

"That nasty weed has hurt me several times. Now, I am always afraid of it, and touched it as lightly as possible. Why should it sting me so?"

"Child," said the father, "your touching it so gently and timorously is the very reason it hurt you. A nettle may be handled safely: if you seize it boldly and grip it fast, be assured it will never sting you."

Many little things that annoy and pain us greatly may be made harmless if we act boldly and fearlessly. The water is cold to the boy who stands in it knee-deep, but it feels warm to the one who has plunged quickly in and is swimming about.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

AN ASS dressed himself in a lion's skin and went about frightening the little animals by his roaring. After a while he met a Fox and tried to scare him also. But the Fox, not frightened in the least, called out to the Ass, "You silly Ass, I might have been frightened if I had not heard you bray, and seen your ears sticking out of the lion's skin!"

Many people who dress finely show by their manners and their speech that they are very common after all.

THE FROG WHO WISHED TO BE AS BIG AS AN OX

AN Ox, grazing in a meadow, chanced to set his foot on a young Frog and crushed him to death. The Frog's brothers and sisters, who were playing near, at once ran to tell their mother what had happened.

"The monster that did it, mother, was such a size!" said they.

The mother, who was a vain old thing, thought she could easily make herself as large. "Was it as big as this?" she asked, blowing and puffing herself out.

"Oh, much bigger than that," replied the young Frogs.

"As this, then?" cried she, puffing and blowing again with all her might.

"Nay, mother," said they; "if you were to try till you burst yourself, you would never be so big."

The silly old Frog tried to puff herself out still more, and burst herself indeed.

Many a man ruins his business and himself in trying to be something for which Nature never intended him.

A THOUGHT

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

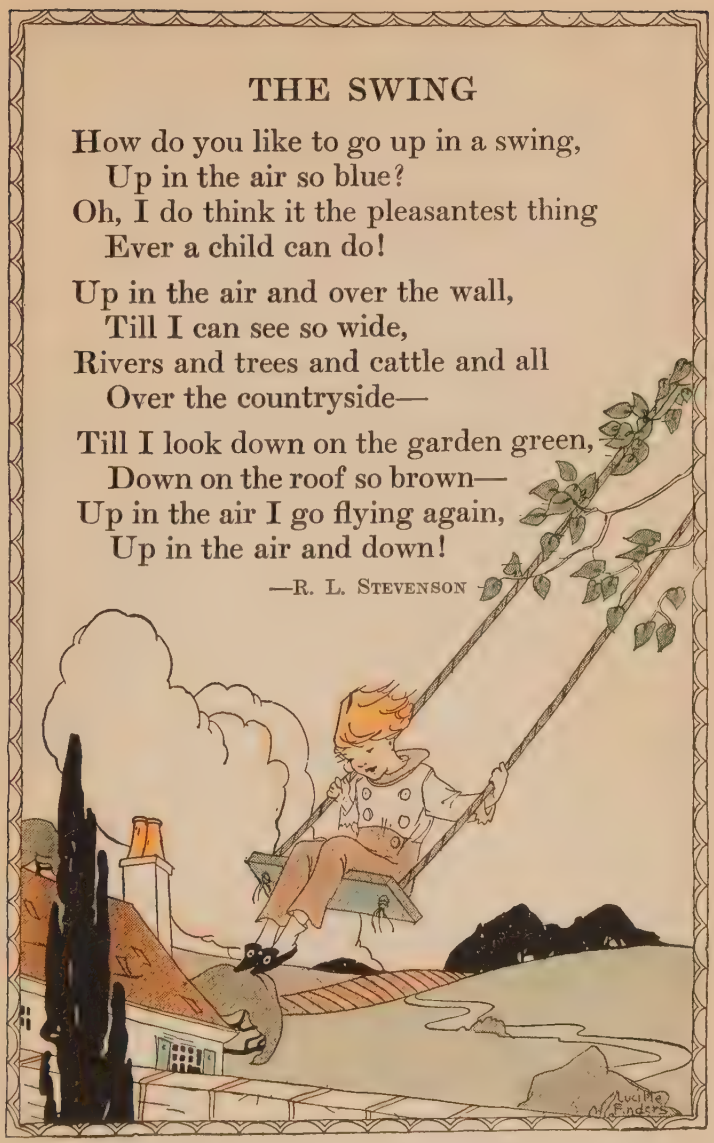
THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

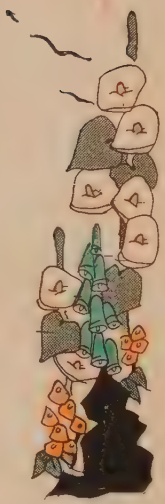
Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

—R. L. STEVENSON



THE SUN'S TRAVELS

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



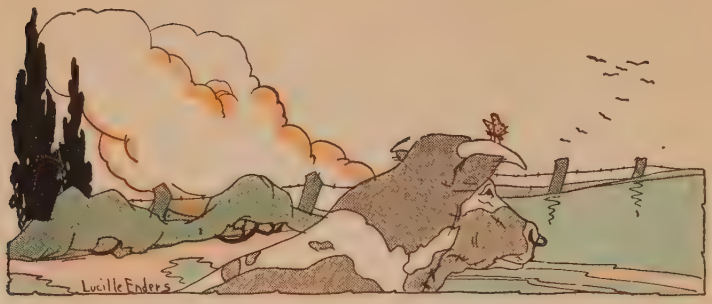
The Sun is not abed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepyhead
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

We know that the earth turns round and round as it travels about the sun, and that when it is day in Scotland, where the author of this poem lived, it is night way off in India, on the other side of the earth. Stevenson was a grown man when he wrote this poem, but he remembered very clearly how interested he was when a child in the other little children far away in the strange, "upside-down" parts of the world.

Lucille Enders



THE GNAT AND THE BULL

A STURDY Bull was driven by the heat of the weather to wade up to his knees in a cool and swift-running stream. He had not been there long when a Gnat, that had been disporting itself in the air, lighted upon one of his horns.

"My dear fellow," said the Gnat, with as great a buzz as he could manage, "pray excuse the liberty I take. If I am too heavy, only say so, and I will go at once and rest upon the poplar which grows by the edge of the stream."

"Stay or go, it makes no difference to me," replied the Bull. "Had it not been for your buzz I should not even have known you were there."

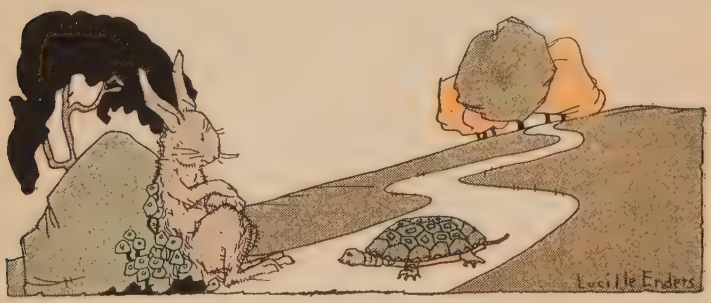
Did you never see a silly little child, or even a grown person, who thought he was of great importance, while all his acquaintances knew him to be neither a help nor a hindrance to others?

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

O YOU slow one, you clumsy one, your ugly shape and plodding motions make me roar with laughter," said the Hare to the Tortoise one day as they met in the road.

"Perhaps I am ugly and do move slowly," replied the Tortoise, "but I can beat you in a race to the next river."

This made the Hare laugh more loudly than ever, and a Fox coming along stopped to see what caused



the uproar. The Hare explained the joke and finally asked the Fox to hold the stakes and judge the race.

Off started the rivals, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the Hare was out of sight. Only a little cloud of dust remained to show where he had gone. The day was hot and sultry, and soon he was choking with dust.

"Pshaw!" said he; "I can rest here an hour—can even take a nap—and beat that lazy Tortoise to the brook. Suppose he does pass me, I can overtake him quickly enough."

Meanwhile the Tortoise plodded slowly along, kicking up no dust, feeling no heat. When he came up to the Hare the latter was sleeping soundly, and the Tortoise passed on slowly but surely, moving steadily, never resting a minute.

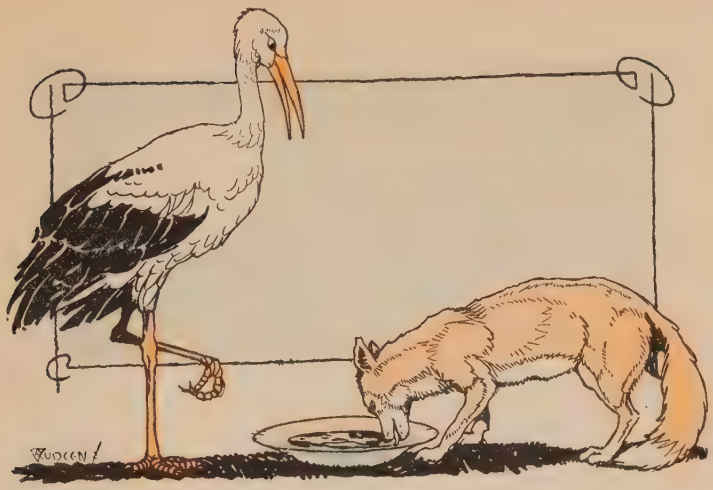
It was late afternoon when the Hare awoke and looked up and down the road. "I declare," he said; "that slow-poke has not come along yet. I'll take a few nibbles at this clover and then run back and meet him."

The clover was sweet and juicy, and it was some time before the Hare again remembered his race. When he did, he turned to the road and examined the dust. Think how surprised he was to see the trail of the Tortoise leading by him toward the brook. There was no more nibbling of lunches, no more sleeping or resting, for off down the road he ran, covering the ground in long leaps that brought him quickly to the brook, where, sitting lazily at the edge of the water, was the Tortoise, calmly waiting.

"Here, take your money," said the Fox to the Tortoise; adding as he turned to the Hare, "Steady going wins the race."

A RIDDLE

LITTLE Nancy Netticoat
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.



THE STORK COULD NOT GET THE SOUP

THE FOX AND THE STORK

A FOX and a Stork one time struck up quite a friendship; but the Fox never could forget how much smarter he was or how great enmity he felt against most birds, so he was quite willing to amuse himself at the expense of his friend.

Finally he thought of a plan which pleased him so much as he thought it over that he ran his best to invite the Stork to take dinner with him on the morrow. When the Stork came, as she did promptly and willingly, she found that the Fox had prepared a dinner of soup, and had put it in a large, shallow plate, from which he could lap it very nicely, but from which she was unable to get anything, for she could barely wet the tip of her bill in it.

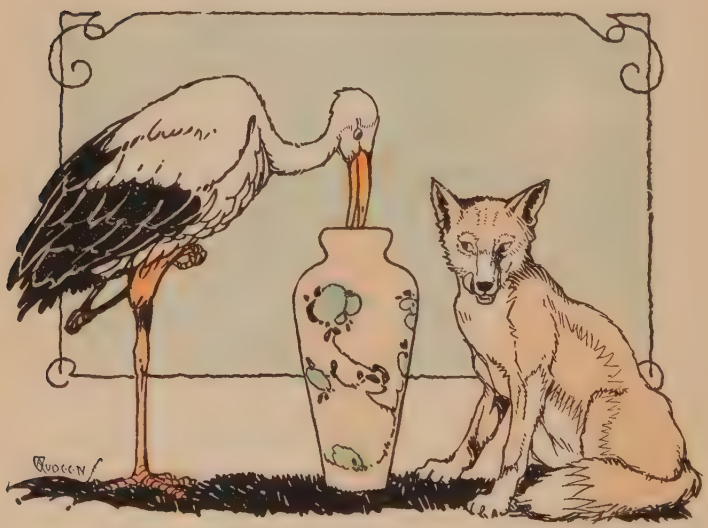
The Stork was rather wise herself, and when she reached home she kept thinking about the treatment

she had received at the hands of Master Fox, and after a long and wakeful night she conceived a plan for revenge. In the morning she called upon the Fox and invited him to take dinner with her in return.

Master Fox arrived on time, still chuckling over the joke he had played on the Stork; but he was surprised and no little disappointed to find that the Stork had provided for the dinner a quantity of fine minced meat, which she had put in the bottom of a vase with a very long neck. She could thrust her bill into this and pick up the meat without trouble; but the Fox could get nothing except the drippings that he licked from the sides of the vessel.

"A fine dinner we have had!" said the Stork.

"You need not apologize," replied the Fox.



THE FOX COULD NOT REACH THE MEAT

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

DO you know the story of the Lion and the Mouse? It is an old, old story, but a lovely story, I think. It runs like this:

One day a huge Lion lay sleeping soundly in the shade of a great tree. His strong legs were stretched out limply on the ground, and his shaggy head and powerful jaws looked very beautiful in repose, for the wicked teeth were covered and the fierce eyes closed. Two little Mice, seeing him there, began to play about him, and finally one of them, much braver than the other, ran over the Lion's head, through his tawny mane and beneath his great fore paw.

The Lion's rest was nearly over, and the little feet of the Mouse tickled the huge beast into wakefulness. Opening one eye, he spied the Mouse under his paw, and closed his big toes over his trembling prisoner.

"What are you doing here, you miserable little Mouse?" said the Lion in a terrible roar. "Why do you disturb my noonday nap in the shade? I'll break every bone in your ugly little body."

Down came the big toes, out sprang the awful claws, just as they do on the cat's foot when she dreams of hunting. The Mouse thought surely his last hour had come, and he cried loud as he could in his weak, trembling voice:

"O, Mr. Lion, spare me! Spare me! I didn't mean to disturb you, truly I didn't. You see, I was just playing, and your mane was so soft and beautiful, I couldn't keep out of it, and under your paws was

THE MOUSE GNAWED AT THE BIG ROPES

just the place to hide, so here I came. I didn't mean any harm—I didn't think you'd care, Mr. Lion. Don't kill me this time. I'll never, never do it again."

"Well, see that you don't," growled the Lion. "Killing you would be small business for me, anyhow."

It was not many days after this that the Lion, while hunting near by, was caught in a net which some hunters had spread for him. He struggled fiercely and roared in anger, but the more he rolled about and the harder he kicked and pawed, the more closely the net clung to him, till at last, weary with fighting, he lay bound and helpless, an easy prey for the hunters when they should return. The Mouse which the Lion had spared lived in a little

nest of grass not far from where the Lion was caught. He heard the noise of the struggle and sat at home with a beating heart, afraid to venture out of doors while such a furious combat was going on. When the Lion grew quiet, however, the Mouse stole out, and soon saw what was the matter.

"O Mr. Lion," he said, "you are the very Mr. Lion that let me go that other day, aren't you? and now the hunters will kill you if you can't get away, won't they? I'll help you."

"What can you do, you little mite?" growled the Lion. "Better run away yourself, or when the hunters come for me they'll step on you."

"O, I can help. I can gnaw the ropes in two. I'd like to do it," said the Mouse. "Just you keep still till I tell you to move."

So the Mouse began to gnaw on the big ropes. It was a hard task, and his lips grew sore and his sharp teeth ached, but he kept on bravely till one after another the ropes gave way and the King of the Woods was almost free.

"Wait just a few minutes more," said the Mouse as he paused to rest his little jaws. "Don't jump up till I get out of the way. I'll tell you when."

In a little while the last rope was cut in two, and the Mouse, scrambling down from the Lion's big head, called out:

"Now jump up, Mr. Lion; you're free. Aren't you glad you didn't kill me the other day?"

The big fellow stood up on his feet, shook himself a few times, stretched his aching limbs, washed his face and walked away. But just as he was going he looked back over his shoulder and sang out, "Little friends are great friends."

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS

AN old man who had many sons became very much troubled by their constant quarreling. Many times and often he called his sons before him and begged them to live together in peace and harmony. Nothing he said seemed to affect them in the least until one day he showed them something that spoke more powerfully than words.

Before calling them around him on this day he tied together a bundle of as many sticks as there were sons. Then when all were present he said to the youngest, "Take this bundle of sticks and break it."

Though the youngest tried his best he could not break the bundle, nor could the next boy, nor the next, nor even the oldest and strongest of them, although he put his knee across it and pulled with all his muscles.

When each son had made trial and all had failed, the father cut the cord that bound the sticks together and handed a single stick to each son.

"Now break them," said he.

Each son succeeded in breaking his stick with great ease.

"See, my sons!" cried the old man. "There is the power of unity! Bound together in brotherly love, you may defy every human opposition; divided, you will surely fall a prey to your enemies."

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

Adapted from THE FRENCH OF
CHARLES PERRAULT

ONCE upon a time there lived in a small village in the country a little girl, the prettiest and sweetest little creature that ever was seen. Her

RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF

mother loved her very fondly, and her grandmother doted on her still more.

This good woman had made for her a little red hood, which was so becoming to the child that every one called her *Little Red Riding-Hood.*

One day her mother, having made some cheese cakes, said to her:

"Go, my child, and see how your grandmother does; for I fear she is ill. Carry her some of these cakes and this little pat of butter."

Little Red Riding-Hood set out right away with a basket filled with cakes and the pat of butter, to go to her grandmother's house, which was in another village a little way off.

As she was going through a wood which lay in her road, she met a large wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up; but he dared not, because of some woodcutters near by in the forest. Yet he spoke to her and asked her where she was going.

The poor child, who did not know that it is always dangerous to stand and hear a wolf talk, said to him:

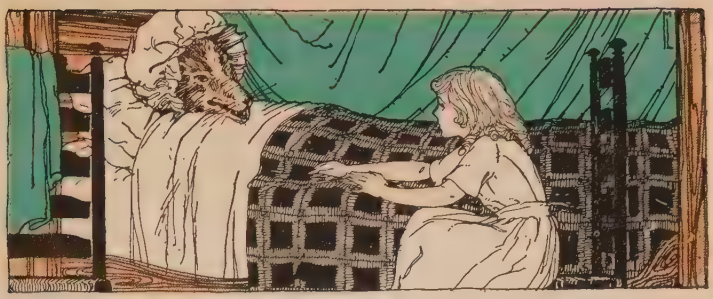
"I am going to see my grandmamma and carry these cakes and this pat of butter from my mamma."

"Does your grandmother live far off?" asked the wolf.

"Oh, yes," answered Little Red Riding-Hood: "she lives beyond that mill yonder, in the first house in the village."

"Well," said the wolf, "I'll go and see her too. I'll go this way and you go that way, and we'll see who'll be there first."

The wolf set out as fast as he could run, taking the nearest way, and it was not long before he reached the old woman's house.



He knocked at the door, tap, tap, tap.

A voice in the house said:

"Who's there?"

The Wolf replied, speaking as much like Little Red Riding-Hood as he could:

"It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood. I have brought you some cheese cakes and a little pat of butter that mamma has sent you."

The good grandmother, who was ill in bed, cried out:

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up!"

The wolf pulled the bobbin, the door opened, and in he jumped. Presently he caught the good woman and ate her up in a hurry, for it was more than three days since he had touched a bit of food.

Then he shut the door, and, climbing into the grandmother's bed, waited for Little Red Riding-Hood.

She had gone the longest way round and had stopped to gather nuts, to run after butterflies and to make nosegays of the little flowers that she found by the way; but shortly after the wolf had got into bed she reached the house and knocked at the door, tap, tap.

"WHO'S THERE?"

Little Red Riding-Hood, hearing the big, gruff voice of the wolf, was frightened at first; but then she thought that perhaps her grandmother had a bad cold and was hoarse, so she answered:

" 'Tis your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood. Mamma has sent you some cheese cakes and a little pat of butter."

The wolf, softening his voice as much as he could, called to her:

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up!"

Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin, the latch went up, and the door opened.

When she came into the room, the wolf hid himself under the bedclothes and said to her, in the feeblest voice he could make:

"Put the basket on the stool, my dear, and come and lie down with me."

Little Red Riding-Hood, who always did as she was told, undressed herself and got into bed. But the little girl, amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, said:

"Dear me, Grandmamma, what great arms you have!"

The wolf replied:

"They are so much better to hug you with, my child."

"Why, Grandmamma, what great legs you have got!"

"That is to run the better, my child!"

"But, Grandmamma, what great ears you've got!"

"That is to hear the better, my child."

"But, Grandmamma, what great eyes you've got!"

"They are so much better to see you with, my child."

Then the little girl, who was now very much frightened, said:

"Oh, Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!"

"THEY ARE THE BETTER TO EAT YOU UP!"

With these words the wicked wolf fell upon Little Red Riding-Hood and ate her up in a moment.

This little story is found in many countries, and everywhere it is a great favorite with children. If you mention Little Red Riding-Hood anywhere, you will be almost certain to find men and women who smile as they think how much they liked to read, when they were young, about the little girl and her grandmother.

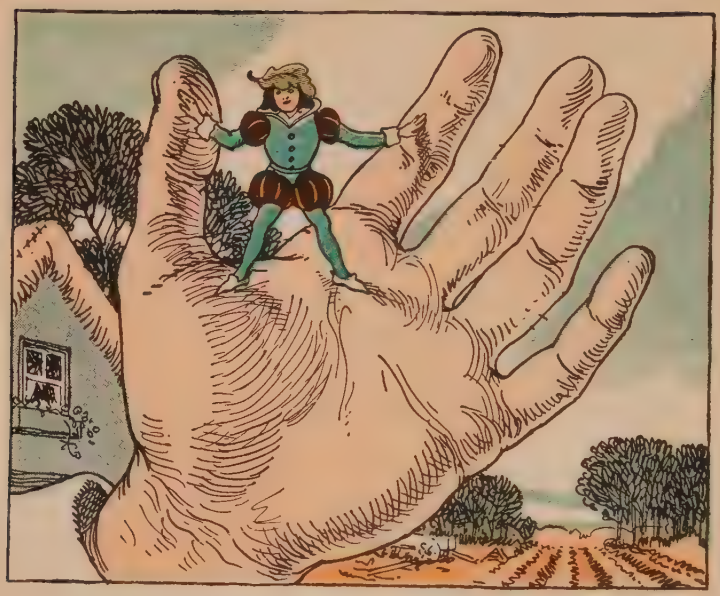
William Wetmore Story, the famous sculptor, once made a beautiful marble statue of Little Red Riding-Hood, showing that he remembered and was glad that he knew the good old tale.

SINGING

By Robert Louis Stevenson

OF speckled eggs the birdie sings,
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.



TOM THUMB

WHEN Arthur was king of Great Britain, and his brave knights were seeking adventures in all parts of his kingdom, the greatest magician was Merlin, of whose deeds you may read a great many tales.

At one time, when this great enchanter was on a long journey, he became very tired and turned in at the cottage of a plowman, whose wife, with great kindness, gave him a couch on which to rest and treated him to a meal of rich milk and fine brown bread. The cottage was neat and well furnished, and the plowman seemed in good circumstances, but Merlin noticed that the wife wore a very sorrowful expression and seemed to find no

enjoyment in anything she did. When Merlin met the plowman he saw that the farmer was as sad as his wife. Surprised at this in such people, he asked them the cause of their troubles.

The poor woman, with tears in her eyes, said, "There is but one thing we need to make us perfectly happy. You see we have no children, and the house is very lonely. Why, if I could have one boy, even if he were no bigger than his father's thumb, I should be the happiest creature in the world."

The idea pleased Merlin greatly, and after he left the plowman's home he called the queen of the fairies to his assistance.

"I know," he said, "a plowman's wife who says she would be the happiest woman in the world if she had a son only the size of his father's thumb. Cannot you help her?"

The fairy queen laughed at the idea of so small a man, and said," Well, send word to the plowman's wife that her wish shall be granted."

Not long afterward the plowman's wife did indeed have a little son, who was strong and healthy in every respect but not larger than her husband's thumb; and strange to say, no matter how much he ate or how well he took care of himself, he never grew any larger.

The queen of the fairies came to see the little fellow very soon after he was born and gave him the name of *Tom Thumb*. At the same time she called several of her servants from fairyland, and together they made for Tom a wonderful suit of clothes. His hat was made of an oak leaf; his shirt from a spider's web; his doublet of thistledown; his

stockings of apple rind and his shoes from the skin of a mouse nicely tanned with the hair inside.

Although Tom was not bigger than a man's thumb, yet he was a bright-eyed, sharp-witted little fellow who became very cunning and sly as he grew older; and as he was a great favorite with his mother she never corrected him very severely, and some of his pranks were quite troublesome. He liked to play the games that other boys played, and even joined with them, but he was so little and mischievous that none of the boys liked him very well. Sometimes he would find his way into their lunch pails and steal their food, or even get into their pockets and take out their marbles and playthings. Some of his pranks, however, turned out as badly for himself as for the people he played them on, and a number of times he got into very serious danger.

One day while his mother was making pudding, Tom stood on the edge of the bowl to watch her. As she turned away to get some more flour to stir into the bowl, Tom fell in, and his mother, never missing him, stirred him up in the dough and put him in the pot to boil. When the water began to get hot, Tom jumped about madly, scattering the dough so that his mother thought the pudding was bewitched, and gave it to a tinker who passed by just at that time.

The tinker put the pudding into his bag and went on his way. After a while Tom got his head out of the dough, cleaned the batter from his mouth, and shouted as loud as he could, "Hello, Jack the tinker."

The man was so frightened at the voice from the pudding that he tossed it hastily over a hedge into

a field, where it was broken into a dozen pieces by its fall. This released Tom, who ran home to his mother. She was glad to see him, although it made her no little work to clean the dough and plums from his clothing.

Once Tom fell into the milk and was nearly drowned. Again he fell over the edge of the salt box which hung on the wall, and could not get out until his mother heard his cries and lifted him down. It was not long after Tom fell into the saltcellar that his mother took him out into the field with her while she milked the cows. Fearing that he would be blown away by the wind, she tied him to a thistle with a piece of string. There Tom sat singing merrily while his mother did the milking.

When a big bumblebee came buzzing along Tom cried out, "Give me some of your honey."

"I am sorry, but I cannot. I need it for my little ones at home," replied the bee.

Next a beautiful butterfly came near Tom, and the little fellow called out, "Mrs. Butterfly, will you give me a ride on your back some day?"

But the butterfly went quickly away, saying over her shoulder, "I do not dare to have you on my back. You would brush the tiny scarlet and gold feathers from my wings."

After a while a little field mouse came and blinked at Tom with his sharp little eyes.

Tom said, "May I come and rest in your house some day, Mr. Mouse?"

But the mouse ran away, and as he ran he said something which Tom could not understand, but which was, "If I should take you to my house I am afraid you would show the cats the way to it."

The next animal that came along was an enormous cow, who savagely pulled up the thistle to which Tom was tied and gathered him in with it. Tom was terribly frightened by the big white teeth, the great red tongue and the yawning throat of the cow.

He shouted out at the very top of his shrill little voice, "Mother, mother."

His mother heard and answered, "Where are you, Tom? Where are you, Tom?"

"Here, mother. I am in the red cow's mouth," said Tom.

Now his mother was frightened surely enough; but Tom kicked and scratched and bit the cow's throat so savagely that she was glad to throw him out of her mouth again. His mother picked him up in a hurry, put him in her apron and ran back to the house, where she was a long time cleaning him up and changing his clothes.

Another day, when Tom was helping drive the cattle home, a raven caught him up with some kernels of corn and flew with him to the top of a giant's

great castle, where he left him. Very soon the giant, walking about on the terrace of his castle, saw Tom, and would quickly have eaten him; but Tom scratched and bit the giant's tongue till the great fellow spit him out of his mouth, over the terrace and into the sea.

While Tom was struggling in the water a large fish came along and swallowed the little man in a jiffy. Tom was not big enough to satisfy the hunger of the fish, who almost immediately seized the bait of a fisherman, and was soon landed in the boat. The fish was so large and fine that it seemed fit only for a king, and the fisherman took it as a present to King Arthur, who sent it to the kitchen to be cooked. You may imagine the surprise of the cook when she cut open the fish and found Tom alive and kicking within.

Of course so wonderful a prize was sent at once to the king, who with all his court was very much delighted with the little man. For a long time Tom Thumb was a favorite dwarf at the court, and amused the king and all his followers by merry pranks. The king used to take Tom hunting, and if a shower came up or the sun grew too hot he would drop Tom into his waistcoat pocket, where the tiny man slept till it was pleasant again.

Tom became such a favorite with the king that the latter dressed him up in rich clothes and sent him to pay a visit to his parents, telling him that he might have as much money as he could carry. Tom found a little purse, put into it as much as he could lift, shouldered his little bag and started on his journey. After traveling two days and nights and being almost worn out with the huge weight of silver on

his back, he arrived at his father's house. His parents were overjoyed to see him. Tom could scarcely wait to tell them about the money he had.

"O mother," he said, "I have brought you a fortune. The king gave me all the money I could carry to bring home to you, and here it is."

Then Tom opened the purse, and there rolled out upon the floor—a silver three-penny piece! The farmer and his wife were amazed at such a sum of money.

When Tom's visit was over, his mother took him up, set him on the palm of her hand, and then with a strong puff of her breath blew him back to the king's court, where everybody was glad to see him again.

King Arthur made Tom a knight, gave him elegant suits of clothes and a fine mouse to ride as a horse, and many are the stories told of Tom's wonderful deeds.

We have not time to read more of them now, but they were so wonderful that people heard about them all over the world. All very naturally wished that Tom had lived in their own country. After a while they began to think that he did live among them; and now if you should go to Europe you would hear the German children, the French children, the Danish children and all the others telling and reading stories about Tom Thumb. But always the German children read and tell about a German Tom Thumb; the French children, about a French Tom Thumb, and so on; but we are going to believe that Tom Thumb really lived in England in the merry days of King Arthur.

The story of Tom Thumb was published in rhyme

for the little folks of England almost three hundred years ago. It began in this way:

"In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the Table Round,
And eke a doughty knight.

TOM THUMB AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT

"His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span;
Then think you not this little knight
Was proved a valiant man?"

The story was first written in prose in 1621, by Richard Johnson.

THE SHEPHERD BOY AND THE WOLVES

N summer time the shepherds used to drive their sheep out into the mountains some distance away from their homes, where the grass was green and tender and the sheep fattened rapidly.

But there was always some danger in this, for the wolves hid in the mountains and often came down and carried off the little lambs, and even killed the old sheep themselves. So the shepherds never thought it was safe to leave the flocks alone, and some young lad was always chosen to watch them during the day, while the shepherds worked on the little fields they cultivated near at hand. It wasn't a hard task for the boy unless the wolves came in sight, and then he was so near that by calling loudly he could bring the shepherds to his aid.

One lad they sent out to do this work was a mischievous little chap, who thought it would be great sport to bring the shepherds about him even if no wolf was in sight. Accordingly, he ran up the side of a high rock, shouting at the top of his voice "Wolf! Wolf!" and swinging his arms wildly about.

The shepherds saw and heard him and came running to the spot, where they found nothing but the lively boy, laughing merrily. They reproved him for his mischief and went back to their work.

In a few days they had forgotten all about his prank, and when they saw him again upon the rock, swinging his arms and calling "Wolf! Wolf!" they ran a second time, with their hoes and spades in their hands to beat off the attack. Once more they found that the sheep were perfectly safe, and that no wolves were in sight, and the boy laughed noisily at their surprise. This time they were very angry and scolded the boy roundly for his deception.

More days passed, and nothing happened; but then, as the boy was lying idly in the warm sun, he saw the sheep huddle together in alarm and finally scamper off over the hill with wolves in close pursuit.

Frightened almost out of his wits at the very real danger, the boy climbed again upon the rock, shrieking "Wolf! Wolf!" at the top of his voice, waving his hands, stamping, and swinging his hat as though his very life depended on it.

The shepherds looked up and saw the boy, but returned to their work. They had been twice fooled and were not going to risk the chance again. No matter how loudly the boy called or how much he wept, they continued with their work, paying no further attention to what the lad said, even when he ran to them and assured them that he was telling the truth.

When the sheep did not return that night, the shepherds went out to find them, but though they hunted long and earnestly, they could discover nothing but torn and bleeding bodies, for every sheep had been killed.

Naturally they laid all the blame on the shoulders of the boy.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY*

By EUGENE FIELD

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugarplum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

*From "Love-Songs of Childhood"; Copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Why do you suppose Field says that *poppies* hang from the head to the feet of the lady from Hushaby street? Would it mean just as much to you if he had said *roses* or *daisies* instead of *poppies?* Did you know that people think poppies will put you to sleep, and that from poppy juice they make a medicine that will ease pain and quiet the sufferer?

THE WIND AND THE SUN

A DISPUTE once arose between the Wind and the Sun, each declaring himself to be the stronger. While they were wrangling about it a traveler in a big cloak came along the road, and they agreed that the one who could get off the traveler's cloak the sooner should be called the stronger.

The Wind began by sending a furious blast that at first nearly tore the cloak away; but the shivering traveler clutched his cloak more tightly and wrapped it about him so closely that the Wind, though he blew his worst, could not get the garment away.

The Sun then drove away the clouds that the Wind had gathered, and gently cast his beams upon the head of the traveler until the man grew weary and faint with the heat. At last he threw his cloak from him and ran hastily into the shade.

This fable teaches us that gentleness often accomplishes more than severity.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

A WOLF devoured his prey so ravenously that a bone stuck in his throat, giving him great pain. He ran howling up and down, and offered to reward handsomely any one who would pull it out.

A Crane, moved by pity as well as by the prospect of the money, undertook the dangerous task. Having removed the bone, he asked for the promised reward.

"Reward!" cried the Wolf; "pray, you greedy fellow, what reward can you possibly require? You have had your head in my mouth, and instead of biting it off I have let you pull it out unharmed. Get away with you, and don't come again within reach of my paw."

LULLABY

By THOMAS DEKKER

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake when you do rise;
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby—
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you;
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby—
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

A LITTLE old woman was sweeping her little old house, when she found a little old sixpence in the nest of a mouse.

"What shall I do with the sixpence?" said the little old woman. "I know: I'll go to market and buy me a little pig."

So she went to the market and bought her a pig. When she was going home she came to a stile, and she said:

"Pig, little pig, get over the stile,
Or I shan't get home to-night."

"I won't," said the pig.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog:

"Dog, dog, bite pig!
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said:

"Stick, stick, beat dog!
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said:

"Fire, fire, burn stick!
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said:

"Water, water, quench fire!
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said:

"Ox, ox, drink water!
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;

Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox!
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said:

"Rope, rope, hang butcher!
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope!
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;

Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said:

"Cat, cat, kill rat!
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

The cat said, "If you will give me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

So the old woman gave the cat the milk, and when she had lapped up the milk—

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The pig jumped over the stile,
And so the old woman got home that night.

SILVER-LOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

ALONG time ago, in a far-off country, there were three bears who lived together in a snug little house of their own, deep in the woods.

One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear, and one was a Middle-Sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Big, Huge Bear.

Their house was in a lonely place, but they had all the porridge they could eat and were always very happy. Each had a pot for his own porridge: a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized pot for the Middle-Sized Bear, and a great pot for the Great, Big, Huge Bear.

And each had a chair to sit in: a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized chair for the Middle-Sized Bear, and a great chair for the Great, Big, Huge Bear.

And each had a bed to sleep in: a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle-Sized Bear and a great bed for the Great, Big, Huge Bear.

One morning, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast and poured it out into the porridge pots, they walked out in the woods while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it.

And while they were walking, a little girl who

was called Silver-Locks, because her curly hair shone like silver in the sun, came to the house.

She was a lively little girl, and so restless that she could hardly stay at home, and whenever it was possible she ran away without leave.

When she came to the bears' house in the woods, she first peeped in at the window; then she peeped in at the keyhole, and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch.

The door was not fastened, because the bears were good bears who did nobody any harm and never thought that anybody would harm them; so Silver-Locks opened the door and went in, and there she saw the three bowls of porridge.

She was a sad little scamp, and so she tasted the largest bowl, which belonged to the Great, Big, Huge Bear; but that was too hot for her.

Then she tasted the middle-sized bowl, which belonged to the Middle-Sized Bear; and that was too cold for her.

Then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well that she ate it all.

Then she went into the parlor, and there were three chairs.

She tried the biggest chair, which belonged to the Great, Big, Huge Bear; and she found it too high.

Then she tried the middle-sized chair, which belonged to the Middle-Sized Bear; and she found that too broad.

Then she sat down in the little chair, which belonged to the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and she

found it just right, neither too high nor too broad. But she sat in it so hard that the bottom came out, and down she fell with a bump to the ground.

By this time little Silver-Locks was very tired, so she crept upstairs to the bedchamber, where the three bears slept.

At first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Big, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the Middle-Sized Bear; but that was too low at the foot for her.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head nor too low at the foot, but just right; so she covered herself up and lay there till she was fast asleep.

While little Silver-Locks was lying there fast asleep, the three bears thought their porridge had cooled enough, so they came in from their walk to eat their breakfast.

They came right into the kitchen to get their porridge; but when the Great, Big, Huge Bear went to his bowl he growled out, in his great, rough, gruff voice:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!"

When the Middle-Sized Bear looked into his porridge bowl he cried out, in his middle-sized voice:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING *MY* PORRIDGE!"

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his porridge bowl and found the porridge all gone, so he piped out, in his little, small, wee voice:

"Somebody has been at *MY* porridge and has eaten it all up!"

Then the three bears began to look all about them. They went into the parlor, where little Silver-Locks had sat in the chairs.

Now, she had forgotten to put the cushions straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Big, Huge Bear.

Then the Great, Big, Huge Bear growled out, in his great, rough, gruff voice:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

Then the Middle-Sized Bear cried out, in his middle-sized voice:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN *MY* CHAIR!"

And the Little, Small, Wee Bear piped out, in his little, small, wee voice:

"Somebody has been sitting in *MY* chair and has broken it all to pieces!"

Then the three bears went upstairs into their chamber. There the Great, Big, Huge Bear growled out, in his great, rough, gruff voice:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"

And the Middle-Sized Bear, in his middle-sized voice, cried out:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN *MY* BED!"

And the Little, Small, Wee Bear piped out in his little, small, wee voice:

"Somebody has been lying in *MY* bed—and here she is!"

Little Silver-Locks had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great Big, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder.

She had heard in her sleep the middle-sized voice of the Middle-Sized Bear; but it was all as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream.

But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it wakened her at once.

AND HERE SHE IS!

Up she started, and when she saw the three bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out on the other.

Then the Great, Big, Huge Bear growled out, in his great, rough, gruff voice:

"LET'S EAT HER!"

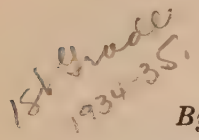
And the Middle-Sized Bear cried out, in his middle-sized voice:

"LET'S EAT HER!"

But the Little, Small, Wee Bear piped out, in his little, small, wee voice:

"No, no; let's kiss her and send her home!"

While they were talking, Silver-Locks, without waiting to hear what they decided to do, jumped out of the low window and ran off home as fast as her feet would carry her.



THE COW

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

LOOKING FORWARD

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

THE LADYBIRD AND THE FLY

By WILHELM AND JAKOB GRIMM

A LADYBIRD and a fly once lived and kept house together, and they brewed their beer in an eggshell. One day the ladybird fell in and was burned. Then the fly set up such a loud scream that the little door of the room asked: "What are you screaming for, fly?"

"Because ladybird has burned herself."

Then began the door to creak. "Why are you creaking?" asked a little broom in the corner.

"Shall I not creak?" said the door;

"Ladybird is burned,
And little fly weeps."

Then began the broom to sweep with all its might; and presently a stream passed the door and said: "Why are you sweeping so, broom?"

"Shall I not sweep?" replied the broom;

"Ladybird is burned,
Little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
And little broom sweeps."

Then said the stream, "So will I run," and it began to run rapidly.

"Why are you running so?" asked the fire.

"Shall I not run," it replied,

"When ladybird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
And little broom sweeps,
While little stream runs?"

Then said the fire, "So will I burn," and it burst into a dreadful flame.

A tree near the fire said: "Fire, why do you burn?"

"Shall I not burn," it replied,

"When ladybird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
The little door jars,
And little broom sweeps,
And little stream runs?"

Then said the little tree, "So will I rustle," and it began to shake so violently that the leaves fell off.

A maiden came by, carrying her little pitcher to the well, and she said: "Tree, why do you rustle so?"

"Shall I not rustle?" the tree replied;

"Ladybird is burned,
Little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
Little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
And little fire burns."

"Then I will break my little pitcher," said the maiden. So she broke her pitcher.

Then said the well, as the water flowed out: "Maiden, why dost thou break thy pitcher?"

"Shall I not break my pitcher?" she said;

"Ladybird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
And little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
Little fire burns,
And little tree rustles."

"Ah!" said the well, "then I will begin to flow." And the water began to flow so rapidly that the maiden, the tree, the fire, the stream, the broom, the door, the fly and the ladybird were all swept away together.

THE TWO TRAVELERS

TWO men were traveling through a wood, when one of them picked up an ax which he saw lying on the ground.

"Look here!" he said to his friend; "I've found an ax."

"Don't say, '*I've* found an ax'; say, '*We've* found an ax';" replied the other. "We are friends and are traveling together. Whatever we find ought to belong to both of us."

"No, indeed!" said the first traveler. "I found the ax myself; you did not see it at all until I had it in my hand. No part of it belongs to you."

They had not gone far, however, before the owner of the ax came running after them in a great passion, threatening them furiously if they did not at once return his property.

"Now we are in for it!" said the man with the ax.

"Not at all!" said the other. "You should say, '*I* am in for it', not '*we*'. You gave me no share in the ax; I will have no share in the danger!"

RAIN

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

THE TWO TRAVELERS AND THE OYSTER

AS two men were walking by the seaside at low water they saw an oyster, and they both stooped at the same time to pick it up. One pushed the other away, and a dispute ensued.

A traveler coming along at the time, they determined to ask him which of the two had the better right to the oyster.

While each was telling his story the traveler gravely took out his knife, opened the shell and loosened the oyster. When they had finished, and were listening for his decision, he just as gravely swallowed the oyster, and offered them each a shell.

"The Court," said he, "awards you each a shell. The oyster will cover the costs."

Does it ever happen that two men in a lawsuit lose more money than the thing they were disputing about is worth? Is that what the fable means?

SYSTEM

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

EVERY night my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I've been good,
I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys, and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB

Adapted from THE FRENCH STORY BY CHARLES PERRAULT

ONCE upon a time there lived in a forest a woodcutter and his family, a wife and seven children. These seven children were all boys, and the oldest of them was only ten, while the youngest was seven. As the woodcutter was very poor, his children were a great burden to him, for no one of them could do anything to earn a living.

To make it worse, the youngest boy was a puny little fellow who hardly ever spoke a word, and who was thought very stupid by his brothers and even by his parents. Really, this silence was a mark of his good sense, but his father and mother could think of him as only silly and good for nothing, and they were sure he would turn out a fool.

This boy was not only very delicate; he was extremely small, for when he was born he was scarcely bigger than your thumb, and so they called him little Hop-o'-my-thumb.

Naturally, everything that went wrong in the house was blamed upon this little boy, and he become the drudge of everybody. Nevertheless, he was much sharper and wiser than all his brothers, and while they were chattering away he kept a still tongue in his head, but listened intently all the time.

At last there came a year when little rain fell and the fields produced much less than ever before, and the woodcutter grew poorer and poorer until it was almost impossible to get food for himself and his wife. One evening when the children had gone to bed, the woodcutter sat down by the fire with his wife to talk the matter over.

"I do not know what I can do," he said. "We have had nothing but bread and potatoes for a long time, and now they are both gone. I cannot bear to see the boys starve before my eyes, so I think we must take them out into the woods to-morrow and lose them there. We can do this very easily, for while they are playing about we can slip away without being seen."

"O husband! you surely can never consent to the death of your own children. I cannot believe that you mean it. I never will agree to such a thing."

"Well," said the father, with a breaking heart, "it is either do that or all starve here together; and perhaps if we take them out into the woods and leave them the Lord will provide for them."

It was a long time before the wife would consent to this, for she was the children's mother and loved them all; but finally, weeping as though her heart would break, she gave her consent and went sobbing to bed.

Now when his parents began to talk about this matter, little Hop-o'-my-thumb had not yet gone to sleep; and hearing his mother weeping he crept softly away from the bed where he slept with his brothers, and hid himself under his father's chair that he might listen closely to every word they spoke. When they went off to bed he crept back into his

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB DROPPED PEBBLES

warm place and spent the rest of the night thinking of what he had heard.

Next morning as soon as it began to grow light he got out of bed and went to a brook that flowed near the house, where he filled his pockets with small white pebbles, and then ran back to the house.

Not long after this the father called the children about him and set out for the woods. When they came to a very dense place in the forest, the father and mother left the boys to gather twigs and tie them in bundles while they went a little farther into the woods. The trees grew so thick that when they were a few yards away from the children they could not be seen, and so it was not at all difficult for them to leave the children without being discovered.

Little Hop-o'my-thumb had said nothing to any of the boys about what he knew, but he had taken good pains to drop his white pebbles in the path over which they had come, so that he knew very well he could find his way home again.

After a while the boys grew tired of their work

and began to look about for their parents. When they could find them nowhere, they began to cry loudly, and Hop-o'-my-thumb let them cry on till they were weary. Then he said, "Never mind, my lads. Do not be afraid. Father and mother have left us here, but you follow me and I will lead you back home again."

This cheered them mightily, and they set off through the woods, following their little brother as confidently as though he were ten times his size. The white pebbles showed the way, and it was not so very long before they came to their cabin. At first they did not dare to go in, but stood by the door listening to what their parents were talking about.

Now it happened that while they were gone a rich man in the village had sent them two sovereigns that he had owed them for some time but had forgotten to pay. They were delighted with the money, and the husband's first thought was of something to eat, so he sent his wife out to the butcher's to buy meat.

Driven by the pain of her hunger, and forgetting for a time that her children were not at home, she bought two or three times as much meat as was needed for herself and her husband. While she was returning to the house she remembered what had happened to the children, and by the time she opened the door she was weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter? Haven't we money enough and food enough now?" asked her husband.

"Alas, yes," she replied. "We have food enough, but where are our poor children? How they would feast on what we shall have left! It is all your fault;

it is just as I told you over and over again, that we should repent the hour we left them to starve in the forest. Oh, mercy, perhaps they have already been eaten by hungry wolves! I told you how it would be, I told you how it would be!"

At last the woodcutter grew very angry with his wife, for she would not cease her reproaches.

"If you don't hold your tongue I will give you a good beating," he said, although in his heart he was just as sorry as she was that the children were not there. The woodcutter was like many another husband: he knew that his wife was right, but he did not like to be told so.

The threat quieted her somewhat, but every few minutes she would cry out, "Alas, alas, what has become of my dear children!"

One time she said it so loud that the boys, who were clustered around the door, heard her, and they cried out, "Here we are, mother; here we are."

She flew like lightning to let them in and kissed them all as fast as she could.

"Oh, you rogues! How glad I am to see you. Why, Peter, you are all dirt. Let me wash your face. Bobby, you have torn your coat; I must mend it right away."

This Bobby was next to the youngest, and as he had red hair like his mother's, he was always her favorite. After a little washing and brushing, but before any mending was done, the boys sat down at the table and ate as heartily as though they were grown men. Talking and eating at the same time, they all together told how frightened they had been in the woods, and how Hop-o'-my-thumb had led them safely home.

It was a happy evening, and the joy of the family lasted until the money was exhausted and they found themselves near starving again.

By degrees the parents came again to think of leaving the children in the woods, and this time they intended to take them farther away; but no matter how slyly they talked about it, Hop-o'-my-thumb was always listening and laying plans for escaping as he had done before.

At last one night the parents agreed to take their children away the very next morning.

As soon as it was light, Hop-o'-my-thumb was up again in order to get out and pick up some more white pebbles, but when he reached the door he found it was locked and bolted, so he was unable to get out at all. He was much puzzled as to what to do until it became time for breakfast and he was given his share of the last loaf of bread. Then he thought that he might drop the crumbs on the way and mark it as well as with the white pebbles. So instead of eating his bread he slyly dropped it into his pocket, and on the way he scattered the crumbs as he had intended.

This time they were taken much farther into the woods and left as before, but Hop-o'-my-thumb was not disturbed, for he knew how to find his way. When the time came, however, for him to lead his weeping brothers home, he could not find a trace of his bread crumbs. The birds had eaten them all.

Then, indeed, were the children in great distress. They wandered about, but only buried themselves deeper in the forest. When night came a great wind arose and frightened them terribly. On all sides it seemed as though they could hear the hungry wolves howling on their way to eat them. The boys did

not dare to speak, or even to turn their heads. Rain began to fall, and soon they were wet to the skin. With almost every step they slipped and fell to the ground and got so covered with mud that they could hardly move their hands, and the little ones were continually crying to their big brothers to help them on.

When they were nearly worn out, Hop-o'-my-thumb told them to wait while he climbed to the top of a tree to see if he could discover anything. After he had looked about on all sides, and was nearly discouraged, he at last saw a little gleam of light like that from a candle, but it was very far away beyond the edge of the forest. However, when he climbed down to the ground and tried to go toward the light he could not see it and become more confused even than before. Yet he happened to choose the right direction, and the children walked on as fast as they could.

Finally they came out of the woods and saw the light ahead of them. As they ran toward it, however, it would disappear now and then when they went into a little hollow; and each time they thought it had disappeared forever. Nevertheless, they did at last reach the house, and Hop-o'-my-thumb knocked loudly for admission.

The door was quickly opened by a nice-looking woman, who said to them, "What do you want here?"

Hop-o'-my thumb replied, "We are poor children who have been lost in the forest, and we beg of you for sweet charity's sake to give us something to eat and a place to sleep."

As the lady looked at them she saw that they had

very sweet faces, and she at once became interested in them.

"Alas, poor little ones," she said, with tears in her eyes; "from what place have you come, and why do you come here? Do you not know this is the house of an Ogre, who eats little children?"

"Alas, madam," answered Hop-o'-my-thumb, trembling all over as did his brothers, "what shall we do? If you do not give us shelter, the wolves will certainly eat us before morning. We would rather be eaten by the Ogre than by the wolves. But perhaps when he sees us he will take pity on us and let us go."

The lady, who was the Ogre's wife, thought she might conceal them in the house, so she brought them in and made them sit by the fire, where a whole sheep was roasting for the Ogre's supper. Just as they were nicely warmed and had eaten the lunch the kind lady gave them, they heard four loud double knocks at the door. The woman caught the children up hastily and hid them under the bed, for she knew it was the Ogre returning. Then she opened the door and let her wicked husband into the house.

"Is supper ready, and is the wine drawn?" said the Ogre.

"Yes; everything is ready; sit down," answered his wife.

You and I would not have thought supper was ready, for the mutton was not half cooked, but it suited the Ogre a great deal better than if it had been well done.

After he had eaten heartily he began to sniff about and said, "I think I smell fresh meat."

"It must be the calf which I have just been dressing," said his wife.

"No, I am sure I smell fresh meat," said the Ogre. "You are concealing something from me."

With these words he jumped from the table and went straight to the bed, where he found the seven little boys almost dead with terror.

"Is this the way you deceive me, you wicked woman?" said the Ogre. "I do not know what keeps me from eating you, too. But these boys will come very handy just now, for three other Ogres are coming to visit me in a day or two."

Then one after another he dragged the little boys out from under the bed and set them on the table before him. Each boy knelt, folded his hands devoutly and prayed the Ogre to pardon them and let them go. But they were dealing with the fiercest and most wicked of all the Ogres, and he was deaf to their prayers.

As he felt their little limbs he said to his wife, "What delicate morsels these will make fried, if you can prepare a decent sauce for them."

After devouring them with his eyes for a few moments he went to the cupboard and brought out his great knife, which he began to sharpen briskly on a stone which he held in his left hand.

As soon as the edge of the knife was fine enough to suit him he caught Peter, the eldest, by the arm and was about to slay him, when his wife called out, "Why do you begin killing them at this time of night? Why don't you wait till to-morrow?"

"Be quiet," said the Ogre; "I know what I am about. They will be much more tender if I kill them to-night."

"But you have so much more meat on hand that they will spoil before you can get to them. Here are a calf, a sheep and half a pig all ready for cooking."

"Well, perhaps you are right," said the Ogre. "Feed them well and put them to bed, for I do not want them to get thin and poor."

This pleased the good woman thoroughly, and she brought them a fine meal, which, however, they were all too frightened to eat.

The Ogre sat so long by the fire, drinking hard and thinking of the choice morsels he would have for his friends, that he quite forgot to count the cups he drank. So early in the evening his wits were quite befuddled, and he had to go to bed long before his usual time.

Now there were also in the house the seven daughters of the Ogre, all very young and not very far from the age of Hop-o'-my-thumb and his brothers. These young Ogresses had fair complexions, because they lived on nearly raw meat, as did their father; but their eyes were little and gray and sunk quite deep in their heads. Their noses were hooked, and their wide mouths were filled with teeth that stood apart from one another. The Ogresses enjoyed biting other children, but they were not so very bad, although it was certain that they would in time become as wicked as their father.

Before the boys came in they had been put together in one wide bed, each wearing a little golden crown. In the same room was another bed of about the same size, into which the lady put the seven little boys before she went to her own room. Hop-o'-my-thumb, who had been thinking very seriously all

evening, had noticed the Ogresses with their golden crowns on their heads, and the more he thought about their terrible father the more decided he became that the Ogre would wake up in the night, change his mind, and kill the children before morning.

After much hard thinking he hit upon a plan which worked very well. Untying all the nightcaps from the heads of his brothers, and from his own, he went to the bed of the little Ogresses, took their crowns off gently and tied the nightcaps on in their places. Then he returned to his own bed and put a crown on the head of each of his brothers and one upon his own.

Everything happened just as Hop-o'-my-thumb expected. About midnight the Ogre waked up and repented that he had been so kind to the boys. "I will just see what the little brats are about and put them out of the way now while I am in the mood," he said.

Taking his big knife he went into the room, which was quite dark, and came to the bed of the little boys. Just as he was about to strike the first one he happened to think that it was best to be certain, and putting out his hand he felt the gold crowns on the heads of the boys.

"Aha," he said; "what a narrow escape from a terrible mistake! I had almost killed one of my own daughters."

When he reached the bed of the girls he felt the coarse nightcaps on their heads, and without more ado he cut the throats of every one of them. After this bloody deed he went back to his bed and slept soundly till morning.

As soon as Hop-o'-my-thumb heard him snoring, he quietly awoke his brothers, made them all dress themselves, and together they stole down into the garden and jumped over the wall. All the rest of the night they ran as hard as they could, not knowing where they were going, but very much determined to get as far away from the Ogre as possible.

In the morning the Ogre said to his wife, "Come now, go and dress the young rogues I saw last night and bring them down to me."

She was much surprised and pleased to hear the Ogre speak so, for she had little idea how he meant to have the boys *dressed*. Putting on her clothes and hastening up stairs, she was amazed to find her seven daughters lying in the bloody sheets with their throats cut from ear to ear. Overcome with horror at the sight, she fell to the floor and lay in a dead faint.

The Ogre waited for a while, and when his wife did not return he thought she was too slow with her work and went upstairs to find her. His astonishment was as great as hers at the fearful sight that lay before him.

"What have I done!" he cried. "How could I have slain my own daughters? But those little wretches shall pay for this, and without delay."

He revived his wife by throwing a bucket of water in her face, and then called loudly for his seven-league boots.

"I will follow those boys to the ends of the earth, and bring them back," said he.

He wasted no time in starting out, and rushed about first in one direction and then in another, until finally he came to the road where the boys

were hurrying along not more than one hundred paces from their father's house.

They had seen him coming with his long steps from mountain to mountain, and Hop-o'-my-thumb, seeing a hollow rock near where they were, hid himself and his brothers, while he watched carefully to see what became of the Ogre.

The Ogre himself was by this time tired from his exertions, and finally sat down upon the very rock under which Hop-o'-my-thumb and his brothers were concealed. The morning was warm, and the Ogre soon dropped off to sleep.

As soon as Hop-o'-my-thumb heard him snoring he crawled out from under the rock, drew his brothers out one by one and sent them on to his father's house. When they were well on their way, Hop-o'-my-thumb crept very softly up to the Ogre, and drawing off the seven-league boots, put them on himself. You may think that these would not fit Hop-o'-my-thumb very well, but you must remember that they were fairy boots and fitted exactly to any feet that were put into them.

With the seven-league boots on his feet, Hop-o'-my-thumb was able to go very quickly to the Ogre's house, where he rapped again at the door.

When the Ogress appeared he said to her, "Your husband, the Ogre is in great trouble. He has been captured by a band of robbers, who say they will slay him at once unless you send to them all the gold and silver that he has in his chests. I was near when he was captured, and hoping that you would send him help quickly, he put his seven-league boots on me and asked me to deliver the message."

Seeing the boots on Hop-o'-my-thumb, the Ogress

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB PULLS OFF THE OGRE'S BOOTS

suspected nothing, but gathered together all the Ogre's gold and silver and gave it to Hop-o'-my-thumb, who sped away to his home, where he found his family united and happy. By the aid of the Ogre's money they were able to live the rest of their lives in great comfort, and never again did any one say or think that Hop-o'-my-thumb was weak or stupid. Instead, they treated him as though he, and

not his father, was the head of the family. As for the Ogre, he did not awaken till late in the evening, and then without his boots he was almost helpless. As he was fat and unwieldy, he could scarcely walk without assistance, so he lay back upon the rock and soon fell asleep again. While he was in this condition robbers really did come, and setting upon him they beat him to death, which was surely no more than he deserved.

MY BED IS A BOAT

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

NURSE HELPS ME WHEN I EMBARK

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

OBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the writer of *My Bed Is a Boat,* was a Scotchman, and was born in Edinburgh, in 1850. He was an only son, and most of the poems which he wrote for children show that while his childhood was happy, it was perhaps a little lonesome; that is, most of his poems are about one child.

Stevenson's father was a noted engineer, who planned and built lighthouses, and he intended that his son should be an engineer and build lighthouses, too; but young Robert Louis decided that he was not fitted for that work, and studied to be a lawyer. He knew all the time that he liked to write better than to do anything else, but it never occurred to him that he could actually give up his life to that and make his living by it. However, about 1877 or 1878, he took two trips—one a canoeing trip in Belgium and France, the other a walking trip through France, his only companion being a particularly stubborn donkey; and he wrote about these little journeys so delightfully in *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey* that all his friends insisted it was a shame for him to do anything but write.

In 1879 he had a very curious, if not a very pleasant, experience: he crossed to the United States in an emigrant ship, living with the poorest kind of people, and then journeyed across the United States

Robert Louis Stevenson
1850–1894

to California in an emigrant train. He wrote very interesting books about these journeys, too.

In California Stevenson was married, and we are glad to know that in all the journeys which he took from that time he had a companion who made him happy. For Stevenson was an invalid and was obliged to travel from one place to another, seeking some spot where he could feel fairly well and strong. He saw many curious places, and finally he settled on one of the Samoan Islands, in the South Seas. It was hard for him to work, but he kept himself busy until the very last—until he died, in 1894. His grave is on the peak of a mountain named Vaea, above his home, which he had named Vailima.

Stevenson wrote many kinds of things. Some of his stories, *Treasure Island, Kidnapped* and others, are exciting tales of adventure, which any boy might like to read, while his essays, with *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* and other stories, are more distinctively for grown people. However, among all his writings there is little more delightful than the poems for children, which show how clearly he remembered his own boyhood.

AT THE SEA-SIDE

By Robert Louis Stevenson

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

FOREIGN LANDS

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Up into the cherry tree,
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Further and further I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships;

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

A WISE old Lark, who lived in a field of grain which was nearly ripe, was afraid that the reapers might come and cut the grain before her little brood were ready to leave their nest. Every morning, therefore, before she flew away to gather their food for the day, she charged them to listen carefully and to remember everything they heard said. And every night the fond mother asked them what they had heard and seen during her absence. For several days nothing happened, and then one evening when she returned she found the young ones in a great fever of excitement.

"O mother," they cried out in one noisy voice, chirping and shivering in terror. "O mother, the farmer and his two big sons were here to-day. The farmer looked at the grain and said it was ripe and ready to harvest. And he told his sons to go out early to-morrow morning and ask their neighbors and friends to come and help reap the fields. O mother, take us away to-night, right now, or surely we'll all be killed."

"Be easy, my children," said the wise old Lark; "sleep soundly to-night and don't worry to-morrow. If the farmer depends on his friends and neighbors the field will not be touched."

The next day the owner came and waited, but no friends or neighbors came to help him, and after a while he went away, saying to his sons:

"To-morrow morning, boys, I want you to go out early and summon your uncles and cousins to help us reap the field, for really it ought to be cut. We

could not depend on neighbors and friends, but surely our relations will not disappoint us."

All this the young Larks reported in fear and trembling to their mother when she returned at night.

"Don't fret, little ones," she said; "friends and neighbors did not help, neither will uncles nor cousins. Sleep till to-morrow, then look and listen again."

Bright and early the next morning the Lark flew away, and very soon the owner and his sons came again. This time they sat down in the shade near the Lark's nest and waited impatiently until nearly noon without seeing a sign of uncle or cousin. At last the farmer, tired and hungry from his long waiting, rose.

"Now listen, boys," he said; "to-morrow morning we will come early with our sickles sharp and shining, and we will reap this field ourselves, for the grain is already riper than it should be. Now we'll go home and sharpen our blades."

The young Larks reported all this to their mother when at night she came back. They were no longer frightened and turned at once to their suppers.

"Hurry up, my children," said the Lark. "Now is the time to move, for when a man makes up his mind to do a thing himself, it surely will be done."

So in the shadows of the night the Lark moved her little brood to a place of safety, and the next day the old man and his sons reaped the grain field.

LITTLE BLUE PIGEON

By EUGENE FIELD

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

What a pretty, musical little lullaby this is! See the mother sitting by the crib and rocking it gently to and fro. To her it seems like the nest of a bird, and in the nest lies her birdling, a little babe with velvet eyes.

As she rocks the cradle she thinks she hears the call of the twinkling star and the gently anxious question of the moonbeams stealing into the room.

She hears, too, the sob of the sea on the shore, and knows that out in the rough world are suffering and sorrow, bereavement and loss.

None of these things, however, can come to her little pigeon with mournful eyes, for here, as she sits singing and swinging the cradle-nest, she is between her babe and all sorrow and pain.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A DOG was lying in a manger full of hay, when a hungry Ox came near and began to eat of the hay. The Dog sprang up snarling and barking and drove the Ox away.

"Surly thing," said the Ox, "you can't eat the hay yourself, and why do you keep away the people who can eat it?"

Did you ever see a child so selfish that he would not give his playmate the part of an apple he could not eat himself? Was the selfish one a "dog in the manger"?

This is another fable that almost everybody knows, and many, many times as you read, even after you are grown up and read only difficult things, you will find the expression "dog in the manger," and every time you will know what it means if you remember this fable.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A HUNGRY Fox once saw some fine, luscious grapes hanging temptingly from a vine a few feet above his head. He leaped and snapped and leaped again, but never could he quite reach the grapes. So many times did he try that he tired himself out completely, and it was some time before he could drag himself limping away.

As he went along he grumbled savagely to himself, "What nasty things those grapes are! No gentleman would eat a thing so sour."

When a person says he does not want a thing which he knows he cannot get, we may hear some one exclaim "Sour grapes!" Nearly every one knows just what the speaker means, for this fable is many times older than any of us. People keep reading it and liking it because it shows up a common trait of character in a very sharp manner. We might say, "Most every man thinks that the thing he cannot have is no good," but nobody would remember the saying half as long as he remembers the little fable of the Fox and the Grapes.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Adapted

LONG, long ago, when pigs could talk, and long before any one ever heard of bacon, an old piggy mother lived all alone with her three little sons.

Their pretty little home was right in the middle of a big oak forest where acorns were so plentiful and so good that every little pig grew fat and as round as an apple. All were just as happy as happy could be until one sad, sad year when no rains came, and the frosts killed all the acorns. Then, indeed, poor Mrs. Piggy-wiggy had a hard time to find food for her little ones. One day when she had worked hard and found only three acorns, she called her sons to her, and while the tears rolled down her

cheeks, told the little pigs that she must send them out into the world to seek their fortune.

She kissed every one of them and started them on their travels, each down a different path, and each carrying a neat bundle slung on a stick across his shoulder.

The first little pig had not gone far when he met a man who was carrying a fine bundle of straw on his back.

"Please, Mr. Man, give me that straw so I can build me a house," said the first little pig.

The man, who was very kind and generous, gave him the bundle of straw, and the little pig built a cozy little house with it.

The little pig had just finished his house and was about to lie down and go to sleep when a big wolf came along and knocked at the little pig's door.

"Little pig, little pig, let me in, let me in," said the wolf.

But the little pig laughed softly and answered, "No, no, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

Then the wolf used his big bass voice and said very sternly, "I'll *make* you let me in; for I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew his house in, because, you see, it was only straw and very light. When he had blown the house in he caught the little pig and ate him all up, not leaving so much as the very tip of his curly little tail.

The second little pig, when he had gone a little way on his path, also met a man. This man was carrying a bundle of sticks on his back, and when the little pig saw it he took off his hat, bowed politely, and said in his softest voice, "Please, Mr.

Man, will you give me those sticks to build me a house with?"

The man was good-natured and gave the sticks to the little pig, who built a pretty little house with two nice rooms in it.

Hardly was it finished when along came a big, big wolf who said in a little, squeaky voice, "Little pig, little pig, please let me come in."

But the second little pig answered, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," roared the big wolf in his heavy bass voice.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and at last he blew the house in and gobbled up the little pig in very short order. That's what happened to the second little pig.

But the third little pig met a man carrying on his back a load of bricks and mortar, and he said, "Please, Mr. Man, will you give me those bricks and that mortar to build me a house with?"

So the man gave him the bricks and the mortar and a little trowel as well, and the little pig set to work to build his house. He worked all day, and at night he had a little house built. It wasn't as cozy as the first little pig's house, and it wasn't as pretty as the second little pig's house, and it had only one room in it, but it was a nice, strong little house.

Hardly had he finished it when along came the wolf, just as he had come to the other little pigs.

"I've come to call on you," said the wolf. "Let me in, little pig, let me in."

But the little pig smiled to himself as he said, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

"Then," said the wolf, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

Well, he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed, but no matter how hard he huffed or how loud he puffed, he could *not* blow the house in.

At last he had no breath left to huff and puff with, so he sat down outside the little pig's house and thought it over.

Presently he called out, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Behind the farmer's house, three fields away; and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together and get some breakfast."

"Very well," said the little pig; "I will be sure to be ready. What time do you mean to start?"

"At six o'clock," replied the wolf.

Well, the wise little pig got up at five, scampered away to the field, and brought home a fine load of turnips before the wolf came. At six o'clock the wolf came to the little pig's house and said, "Little pig, are you ready?"

"Ready!" cried the little pig. "Why, I have been to the field and come back again long ago, and now I am busy boiling a potful of turnips for breakfast."

This made the wolf very angry indeed, and he said to himself, "I'll get that little pig somehow or other."

So he called out again in his friendliest voice, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Just round the hill in the big orchard," said the

wolf. "Now if you will not play any more tricks on me, I will come round to-morrow morning at five o'clock and we will go together to get some fine, rosy-cheeked apples."

But the next morning the pig got up at four o'clock and was off and away long before the wolf came.

Now the orchard was farther off than the little pig expected, and the tree was a lot harder to climb, so before he had filled his sack with apples he saw the wolf coming round the hill.

He was terribly frightened, but he picked up his courage and was looking very brave when the wolf came up.

"Little pig," said the wolf, "Why are you here before me? Are the apples nice?"

"Yes, very nice," answered the pig. "I'll throw one down for you to taste."

Then he picked an apple and threw it as far as he could, and while the wolf was racing after the apple the little pig had time to jump down and run away home.

The next morning the wolf was on hand again. "There's going to be a fair in town this afternoon. Will you go with me to see it?"

"Oh, yes, with pleasure," said the pig. "What time shall we start?"

"At half-past three," said the wolf.

Of course the wise little pig started long before that time and went to the fair alone. After he had looked at all the pretty things he bought a fine large butter churn, and laying it over his shoulder, trotted merrily toward home.

He had not gone far when he saw the wolf coming

up the hill. The little pig was so frightened that he did not know what to do, but he crawled into the churn to hide. This started the churn to rolling, and down the hill it went, right toward the wolf. The churn rolled over and over, bumping on the stones, and the little pig squeaked as though he would split his throat.

The wolf could not think what the noisy round thing was, coming straight down the hill toward him; so he turned tail and ran away home in a fright without ever going to the fair at all.

The next morning he went to the pig's house and told him how frightened he had been by a large, round, noisy thing that came down the hill straight at him.

"Ha, ha," laughed the pig. "So I frightened you, did I? That was a churn I bought at the fair, and I was inside it, rolling down the hill to frighten you."

This made the wolf so angry that he vowed he would eat the pig, and that nothing should stop him. So he climbed up on the roof and jumped down the chimney.

But the wise little pig was ready for him, for he had built a big fire and hung a great kettle of water over it, right under the chimney. When the pig heard the wolf coming he took the cover off the kettle, and down fell the wolf right into it. Before he could crawl out, the little pig popped the lid back on again, and in a trice he had the wolf boiling.

That night the little pig had boiled wolf for supper. So he lived in his brick and mortar house till he grew too big for it, and never was he troubled by a wolf again.

LITTLE BIRDIE

By ALFRED TENNYSON

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise, and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away."

THE CAT AND THE CHESTNUTS

A CAT and a Monkey were sitting one day on the hearth in front of a fire where their master left some chestnuts to roast in the ashes. The chestnuts were bursting finely in the heat when the Monkey said:

"It is plain to see that you have splendid paws—just like the hands of a man. How easily you could take the chestnuts out of the fire! Won't you try it?"

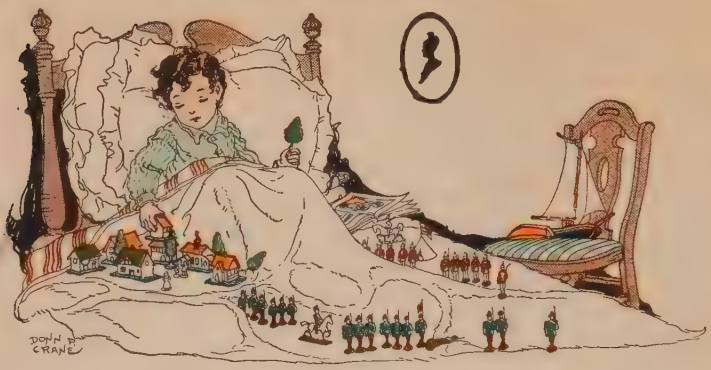
THE MONKEY USES THE CAT'S PAW

The silly Cat, much flattered by the speech, reached forward and caught one of the chestnuts. The ashes were so hot that he jerked his arm back with a cry of pain.

The Monkey laughed, and so hurt the Cat's pride that the foolish animal drew out one of the nuts, in spite of the fact that his paw was singed.

He did not stop, however, but drew out one after another and put them behind him, though every time he burned his paw. When he could reach no more he turned to look behind him at the nuts he laid there, and was astonished to see that the Monkey had shelled and eaten every one.

It often happens that one person "makes a cats-paw" of another.



THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WHEN I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him dale and plain,
The pleasant land of Counterpane.

Were you ever sick, not so sick that you couldn't be happy at all, but just sick enough so that you must stay in bed? And did you have all your toys about you just as Mr. Stevenson had his about him when he was a little boy?

Did you lie there and look at your lovely leaden soldiers and think the wrinkles and folds in the bedquilt were hills and valleys, and that your troops were marching up and down getting ready for some big battle?

Then, perhaps, where the sheet was folded over the bedspread you saw the beautiful sea with its great whitecaps, and among them all your ships, and many more like them, riding nobly over the waves on their long voyages. When you were tired of the ships and the sea, perhaps you set your houses around the shore and made villages and cities. You peopled these with little children singing and playing, and with grown-up men and women watching the children, or working to earn clothes and food for their families.

When you thought of what you had done, how great and powerful you seemed—a real giant that could pick up a whole regiment of soldiers in one hand, that could take the ships out of the water or move houses as though they were pebbles! How fine it all was, and how lovely seemed your own wonderful bedspread, the pleasant land of Counterpane. This is another of the little poems which show us how well Mr. Stevenson understood children, and what a quaint, charming child he must have been.

THE COCK AND THE HORSES

A COCK once got into a stable and went about rustling and scratching in the straw among the horses, who every now and then would stamp and fling out their heels. So the Cock gravely set to work to admonish them.

"Pray, my good friends, let us have a care," he said, "that we don't tread on one another."

What a jolly, foolish, little thing the cock seems! Just as though the horses were in any danger from him! Do you remember the gnat that lit on the horn of the bull? The gnat and the cock both appear very foolish to us, but I suppose the gnat would seem as trifling to the cock as the cock did to the horses. After all, some of us may seem insignificant to others, but at least we do not need to appear important and so be laughed at for our pains.

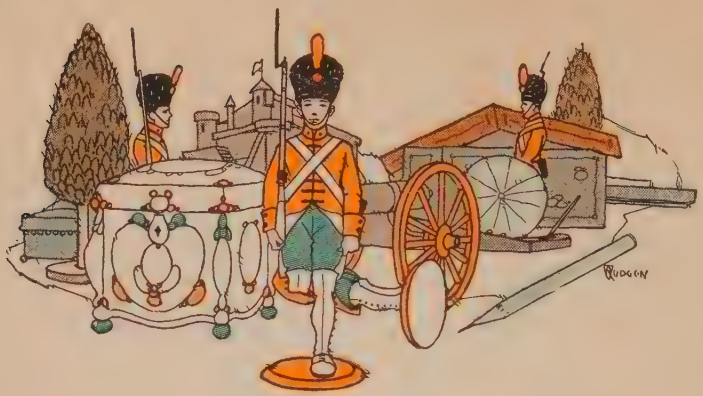
THE BROWN THRUSH

By LUCY LARCOM

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree
"He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we're as good as can be."



THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THERE were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them; their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words, "Tin soldiers!" These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands: the soldiers had been given to him, for it was his birthday; and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest; but one of them had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; however, he stood as firmly upon his lone leg as the others on their two; and it was just this soldier who became remarkable.

On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard.

Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a little looking-glass, which was to represent a clear lake. Waxen swans floated on this lake, and were mirrored in it. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little Lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she also was cut out of paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face. The little Lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer; and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he, "though she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try to make her acquaintance."

And then he lay down at full length behind a snuffbox which was on the table; there he could easily watch the little dainty Lady, who continued to stand upon one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nutcracker turned somersaults, and the pencil amused itself on the table: there was so much noise that the canary woke up, and began to speak, too, and even in verse. The

only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady: she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and he was just as enduring on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her.

Now the clock struck twelve—and, bounce! the lid flew off the snuffbox; but there was no snuff in it, but a little black Goblin: you see, it was a trick.

"Tin Soldier!" said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

But when the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the Goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. That was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and stuck with helmet downward and his bayonet between the paving-stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him, they could not see him. If he had cried out "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in the uniform of a soldier.

Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last came down in a complete stream. When the rain was past, two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a Tin Soldier. He must come out and ride in the boat."

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it; and so he

sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. How the waves rose in that gutter and how fast the stream ran! But then it had been a heavy rain. The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he remained firm, and never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain which was as dark as his box had been.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the Goblin's fault. Ah! if only the little Lady sat here with me in the boat, it might be twice as dark for all I should care."

Suddenly there came a great Water Rat, whose home was under the drain.

"Have you a passport?" said the Rat. "Give me your passport."

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. Hu! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood:

"Hold him! hold him! He hasn't paid toll—he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise, which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think—just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal; and for him that would have been as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

Now he was already so near it that he could not

stop. The boat was carried out, the poor Tin Soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge—it must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper was loosened more and more; and now the water closed over his head. Then he thought of the pretty little Dancer, and how he should never see her again. A snatch of song sounded in the Soldier's ears:

"Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
For this day thou must die!"

And now the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was even darker than in the drain tunnel; and then it was very narrow, too. But the Tin Soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. He seized the Soldier and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had traveled about in the inside of a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and there—

A VOICE SAID, "THE TIN SOLDIER!"

no! What curious things may happen in the world! The Tin Soldier was in the very room in which he had been before! He saw the same children, and the same toys stood on the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little Dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and held the other extended in the air. She was hardy, too. That moved the Tin Soldier; he was very nearly weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuffbox.

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illuminated, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat proceeded from the real fire or from love he

did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little Lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket.

Then suddenly the door flew open, and the draught of air caught the Dancer, and she flew like a sylph just into the stove to the Tin Soldier, and flashed up in a flame, and then was gone. Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

THE BAT AND THE TWO WEASELS

A WEASEL seized upon a Bat, who begged hard for his life.

"No, no," said the Weasel; "I give no quarter to birds."

"Birds!" cried the Bat. "I am no bird. I am a mouse. Look at my body."

And so she got off that time.

A few days afterward she fell into the clutches of another Weasel, who, unlike the former, had a stronger antipathy to mice than to birds. The Bat cried for mercy.

"No," said the Weasel; "I show no mercy to a mouse."

"But," said the Bat, "you can see from my wings that I am a bird."

And so she escaped that time as well.

MARCHING SONG

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Bring the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his Highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

Adapted

I

HOW THE BEANS WERE PLANTED

ONG, long years ago, a poor widow lived in a little cottage near one of the pretty villages in England. She had a son, Jack, a good-natured, idle fellow, but an affectionate boy, willing to help his mother, although she had never set him to work.

They had had a hard winter; their food was all gone, and the widow, who was just getting better from a long sickness, saw only starvation ahead, unless they sold their cow.

One morning she called the boy to her and said, "We are almost beggars. I have no money to buy us bread to eat. We must sell our cow, and then what shall we do? I am not strong enough to go to market, Jack, so you must take the cow and sell her."

Jack was a happy boy when he started off to market with his cow, but his mother did not think he knew how to get the most for the animal.

Jack had gone but a little way when he met a butcher.

"Where are you going with that cow?" asked the butcher.

"I am going to sell it," said Jack.

As they were talking, the butcher was shaking some beautiful beans in his hands, and Jack watched them with great curiosity. The butcher knew that Jack was admiring the beans, so he said, "Why don't you sell your cow to me? I will give you all these beans for her, and they are of much more value than she is."

Jack wanted the beans, so a bargain was quickly struck, and he hurried off to his mother to show her what wonderful things he had. When the poor woman saw only a few odd-looking beans and knew that Jack had traded the cow for them, she cried hard and scolded Jack roundly for his foolishness. That night they went to bed hungry, for they had nothing to eat. The mother was so angry that she would not even cook the beans, which she said were nothing but common ones.

Early in the morning Jack arose and went out into the garden. "Maybe these are only common beans," he said, "but I will plant them here at the foot of the cliff that shelters the cottage and we shall see what will happen."

II

HOW THE BEANS GREW

ALL that day Jack was a very hungry boy, and that night he could scarcely sleep, for they had had little or nothing to eat. Besides, he was filled with sorrow and grief at his foolish bargain.

It was just daybreak next morning when Jack crawled out of his bed and opened the cottage door. What was his amazement to find that the beans he had planted the day before had sprouted and grown up till their tops were lost to sight above the cliff!

The stalks had twined and twisted themselves together until they seemed like a great green ladder, that tempted Jack with the wish to climb.

"Mother, mother," he called. "Come out and see what the wonderful beans have done. They have made a ladder right up into the sky, and I want to climb it."

His mother was as much astonished as Jack himself at the wonderful growth of the beanstalk, but she was afraid to have Jack climb it, and begged him not to go.

"Who ever saw such beanstalks before?" she said. "How do we know that they will bear your weight, or how can we tell where they lead to?"

"The way to tell that is to climb and see," said Jack. "Don't you be afraid; I shall soon find out what it all means."

III

JACK CLIMBS THE BEANSTALK

INSTANTLY he ran from his mother's side and began to climb. Up, up, and up he went on the ladder-like stalks till everything he had left behind him, the cottage, the village and even the tall church tower, looked very small; and still he could not see the top of the beanstalk. He grew tired and thought of going back, but something urged him on, and he knew he would succeed if he persevered, so after taking a good long rest he began to climb again. It was hours and hours since he left the ground, and when at last he reached the top he took but a hasty glance downwards, for it made him feel dizzy and faint when he found that the cottage and the village had all faded out of sight.

JACK CLIMBS THE BEANSTALK

But when Jack stepped from the top of the beanstalk he found himself in a beautiful place, such as he had never seen before. There were stately groves and lovely meadows covered with sheep. A stream of pure water ran through the pastures, and not far from him he could see a strong castle on a hill. Jack wondered very much that he had never heard of this land or castle before, but still he walked on toward it, looking at it all the time and hoping that he might get something to eat, for he was very hungry after his long climb.

But the castle was farther away than he thought, and finally, growing very weary, he sat down on a pile of stones and rested his head on his hands. After a while he looked up and saw standing before him a beautiful lady, carrying in her hand a small wand, on the top of which was a peacock of pure gold. Jack jumped up, pulled off his cap and made a low bow.

The lady, who wore a pointed red cap of quilted satin turned up with ermine, and whose beautiful hair streamed over her shoulders, smiled at Jack's respectful behavior and said, "Where do you come from, young man?"

In reply, Jack told her all about trading his cow, planting the beans and climbing the beanstalk. When he had finished she surprised him by asking this question:

"Do you remember your father?"

"No," said Jack, "and I do not know what became of him. Whenever I mention him, my mother cries, but she will never tell me anything."

"She doesn't dare to speak about him," said the lady, "but I will tell you."

IV

JACK'S FATHER

I AM a fairy," continued the lady, "and it was my duty to watch over your father, but one day I grew careless, and when he most needed me I was not there to help him, and he died. I am so sorry that I am going to tell you his story, so that you may help your mother. But you must not tell her about me, and you must promise to do as I tell you.

"Your father, who was a noble knight, once lived in that very castle, which is, you see, on the borders of Fairyland. His wife, your mother, was a beautiful woman, and they had several lovely children. Their neighbors, the fairies, were very friendly to them and helped your father to obtain a great many precious things.

"A great giant, who lived a short way off, heard whispers of these treasures and coveted them; besides, he was very jealous of your father, who lived only to do good and let no day pass without assisting some poor and needy person.

"Resolving to obtain possession of the treasures and to destroy your family, the giant bribed a false servant to let him inside the castle. When the knight was in bed and asleep, the giant crept to his bed and killed him as he lay. Then he searched the castle till he found the nursery, and he killed all the poor little children, your brothers and sisters. Although he searched the castle from one end to another he could not find your mother nor her infant son, for both had gone to visit an old nurse who lived in the valley.

"The next morning, as soon as it was light, one of the servants who had escaped from the castle told her of the death of your father and your brothers and sisters, and frightened her still more by telling her that the giant was searching everywhere for her and her infant. If there had been no one but herself, your mother would have gone straight to the castle to die with her husband, but she felt she must live for you, so she remained concealed at the house of the old nurse, never daring to tell any one who she was, or to let you know your father's sad story.

"Years passed by. When the old nurse died she left her cottage and its contents to your mother, who dwelt there like a peasant, working for her daily bread. With her spinning wheel and garden she earned money enough to buy a cow, and whatever more was necessary to keep you and her. At times your mother was not ashamed to go out to work, and even in the harvest fields she gleaned food to supply your wants."

"My mother! O lady, what can I do? My poor father, my dear mother!"

"You must win back everything for your mother and yourself, but it is a difficult task and full of danger. Have you the courage to undertake it?"

"I shall fear nothing while I am doing right."

"Then," said the fairy in the red cap, "you are one of those who slay giants. Now remember, it was I who secretly prompted you to trade the cow for the beans, and it was my power that made the beanstalk grow to so great a height and form the ladder. It was I, also, who inspired you with the wish to climb the ladder. Now the giant lives in this country—here, in fact, in the very castle that

was once your father's. Everything he has is yours, and you may seize all you can. You must rid the country of the giant and save yourself and others. One thing alone I ask: you must not let your mother know that you have learned your father's history till you see me again. Go straight on to the castle, enter it bravely, get possession of the hen that lays the golden eggs, and of the harp that talks. While you do as I order you, I will guard and protect you, but if you disobey, a terrible punishment will fall upon you."

V

THE HEN AND THE GOLDEN EGGS

WHEN the lady ceased speaking she suddenly disappeared, and Jack started at once on his adventures. Bravely he walked up to the castle, seized the horn that hung at the portal and blew a great blast. In a moment the door was opened by a terrible giantess who had one great eye in the middle of her forehead. Jack turned and tried to run away, but the giantess caught him by the hair and dragged him into the castle.

"Ho, ho," she said, grinning horribly. "You didn't expect me to come to the door, that's clear. I am tired and overworked and I want a boy to help me. I shall see that you never get away. You shall clean the knives and black the boots, make the fires and help me in every way while the giant is out. But when he comes home I must hide you in a hurry, for he thinks my pages are dainty morsels and has eaten every one I have ever had."

You may believe Jack was very much frightened, as you or I would have been in his place; but he

remembered what the fairy had told him and struggled to be brave and to make the best of things.

"I will do the best I can to help you," said Jack, "but I hope you will hide me carefully, for certainly I do not want to be eaten."

"That is a good boy," said the giantess. "It is lucky you did not scream as the other boys have done, for my husband might have heard you, and then he would have eaten you as he did the other boys."

So they passed through the castle together and saw the grand old rooms, which all appeared forsaken and desolate. They went through a long dark gallery, on one side of which they could dimly see a strong grating, and back of this they heard the moans of the poor wretches whom the giant was holding to satisfy his hunger. Poor Jack was half dead with fear, and would have given everything he possessed to have got out into the sunlight. He was afraid he should never see his mother again, and gave himself up for lost. When they came to the farther end of the gallery they found a door that opened into a great kitchen, where the woman bade Jack sit down and eat his fill. When he was through the giantess told him what to do, and he set about his work with a lighter heart, for he had forgotten most of his fear. But very soon he was frightened again by a loud knocking at the gate—a knocking so loud that the whole castle seemed to shake.

"Come here, quick," called the giantess. "That is the giant. Get into my wardrobe; he never ventures to open that. You will be safe in there."

As she spoke she opened a huge wardrobe and thrust Jack into it and shut the door tightly. The

keyhole was so big that plenty of air came in, and Jack could see everything that took place. He heard a heavy tramping on the stairs like the stumbling of a yoke of oxen; then a voice like thunder cried:

"Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"Wife," said the giant, "there is a boy in the castle. Let me have him for breakfast."

"You are old and stupid," cried his wife, in her loud tones. "What you smell is a nice fresh steak that I am cooking for you. Sit down and eat."

Jack was astonished at the size of the giant and amazed at the quantity of meat he ate. In fact, it seemed as if he would never stop eating and drinking. But finally he finished, and turning to his wife called out, "Bring me my hen."

His wife brought a beautiful hen and placed it on the table before the giant, whose eyes glittered with joy as he saw it.

"Lay!" roared the giant.

The hen laid an egg of solid gold on the table.

"Lay another!"

The hen laid another beside the first.

For a long time the giant amused himself in this way, but at last grew tired and went out for a walk. Then the giantess released Jack from the wardrobe, and he came out and helped her all day in the kitchen. When the giant came home that night she hustled Jack into the wardrobe and left him there.

Again that evening the giant brought out the

hen, and Jack made sure it was the one of which the fairy had told him. When the giant had wearied of his amusement and gone to bed with his wife, Jack pushed open the door of the wardrobe, stole softly across the room, picked up the hen from its box in the corner and hurried through the kitchen into the open air. Back he flew to the beanstalk and down he climbed as fast as ever his feet would move. When he reached the bottom he was only a few minutes going into the house.

Of course his mother was overjoyed to see him, for she thought that the fairies had carried him away or that the giant had found and eaten him. Jack could hardly wait to tell his story and to show his mother the hen, so he called out, "See, mother, I have brought home something that will quickly make us rich."

With that he set the hen upon the table, and she produced as many golden eggs as they desired. The next day they sold the eggs and obtained as much money as they wanted, so that for several months Jack and his mother lived very comfortably.

But he remembered the fairy's commands, and had had a taste of traveling, so that he intended again to climb the beanstalk and pay the giant another visit. Jack thought of the trip again and again, but for a long time could not make up his mind to tell his mother, feeling sure that she would prevent his going. However, one day he told her that he must again climb the beanstalk, and although she begged and prayed him not to think of it, and tried with all her power to frighten him out of it, he resisted all her arguments and prepared to go again.

VI

THE MONEY BAGS

A FEW mornings later Jack arose very early, unperceived by anyone, and made ready for his trip. First he dyed his hair, colored his skin and otherwise disguised himself so that no one could recognize him. Then he climbed the beanstalk as he had done before, and hurried on to the castle gate, where he gave the alarm.

The old woman did not know him and dragged him into the castle to help her as she had done before. When she heard the giant coming she hid him again in the wardrobe, not for a moment thinking him the same boy that had stolen the wonderful hen.

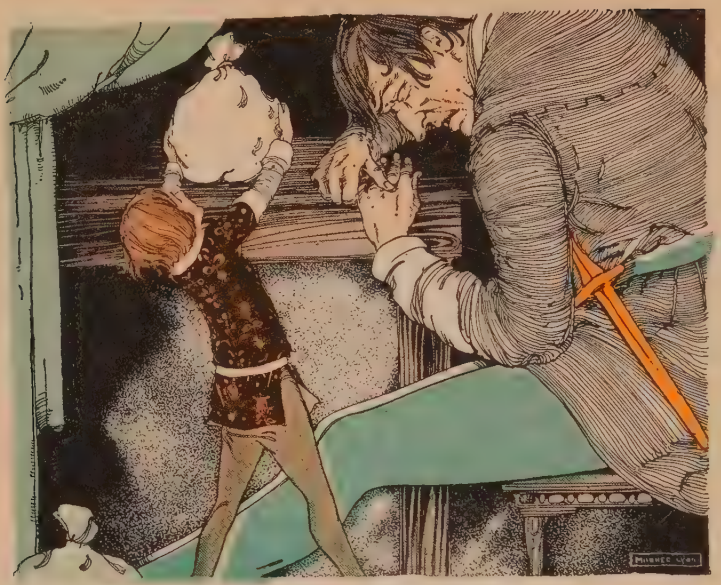
Then, as before, the giant came in, saying:

"Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"Wife, there is a boy in the castle. Let me have him for my supper."

"Nonsense," said the wife. "I have just roasted a bullock that I thought would be a nice tidbit for your supper. Sit down and I will serve it at once."

The giant sat down with his wife and began to eat the bullock which she had brought in. Jack was amazed to see them pick every bone of the great animal, as he would have treated the bones of a robin. When they had eaten, the giantess rose and said, "Now if there is nothing more for me to do I am going to my room to do some work for myself. If you want me you can call."



JACK TAKES THE MONEY BAGS

"Go along," said the giant. "But first bring my money bags and put them on the table."

The giantess left the room and soon came back with two huge bags, which she put down as she had been directed. "There," she said, "that is all there is left of the knight's money. When you have spent that you will have to take another baron's castle."

As soon as his wife was gone the giant untied the strings and emptied the bags. From one came nothing but gold pieces, and from the other nothing but silver. These the giant counted and piled into little heaps until he grew tired of his amusement. All the time Jack was thinking how to get his father's money, and how to prevent any other knight from suffering at the giant's hands. While he was considering this the giant swept the pieces of money

back into their bags and put them on the table. Soon after he fell asleep, and in a few moments Jack heard him snoring so loudly that all other noises were drowned. Stealing to the table, he quietly lifted up the bags and made his way out, carrying the sacks, which he found so heavy that he had a hard time going down the beanstalk with them. When he entered his home he lifted the money bags up on the table and called out to his mother, "See, mother, I have been to the giant's castle, and here is much gold for us."

Then Jack told her the whole story of his adventure, and although she was very glad to get the money, she begged him to promise her not to run such risks again.

VII

THE TALKING HARP

AFTER a time Jack remembered the talking harp and decided to make another trip to the giant's castle. So he disguised himself carefully, and was not recognized by the giantess when she opened the door. She admired the new boy very much, and told him all about the ungrateful chap who had been there and who had stolen the giant's money bags after all her kind treatment. Jack knew she meant himself, but he felt that he had done right in taking the money, because it was his father's. The giantess told him, too, that her husband had illtreated her shamefully and had been very angry at her ever since the money was stolen.

When the giant returned this time she hid Jack in a boiler in the kitchen, and he heard the great monster roar out as he crossed the threshold:

"Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"Wife, I smell fresh meat. There is another boy in the house. I must have him for my supper."

His wife replied, "It must be a piece of meat the crows have left on top of the house."

While she was preparing the supper that night the giant was ill-tempered and impatient, frequently striking his wife and always scolding her for the loss of the hen and the money bags. When he had finished his enormous supper, he wanted something for amusement, as before. So he called to his wife, "Bring me my harp that I may have a little amusement while you are clearing up the dishes." The giantess obeyed and brought in a beautiful harp whose framework sparkled with diamonds and other precious jewels, and whose strings were all of gold.

"This is the finest thing I took from the knight," said the giant. "Its music is delightful, and it is a faithful servant to me."

So he drew the harp till it sat facing him, and then he said, "Play!"

And the harp played a very soft, sad air.

"Play something merrier," said the giant.

Then the harp played so wild and rollicking a tune that the giant laughed aloud, and could hardly keep himself from dancing.

"Now play me a sweet lullaby," roared the giant, and the harp played so soothingly and softly that its master fell sound asleep.

No sooner had the snores of the giant drowned the sweet voice of the harp than Jack crept softly out of the boiler, looked through the kitchen, opened the door softly and returned to the giant's room. He caught up the harp and ran out of the room, but as he leaped across the threshold the harp called out in frightened tones, "Master! Master!"

The giant started from his sleep with a tremendous roar and flew in pursuit of Jack. But Jack ran like lightning, talking all the time to the harp, telling it he was the son of its old master, and quieting its fears by promising that no harm should befall it; for the harp was really a fairy, as Jack had suspected. Still the giant followed so fast that he was only a step behind Jack, who certainly would have been caught had not a loose stone thrown the unwieldy fellow full length on the ground. Jack took advantage of this, reached the beanstalk, and was well on his way down before the giant had discovered what had become of him.

VIII

THE GIANT'S DEATH

"MOTHER, mother," cried Jack, rushing furiously into the house. "Quick, give me the ax."

His mother, though frightened very much, handed him a hatchet, and with a single bound he was out of the house, chopping furiously at the beanstalk. Soon all the strands were severed except one.

"Out of the way, mother. Quick, into the house."

And it was well she shrank back as she did, for just then Jack cut the last strand in two and darted

from the spot. Down came the giant with a terrible crash, landing on his head and rolling dead to the feet of the woman whom he had robbed so shamefully. Before the mother could recover from her astonishment and Jack from his delight, the beautiful lady again stood before them.

"Jack," said she, "you have acted like the brave son of a brave knight, and now your inheritance is restored to you; for the giantess has just been killed in an uprising of your father's people, who will hail you as their new master."

Then the fairy explained to Jack's mother all that had happened; and charging Jack to be dutiful to his mother and to follow his father's example, she disappeared forever.

Children in many countries have listened to this exciting story and now there is hardly an educated man or woman who does not like to recall it. If you say only "Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum" to a man, straightway he laughs as he thinks of the stupid old giant, the good fairy and brave little Jack. And he was brave, wasn't he?

You see he knew his mother thought him a foolish boy to trade his fine cow for the beans, however beautiful they may have been; and he thought he must do something to help the mother who had cared for him so lovingly. That made him brave. Brave boys may feel afraid, but they never show it. They cover up their alarm and go out into dark places and do their duty without a quiver. When we grow up we find that sometimes we have to struggle with things that are worse than Jack's giant; but, like Jack, we hide our fear and win our victories.

1934-1935 1st Grade

BED IN SUMMER

By Robert Louis Stevenson

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS

ONCE upon a time there lived a man who had a handsome Goose that every day laid a large golden egg. The man thought the Goose must have much gold inside of her, and so one day he wrung her neck, and found that she was just like any other Goose. Thinking to find wealth, he lost the little he had.

This fable teaches that every one should be content with what he has, lest in striving for more he lose everything.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER

Adapted

HEN Arthur was king of England there lived close to Land's End, in the county of Cornwall, a worthy farmer who had an only son named Jack. He was not only a strong and lively boy, but had a sharp wit as well, so that what he could not do by force and strength he accomplished by cunning devices. His great delight was in hearing or reading stories of the fairies, giants and witches; but more than all, he loved to hear his father talk of the great deeds of the brave knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

At running, jumping and wrestling, he far outdid any of the boys of his neighborhood, for if he could not beat them by main strength he was always ready with some quick-witted scheme that would defeat them. Jack's only real work was to tend the sheep, but while doing this he would spend most of his time lying on the grass thinking of himself as a knight in armor, and planning the wonderful battles and sieges in which he would engage when he became a man.

Saint Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, is a great rock which rises out of the sea some distance from the mainland. In those days a huge giant, eighteen feet in height and three yards around, lived upon the Mount and kept all the neighboring towns and villages in terror. His home was in a gloomy cave

on the very top of the mountain, from which he used to wade across to the mainland every morning in search of his prey. When the people saw his fierce and terrible countenance they fled from their houses and left him to prey upon their cattle. It was nothing for him to carry off half a dozen of their cows and oxen at a time, and as for their sheep, he tied them up in bundles like radishes. When he had satisfied his appetite and taken enough cattle to last him till the next visit, he would wade back to his lonely island, crawl into his gloomy cave and remain there till hunger drove him out, for he was sullen and would allow no company about him, even of his own kind.

For many years this giant had terrorized the whole shore of Cornwall, and, although the people had met and decided to destroy him, no one had been found with courage enough to undertake the task.

One day, as the magistrates were gathered in the town hall discussing ways for destroying the giant, Jack strayed in and listened to their conversation.

"What reward will you give to the one who kills this giant Cormoran?" asked Jack of the chief magistrate.

"All the treasure the giant has will be the reward," replied the magistrate.

"Then," said Jack, "let me undertake the task."

They were only too willing to allow Jack to try, so early on a dark winter's evening he got a horn, a shovel and a pickaxe and swam over to the Mount. Before morning he had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep and nearly as broad, and had covered it carefully over with long sticks and straw, upon which

he had scattered a little dirt so as to make it look like solid ground.

When his trap was finished Jack placed himself on the side opposite the giant's cave and blew a long, loud blast upon his horn, *Tan-ta-ra, Tan-ta-ra, Tan-ta-ra.*

The giant was startled from his sound sleep and rushed out of his cavern, foaming with wrath. Catching sight of Jack, he roared in his thunderous voice, "You incorrigible villain, you shall pay dearly for spoiling my rest. I will broil you whole and eat you for my breakfast."

Scarcely had he uttered these words when he stepped upon the frail cover of the pit and plunged headlong to its bottom with a crash that shook the Mount to its very foundations.

"Oho, Mr. Giant," said Jack, looking down into the pit. "How are you now? How is your appetite? You are nicely landed in Lob's Pound now.[1] Will nothing answer for your breakfast but poor broiled Jack?"

In this way Jack continued his teasing till the giant struggled to his feet and began to climb up the sides. As soon as his head appeared above the edge, Jack struck him with the pickaxe a terrible blow in the middle of the forehead. The giant fell back into the pit stone dead, and Jack filled the pit and covered it over with stones and rubbish.

Before returning, Jack searched the cave and found treasure enough to make him a rich man for life. The magistrates and all the countryside were delighted to hear what Jack had done, and at a

1. *Lob's Pound* is an old phrase by which joking reference was made to a prison of any kind.

great meeting they gave him the name *Jack the Giant-Killer,* and presented him with a sword, a scabbard and an embroidered belt on which was written in letters of gold:

"Here is the gallant Cornishman
Who slew the giant Cormoran."

The news of Jack's victory was soon told all over England, until it came to the ears of Blunderbore, another great giant, who vowed that if ever he was fortunate enough to see Jack he would have revenge. Blunderbore lived in an enchanted castle in the midst of a dark and lonely wood, and about four months after the death of Cormoran Jack happened to pass by the castle while he was on his way into Wales. Becoming very weary, he lay down to rest by the side of a spring of clear, cold water, and fell sound asleep. This spring happened to be the very fountain from which the giant got his water, and while Jack was lying there, Blunderbore came down for his daily drink.

As he drew near the spring he saw Jack lying there, and creeping up softly, read the inscription on his belt. Overjoyed at finding his enemy, he lifted Jack gently up and laid him across his shoulders, intending to carry him to his castle. As he passed through a thicket, however, a branch of a tree brushed Jack roughly on the cheek, and he awakened, frightened, indeed, when he found himself in the clutches of the giant Blunderbore. When he entered the castle and found the floor covered all over with skulls of men and women, his terror increased tenfold. The giant took no pity on him,

but savagely told him that soon his bones would be among those on the floor.

Having satisfied himself in tantalizing Jack, he took him to an upper chamber, on the floor of which lay hearts and arms and legs of human beings but lately killed. With a horrid grin the giant said, "Hearts and arms and legs are dainty morsels, eaten with pepper and vinegar. I shall soon try yours."

Leaving Jack in despair, the giant locked the door and went away through the forest to bring another giant to rejoice with him over the capture of the famous Giant-Killer.

When he had gone, Jack heard terrible shrieks and cries from many parts of the castle, and a sad and mournful voice which continually cried:

"Hasten, stranger, haste away,
Or you will be the giant's prey.
When he comes back he will bring another,
A larger, stronger, and fiercer brother—
A horrid, awful monster, who
Will surely kill and torture you.
Hasten, stranger, haste away,
Or you will be the giant's prey."

This terrible warning still further increased Jack's terror, if such a thing were possible. In despair he ran to the window, and on looking out saw the two giants striding on toward the castle.

"Surely," said Jack, "either death or deliverance must be close at hand. I must think quickly."

Jack had noticed that the window was directly over the gate of the castle, and as he turned away he saw two strong cords in the room. Working rapidly, he made two large nooses with slip knots,

and as the giants were entering the iron gate of the castle he dropped a noose over the head of each and drew them taut. He threw the ends of the ropes over a beam, pulled with all his might, and then securely fastened the cords. Running back to the window he saw both his enemies quite black in the face and struggling wildly. When they had exhausted themselves, Jack slipped down the ropes, drew his sword, and killed them both.

Searching their pockets he found a bunch of keys, with which he entered the castle, where after a long search he found three ladies tied up by their hair and nearly starved. They told him that the giant had killed their husbands, and because they would not eat the flesh he had slowly starved them.

"My dear ladies," said Jack, "the giant Blunderbore is dead, as is also his terrible brother, both slain by my hands. I now set you free, and in return for your loss and suffering I will give you Blunderbore's castle and all it contains."

Thereupon he politely handed them the keys, and after bidding them adieu, continued on his journey to Wales.

Jack had not taken any of the giant's money, and as he had little of his own, he felt that he must travel as fast as he could. In his haste he lost his way, and when night came on he was in a lonely valley between two lofty mountains. He walked on for several hours without seeing a house, so that when he finally came upon a large and beautiful dwelling he felt that he was very fortunate indeed.

Without hesitation he knocked loudly, but to his great astonishment the gate was opened by a monstrous giant with two great heads, who was very civil

in his greeting to Jack, for he was a Welsh giant and accomplished his purposes by malice and cunning and not by great display of force. Jack explained that he was a traveler who had lost his way, and the huge monster invited him into the castle and gave him a good bed in a handsomely furnished room.

Jack was weary enough, and hastily taking off his clothes he jumped into bed. Do what he would, however, he could not go to sleep, and after a while he heard the giant walking back and forth in the next room and muttering to himself:

"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light:
My club shall dash your brains out quite."

"Say you so?" thought Jack. "So these are your tricks on travelers! Perhaps, though, I can be as cunning as you are."

Getting out of bed and groping about in the dark he found a long, thick stick of wood; he laid it in the bed and covered it up as though he were there himself. Then, hiding himself in the dark corner of the room, he waited patiently. In the middle of the night the giant crept in, and with his great club struck the bed many heavy blows where Jack had laid the stick of wood; and if Jack had been there himself there would not have been a bone in his body unbroken.

Early the next morning Jack walked into the giant's room, and putting on a bold face said, "I thank you for my bed and lodging last night."

The giant started when he saw Jack come in, but concealing his surprise as well as he could, he stam-

mered out, "How—how—have you rested? Did you feel anything in the night, or did you see anything?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," said Jack. "A rat ran over the bed and gave me three or four slaps with his tail, but though they disturbed me a little I soon went to sleep again."

The giant was still more astonished at this, but made no reply. Instead, he got two large bowls, each containing about four gallons of hasty pudding, and set them on the table for breakfast. Jack

JACK TRICKED THE WELSH MONSTER

wished the giant to think he had an enormous appetite, so he buttoned a big leathern bag under his loose coat and held it so that, without being seen, he could drop the pudding into the bag while he seemed to be putting it into his mouth.

When breakfast was over Jack said, "I will show you a fine trick that I don't believe you can do. I can cure wounds by simply touching them. I could cut off my head one minute and put it on the next. Why, I can cut open my stomach and let out my breakfast without hurting myself any."

He then seized a knife from the table and made a big gash in the leathern bag, when out came the hasty pudding.

"Ods splutter hur nails," cried the big Welsh giant, who disliked to be beaten by Jack, "hur can do that hurself."

So in turn he snatched up a knife and plunged it into his stomach, and immediately fell dead.

Having tricked the Welsh monster in this curious manner, Jack proceeded on his journey, and after a little met King Arthur's only son, who by his father's leave was traveling into Wales to deliver a beautiful maiden who had been enchanted by a Welsh magician. Seeing that the prince had no servants, Jack offered his services, and with many thanks the prince accepted the offer.

The young prince was a charming man; a handsome and brave knight who gave money freely to everybody he met. At length his last penny was given to an old woman, and turning to Jack the prince said, "That is the last. Let us take neither thought nor care. Still, I warrant you we shall never want for anything."

"Leave that to me," said Jack, who had a little money in his pocket. "I will provide for my prince in some way."

For supper they bought some bread, but this used all of Jack's money excepting a single penny. Night now came on, and the prince showed some uneasiness concerning the place where they should lodge.

"My lord," said Jack, "do not worry. Two miles from here lives a huge giant who has three heads and who can whip five hundred knights in armor. Be of good heart. I will provide a place to sleep."

"Alas," said the prince, "what shall we do with so great a giant? He would eat us at a mouthful. We would scarcely fill a hole in one of his big teeth."

"Leave that also to me," said Jack. "I will go ahead and prepare the way. You wait here till I return."

The prince waited, but Jack hurried on till he came to the castle. There he gave a loud knock at the gates, so that the hills resounded with the sound. The giant hurried to the walls and shouted out in a voice of thunder, "Who is there?"

Jack made answer and said, "No one but your poor cousin, Jack."

"What news, poor cousin Jack?" said the giant.

"Dear uncle," said Jack, "I have heavy news for you."

"Pooh, pooh," said the giant, "what heavy news can come to me? I can whip five hundred knights in armor and have no fear of anything on earth!"

"But," said Jack, "you do not understand. The king's son is coming; yea, is close at hand with one thousand men, and he is coming especially to kill you and to seize your castle and all that you have."

"O cousin Jack," said the giant, "that is heavy news indeed. I will run and hide myself in a great cellar underground. There shall you lock, bolt and bar me in, and you shall keep the keys till the king's son is gone."

When Jack had made the giant fast in the cellar he hurried back and brought the prince to the castle, where they spent the night making merry with the dainties that were in the house. Then they went to bed and slept peacefully while the giant trembled and shook with fear in the cellar.

Early in the morning Jack gathered a supply of gold and silver and gave it to the king's son, whom he then accompanied three miles on his journey. Then Jack returned to the castle and let the giant out of his hole in the ground, explaining that the king's son had passed on and the castle was saved.

"What reward do you wish for saving me thus?" said the giant.

"Why, good uncle," said Jack, "I want only the old cap and coat which are at the head of your bed and the shoes and rusty old sword in your closet."

"You shall have them," said the giant, "and I pray you keep them for my sake, for they will be of great service to you. The coat will make you invisible while you have it on; the cap will give you knowledge; the sword will cut through anything, and the shoes are of wonderful swiftness. Take them all, and welcome."

Jack took them, thanked the giant heartily, and set off after the prince. When he had come up with his master they resumed their journey and soon arrived at the palace of the noble lady who was kept enchanted by the wicked magician. She received

them politely and made a great feast for them, but after they were through she wiped her mouth with a fine handkerchief and said, "My lord, every suitor who comes to me must submit to a certain trial. It is the custom of my palace. To-morrow morning I shall ask you to tell upon whom I bestow this handkerchief, and if you cannot tell me you must lose your head." With that she thrust the handkerchief into her bosom and left the room.

The prince went to bed in a very mournful frame of mind, but Jack put on his cap of knowledge and from it learned that every night the lady was carried to meet the magician in a distant part of the forest. So Jack put on his coat of darkness and his shoes of swiftness and reached the place before she arrived. When the lady came, she handed the handkerchief to the magician, who took it and put it in his pocket. With one blow of his sword of sharpness Jack struck off the magician's head; then, taking the handkerchief from the pocket, he returned to the castle with incredible speed and handed the handkerchief to the prince.

The moment the magician died the lady was freed from her enchantment and was restored to her former gentleness and goodness. The next day she was married to the prince, and in two days more they returned to the court of King Arthur, where they were received with great joy.

For the many great exploits which Jack had performed he was knighted by King Arthur and became one of the famous knights of the Round Table.

Jack had been so lucky in all of his adventures thus far that he could not rest in idleness, but felt that he must do all that he could for the honor of King Arthur and the Round Table. He therefore asked the King for a horse and money, that he might travel on in search of new adventures.

"There are," he said, "still in Wales a great many giants, who live in remote parts, but who come forth at times to terrorize and destroy your majesty's subjects. Now if you are pleased to favor me as I ask, I shall soon rid your country of these giants and hideous monsters."

The king joyfully consented to Jack's proposal and fitted him out with everything necessary for such a journey. Jack took leave of the king and his knights of the Round Table and set forth on his adventures, taking with him his cap of knowledge, his coat of darkness, his shoes of swiftness and his sword of sharpness. Over hills and mountains he traveled for three days, and then as he passed through a dense forest he heard terrible shrieks and cries, and pushing his way among the trees he beheld a monstrous giant dragging a knight and a beautiful lady over the ground by the hair.

Their cries melted the heart of honest Jack, who tied his horse to a tree, put on his coat of darkness and under it hid his sword of sharpness. When he came up to the giant he struck at him many times, but he could not reach a vital point because of the monster's enormous height. Finally, taking his sword in both his hands and aiming just below the knees, he swung his trusty blade with such force that he cut off both of the giant's legs, and the gigantic body, tumbling to the ground, made the trees quiver and the ground shake. Jack set his foot upon the giant's neck and shouted, "You savage wretch, I come to execute upon you a just punishment for your hideous crimes."

Thereupon he plunged his sword into the giant's body, and the huge monster gave a hideous groan of agony and rolled over quite dead. The noble knight and the beautiful lady were overjoyed at the sudden death of the giant, thanked Jack the Giant-Killer heartily for their deliverance, and invited him to their palace to rest and refresh himself and likewise to receive a fitting reward for his great service.

"No," said Jack; "I cannot remain at ease till I have found the den of this horrible monster I have just slain."

Thereupon the knight grew very sorrowful and exclaimed, "Noble stranger, you must not run so terrible a risk a second time. That giant lived in a cavern in the mountain with a brother more fierce and cruel by far than he was. If you should go, therefore, and perish in the attempt, both my wife and I would break our hearts with grief. Let me beg of you to desist from any further pursuit."

"No," said Jack; "if there be another, or even if

there be twenty more, I would shed the last drop of my blood rather than allow one to escape. It is my task to free this land from giants. When I have accomplished it I will return and pay my respects to you."

Learning from the knight where the cavern was located, Jack mounted his horse and rode away to settle accounts with the giant's brother.

Jack had not ridden more than a mile and a half when he came in sight of the mouth of the cavern, and there at the entrance of it he saw the other giant sitting on a huge block of pine timber with a knotted iron club lying by his side. His enormous eyes were like flames of fire, his features were grim, his cheeks looked like two sides of bacon, the bristles of his beard were like iron wires, and his long locks of hair fell down upon his brawny shoulders like a mass of writhing snakes. Jack dismounted, tied his horse in the thicket and put on his coat of darkness. Then going close up to the giant he said softly, "O, are you there? It will not be long before I have you fast by the beard."

Because of the coat of darkness the monster could not see Jack, who came still nearer, and, swinging his sword of sharpness, struck a fierce blow at the giant. However, his aim was not true, and all he did was to smite off the nose of the giant, whose roars sounded like continuous claps of thunder. Like one mad he rolled his glaring eyes on every side and struck out right and left with his huge iron club.

"Oh," said Jack, "if fighting is what you want, I will kill you at once before some chance blow strikes me."

As he said this he slipped nimbly behind the giant, and, jumping upon the block of timber, stabbed him between the shoulders. After a few despairing howls the giant fell down and died, whereupon Jack struck off his head and sent it with the brother's head by messenger to King Arthur.

Having slain the two giants, Jack went into the cave in search of their treasure. He came at length into a great room paved with freestone. At one end was a boiling cauldron, and at the other a huge table where the giants used to dine. On one side of the room he looked through a large barred window and beheld a great number of wretched prisoners who cried out when they saw Jack, "Alas, alas, young man, must you, too, come to be one of us?"

"On the other hand," said Jack, "I hope you will not stay here long; but pray tell me why you are all shut up here?"

"Alas," said one poor old man, "I will tell you. We have been captured by the giants who live in this cave, and are kept here till they make a feast. Then will they come and select one of us, cook and season him to their taste, and eat him at their leisure. It is not long since three of our companions were taken for this same purpose."

"Well," said Jack, "I have given those giants such a meal that it will be a long time before they want another."

The captives showed the amazement they felt at such a statement.

"O, you may believe me," said Jack, "for I have slain them both with my good sword, and have sent their great heads to King Arthur as a token of my success."

To show the truth of his words he unlocked the gate and set the captives free. Then he led them all into the great banquet hall, put before them two quarters of beef with plenty of bread and wine, and bade them eat their fill. When supper was over they searched the giant's coffers, and Jack divided the rich contents equally among them all.

Next morning the prisoners set off to their homes, while Jack returned to the palace of the knight and lady whom he had left not long before. It was about noon when Jack arrived at the knight's house, where he was received with great joy; and his host joined in giving, in honor of the Giant-Killer, a great feast, to which all the nobles and gentry were invited.

When the guests were all assembled the knight told the story of Jack's remarkable exploits and presented him with a splendid ring on which was engraved a picture of a giant dragging a knight and a lady by their hair, with the following inscription:

"Behold, in dire distress were we,
Under a giant's fierce command;
But gained our lives and liberty
From valiant Jack's victorious hand."

Among the guests at this feast were five aged gentlemen, fathers of some of the captives whom Jack had released. All gathered around the happy young warrior and with tears in their eyes thanked him for what he had done. Every one drank to the success of the hero, and the walls of the great hall echoed with laughter and cries of joy.

Suddenly into the midst of all this gaiety came a herald, pale and breathless with haste, who cried out that Thunderdale, a savage giant with two heads,

had heard of the death of his two kinsmen and was hastening to take his revenge on Jack. He was scarcely a mile away, and people were flying before him like chaff before the wind. None of this frightened Jack, although every one of the guests trembled with fear. As for Jack, he merely drew his sword and said, "Let him come on. I have the rod for him also, and I beg you ladies and gentlemen to walk into the garden, where you shall see the grim giant's defeat and destruction."

Wishing Jack every success, they hurried out after him. Now the knight's castle was surrounded by a moat thirty feet deep and twenty feet wide, over which lay a drawbridge. Jack set men to work to cut the bridge on both sides nearly to the middle, and then putting on his coat of darkness he seized his sword of sharpness and lay in wait for the giant. When the latter approached he could not see Jack because of the coat of darkness, but he felt that danger was near and cried out:

"Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"Say you so, my friend? You are a great miller, indeed."

"Art thou," cried the giant, "the villain who slew my kinsmen? Then will I surely tear thee with my teeth and grind thy bones to flour."

"You must catch me first," said Jack and throwing off his coat of darkness and putting on his shoes of swiftness he flew toward the castle, the giant following with his heavy tread which made the earth

shake at every step. Around and around the walls of the house Jack led the monster until every one had a chance to see him, and then he led him to the drawbridge. Jack passed over in safety, but as the giant reached the middle the great weight of his body broke the cut drawbridge, and he fell into the moat, tumbling about like a huge whale among the pieces of the bridge. Jack stood by and laughed at him, saying over and over again, "I think you said you would grind my bones to flour. When will you commence?"

Although the giant plunged furiously from side to side of the moat he was unable to climb out, and so could not revenge himself on his foe. At last Jack threw a rope over the giant's shoulders, and with a team of horses drew him ashore. As soon as he reached the shore, Jack cut off both his heads with his sword of sharpness, and before he either ate or drank, sent them by a messenger to King Arthur.

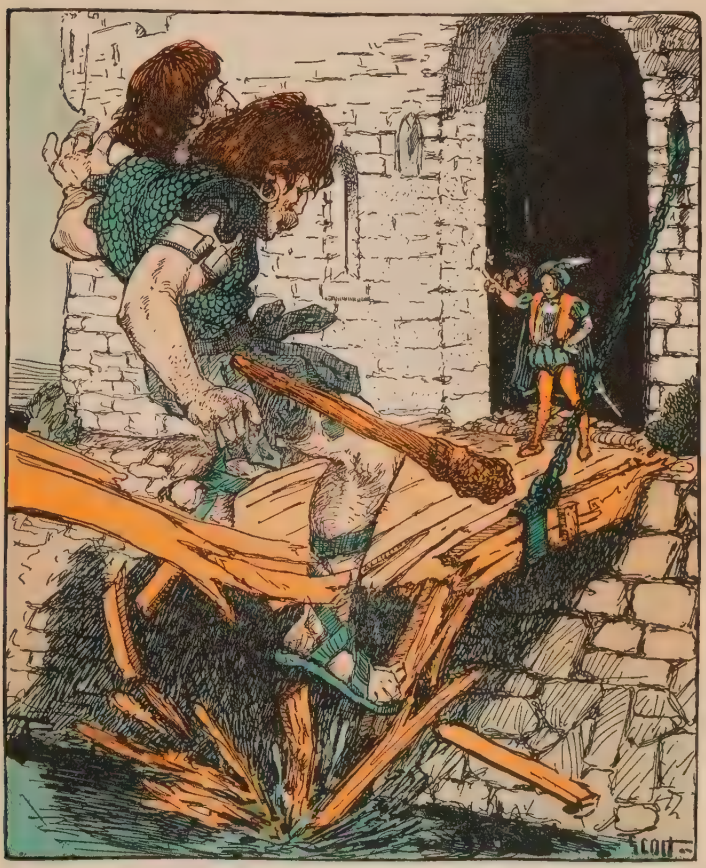
Then the mirth and frolic were renewed, and Jack stayed with his friends for some time, enjoying himself heartily.

But at last he wearied of so idle a life and set forth in search of new adventures. After he had traveled over hills and down dales and through many forests he came at length to the foot of a high mountain, where, late at night, he found a lonesome house, at the door of which he knocked. In response to his summons an old man with hair as white as snow opened the door and let him in.

"Good father," said Jack, "can you lodge a traveler who has lost his way?"

"Certainly," said the old man; "you are very

welcome to my poor cottage if you can put up with such fare as I have." Whereupon Jack entered, and the old man gave him a supper of bread and fruit.



THUNDERDALE FELL INTO THE MOAT

Before Jack had fully eaten, the old man said, "My son, I see by the belt you wear that you are the famous Jack the Giant-Killer. Behold, my son, on the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle kept by a huge giant named Gallagantis, the very

last of his race. This old fiend, by the help of a foul magician who lives with him, has captured many knights and carried them into his castle, where he changes them into many different shapes and forms. I grieve more, however, for a duke's daughter whom they fetched from her father's garden and brought hither in a fiery chariot drawn by two terrible dragons. When he had secured her he turned her into a beautiful doe. This had been a favorite trial with many knights, but none have been able to destroy the enchantment and deliver her, because the gates of the castle are guarded by two fiery griffins who destroy all who come near. Perhaps, my son, you may pass them undiscovered because of your coat of darkness, and if you can once reach the gates of the castle you will find engraved thereon directions for breaking the spell."

Jack promised that in the morning he would go to the castle, break the enchantment and release the young lady and her companions.

As soon as it was light, Jack clothed himself in his magic coat, hat and shoes and prepared himself for battle. When he had reached the summit of the mountain he saw the two fiery griffins, but by means of his coat of darkness he was able to pass between them without being seen. When he reached the castle gate he found a golden trumpet suspended by a silver chain, under which were written these lines:

"Whoever can this trumpet blow
Shall soon the giant overthrow,
And break the black enchantment straight;
So all shall be in happy state."

As soon as he had read the last word, Jack seized the trumpet and blew a shrill blast. The gates flew open, and the very castle itself seemed to tremble. Now the giant and the magician, knowing they had reached the end of their wicked course, stood biting their thumbs and tearing their hair while everything around them was in horrid confusion. Jack rushed in, and with his sword of sharpness killed the giant, but at that very instant the magician was carried away in a mighty whirlwind. At the same time every knight and beautiful lady who had been transformed into bird or beast returned to his natural shape, and the castle vanished.

The head of Gallagantis, too, was sent to King Arthur, while that night the lords and ladies rested with Jack at the old man's hermitage. The next day all set out for court, and when they arrived Jack went to the king and gave his majesty a full account of all his battles. You may be sure, too, that the lords and ladies were not backward in telling what they knew of Jack's prowess. Indeed, they praised him so, that had he not been a very modest youth he would have been hopelessly spoiled.

The fame of the Giant-Killer spread throughout the whole country, and at the king's desire the duke gave his daughter's hand in marriage to Jack, to the great delight of the whole country. Moreover, the king granted him a noble castle in the midst of a beautiful estate, and there they lived the rest of their long days in joy and contentment. Although Jack had been but a farmer's boy, he was so bright that he quickly learned court customs, and before long he was as fine a lord as the finest among them.

BLOCK CITY

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WHAT are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea;
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see, on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done with it, down let it go!
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
And as long as I live, and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

THE MICE AND THE CAT

A GENTLEMAN once owned a Cat that was a very fine mouser. She hunted so much that after a time she had caught and killed nearly all the Mice in the gentleman's house. The remaining Mice were very much frightened and called a council to see what could be done. They met secretly in their hall behind the coal-bin and locked the doors carefully before they began to talk. Many plans were proposed and discussed, but the Mice could agree on nothing.

Finally a dapper young Mouse arose and said:

"Mr. President, I wish to propose a plan. It is so novel and so excellent that I am certain every one of you will approve it. A little silver bell must be hung about the Cat's neck. Then every step she takes will make the bell tinkle, and we shall have warning in time to run to our holes before she comes too close! Isn't that a perfect plan? We can then live in safety and happiness in spite of this wonderful Cat."

The young Mouse took his seat, smiling with an air of complacent pride, and from the other Mice came the sound of lively applause.

"Mr. President and Fellow Mice," interrupted an old gray-whiskered Mouse who rose from the back of the hall and looked his companions over with a merry twinkle in his eye, "the plan proposed by the last speaker is indeed an admirable one, but I fear there is one slight drawback to it. The honorable gentleman has not told us who is to hang the bell around the Cat's neck."

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

FASTER than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road,
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse, and gone forever!

FAIRY BREAD

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

COME up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat.
Here in my retiring room,
Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
And the shade of pine;
And when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

TWO little Mice, who had lived together and played very happily when they were children, became separated as they grew up. One of them moved into a fine house in the city, while the other remained near her old home in the country.

They never quite forgot each other, and one day the Town Mouse rambled out into the country and called on her old friend. Naturally, the Country Mouse was delighted at the visit, and she gathered together the best of everything she could find for a luncheon.

There were some fine peas, choice bacon and a little piece of rare old Stilton cheese, all of which seemed very sweet and toothsome to the affectionate hostess when she called the other heartily to come and take part in the good cheer.

From living so long among the rich delicacies of the city, the traveled Mouse had lost her early appetite, and though she nibbled daintily here and there, hoping to please her old friend, yet she never ceased to wonder in her heart how the Country Mouse could take any pleasure in such coarse and ordinary fare.

After dinner, when they sat down to chat over old times, the Town Mouse could hold her tongue no longer.

"Really, my dear old friend, I don't see how you possibly can keep so cheerful in such a dismal, dead-

and-alive kind of place as this in which you live! Why, I couldn't possibly live here a week! There is no kind of life; there's no society; there's nothing gay or jolly anywhere to be found.

"You go on from one year's end to another, every day just like the one before it and just like the one that follows it. What you want to do is to come back to the city with me. Come to-night and see what a gay and happy life I lead."

The airs and address of the Town Mouse had made the Country Mouse a little discontented, so as soon as it came dark, the two started off for the city, where they quickly found the home of the Town Mouse, in which, as it happened, a splendid supper had been given and from which the guests had barely departed for home.

It was no trouble at all for the Town Mouse to gather up the whole heap of dainties which she placed on one corner of the handsome red Turkey carpet. The plain little Country Mouse was dazzled by so much splendor; she had never seen such a table as was now before her. There were not half of the meats that she could tell the names of, and not knowing what they were or how they tasted, she sat there wondering where to begin.

Suddenly a door behind them creaked and opened, and the servant came in with a light. The two Mice ran hastily into a corner and hid themselves behind a hassock till everything was quiet again, when they returned to their meal.

The first mouthful had not been swallowed when the door opened suddenly again and in dashed a boy, the son of the master of the house—a noisy, rollicking boy, followed by a fierce little Terrier,

that ran straight to the spot where the two friends had just been sitting.

Such a thing was really no great surprise to the Town Mouse, who had learned to run to her hole very quickly on the slightest alarm. She did not realize, however, that the Country Mouse knew nothing about this, and so had not told her where to go. The only place the latter could find was back of a big sofa, and there she waited in awful fear while the Terrier barked and tore around the room, enraged at the scent of the Mice.

After a while, however, the boy skipped out again, the Terrier followed, and the room became quiet. The Town Mouse was out in an instant and ran quickly to the dainties, which still lay undisturbed on the floor, for the dog had eaten his supper before he came in.

"Come, come," said the Town Mouse, "come out; the table is all spread and everything is getting cold! We shan't be disturbed again, or if we are we can run and hide. Come, now; let's eat and be happy!"

"No, no, not for me!" said the Country Mouse. I shall be off as fast as I can. There is too much excitement in this life for me. I'd rather have a crust out there in the country, with peace and quietness, than all the fine things you have here in the midst of such frights and terrors as I've had in the last hour."

What are you? Are you a town mouse or a country mouse? Do you live in the country, where you can see the beautiful blue sky with the white clouds sailing through it, where you can play on the rich green grass and smell the sweet flowers all about

you? Or do you live in the dusty, smoky city, with big buildings all around you, where the trees are stunted and the leaves look brown and withered? When you go to school in the morning, do you walk along a neat path in the roadside, among fields rich with growing grain, where you can breathe the pure air and romp in the sunshine? Or do you go to school along hot and dusty pavements, where every time you cross a street you must look sharp and run hard or be caught by an automobile or a street car?

Sometimes the human mice who live in the country when they are children move into the great city and grow old there. They learn to live in the excitement and to like it, but occasionally when they sit at home in the evening they wish they were in the country once more, where the evening breezes brought them the scent of the apple blossoms, and where at day-break the birds wakened them from their quiet, peaceful slumber.

A RIDDLE

AS I was going to Saint Ives
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to Saint Ives?

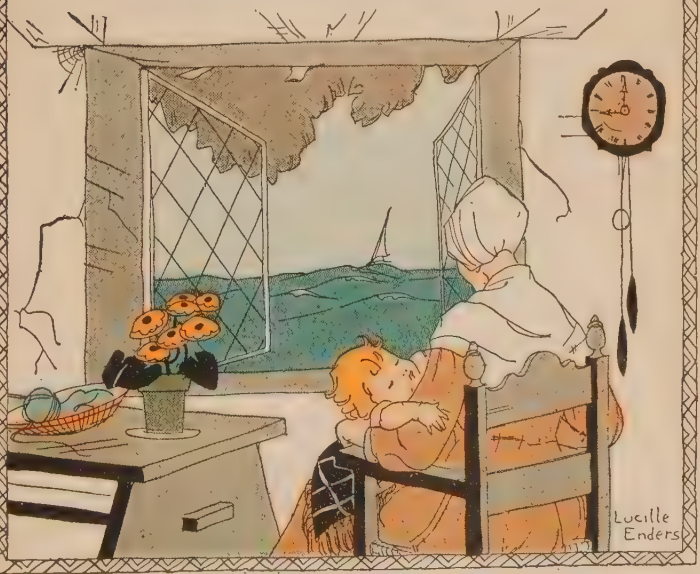
Can you guess this riddle at once? Which way was the speaker going? Which way were kit, cats, sacks and wives going?

OLD GAELIC LULLABY

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep—
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.



This pretty lullaby has traveled a long way from its home in the Highlands of Scotland, where it was sung in Gaelic to little mountain babies many, many years ago. The sea comes in close to the Highlands, and sometimes runs its long arms up among them, so that fisher folk are numerous, and the sea is the one big thought in their minds.

Father, brother and sister are out in the storm, father toiling with his boat among the waves, brother bringing in the wandering sheep, and sister driving the cows into the sheltered stable. At home mother sits by the cradle and sings the baby to sleep with her soft lullaby.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE PEA BLOSSOM

By Hans Christian Andersen

THERE were once five peas in one shell: they were green, the shell was green, and so they believed that the whole world must be green also, which was a very natural conclusion. The shell grew, and the peas grew; they accommodated themselves to their position, and sat all in a row. The sun shone without and warmed the shell, and the rain made it clear and transparent; it was mild and agreeable in broad daylight, and dark at night, as it generally is; and the peas as they sat there grew bigger and bigger, and more thoughtful as they mused, for they felt there must be something for them to do.

"Are we to sit here forever?" asked one; "shall we not become hard by sitting so long? It seems to me there must be something outside, and I feel sure of it."

And as weeks passed by, the peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow.

"All the world is turning yellow, I suppose," said they—and perhaps they were right in their supposition.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the shell; it was torn off and held in human hands, then slipped into the pocket of a jacket in company with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened," said one—just what they all wanted.

"I should like to know which of us will travel farthest," said the smallest of the five. "We shall soon see now."

"What is to happen, will happen," said the largest pea.

"Crack!" went the shell as it burst, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was holding them tightly, and said they were fine peas for his shooter. And immediately he put one in and shot it out.

"Now I am flying out into the wide world," said he; "catch me if you can;" and he was gone in a moment.

"I," said the second, "intend to fly straight to the sun; that is a shell that lets itself be seen, and it will suit me exactly."

"We will go to sleep wherever we find ourselves," said the two next; "we shall still be rolling onwards"; and they did certainly fall on the floor and roll about before they got into the pea shooter; but they were put in, for all that. "We shall go farther than the others," said they.

"What is to happen, will happen," exclaimed the last, as he was shot out of the pea shooter; and as he spoke he flew up against an old board under a garret window, and fell into a little crevice, which was almost filled up with moss and soft earth. The moss closed itself round him, and there he lay.

"What is to happen, will happen," said he to himself.

Within the little garret lived a poor woman who went out to clean stoves, chop wood into small pieces, and perform suchlike hard work, for she was strong and industrious. Yet she remained always

poor, and at home in the garret lay her only daughter, not quite grown up, and very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept her bed, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

"She is going to her little sister," said the woman. "I had but the two children, and it was not an easy thing to support both of them; but the good God helped me in my work, and took one of them to Himself and provided for her. Now I would gladly keep the other that was left to me, but I suppose they are not to be separated, and my sick girl will very soon go to her sister above."

But the sick girl still remained where she was; quietly and patiently she lay all the day long, while her mother was away from home at her work.

Spring came, and one morning early the sun shone brightly through the little window, and threw his rays over the floor of the room. Just as the mother was going to her work the sick girl fixed her gaze on the lowest pane of the window.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "what can that little green thing be that peeps in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

The mother stepped to the window and half opened it. "Oh!" she said, "there is actually a little pea which has taken root, and is putting out its green leaves. How could it have got into this crack? Well, now, here is a little garden for you to amuse yourself with."

So the bed of the sick girl was drawn nearer to the window, that she might see the budding plant, and the mother went out to her work.

"Mother, I believe I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening. "The sun has shone in here so

bright and warm to-day, and the little pea is thriving so well; I shall get on better, too, and go out into the warm sunshine again."

"God grant it!" said the mother, but she did not believe it would be so. She propped up with a little

SHE GENTLY KISSED THE DELICATE LEAVES

stick the green plant which had given her child such pleasant hopes of life, so that it might not be broken by the winds. She tied the piece of string to the window-sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea tendrils might twine round it when it shot up. And it did shoot up; indeed it might almost be seen to grow from day to day.

"Now really, here is a flower coming," said the old woman one morning; and now at last she began to encourage the hope that her little sick daughter might really recover. The child had seemed more cheerful and during the last few days had raised herself in bed in the morning to look with sparkling eyes at her little garden which contained only a single pea plant.

A week later the invalid sat up a whole hour for the first time, feeling quite happy by the open window in the warm sunshine, while outside grew the little plant, and on it a pink pea blossom in full bloom. The little maiden bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was to her like a festival.

"Our heavenly Father Himself has planted that pea, and made it grow and flourish, to bring joy to you and hope to me, my blessed child," said the happy mother, and she smiled at the flower as if it had been an angel from God.

But what became of the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world, and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into a gutter and ended his travels in the crop of a pigeon. The two lazy ones were also eaten by pigeons, so they were at least of some use; but the fourth, who wanted to reach the sun, fell into a sink, and lay there in the dirty water for days and weeks, till he had swelled to a great size.

But as the young maiden stood at the open garret window, with sparkling eyes and the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, she folded her thin hands over the pea blossom, and thanked God for what He had done.

2nd Grade
Jan. 1936

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

MANY, many years ago there lived close by a great forest a woodcutter and his family. There were two children, Hansel and Grethel, and the woodcutter's wife. The mother of Hansel and Grethel died long before, and their father's present wife did not have any love for the little ones.

They were very poor indeed, and when a great famine came on the land and food grew scarce and dear, the woodcutter could no longer buy food enough for his whole family.

One night when the poor man lay tossing on his bed in deep anxiety, he said to his wife:

"Alas! what will become of us? How can we feed the children when we have no more than enough for ourselves?"

"Now listen, my husband," answered his wife; "I will tell you what to do. As it is not longer possible for us to feed the children, we will take them into the forest with us to-morrow, light a nice, warm fire for them, give them each a piece of bread, and leave them."

"No, no," said the father; "I could never leave my Hansel and Grethel to die in the woods. I could not bear to think of the wild beasts tearing them limb from limb."

"Then we must all four die of hunger," said the

wife; "you may as well cut the boards for our coffins."

She continued to talk, and her husband was at last so worried that he agreed to do as she wished.

"But I feel terribly about the poor children," said the husband, as he turned over and went to sleep.

The two children were so hungry that they had not gone to sleep, and they overheard every word that was said. Grethel cried bitterly, but Hansel was very brave and tried to comfort his little sister, saying,

"Don't cry, dear! You need not be afraid. I will take care of you."

As soon as his father and stepmother were asleep, he slipped on his coat, and, opening the door softly, went out into the garden. The moon was shining brightly, and by its light he could see the little white pebbles that lay scattered in front of the house, shining like little pieces of silver. He stooped and filled his pockets as full as he could, and then went back to Grethel.

"Don't fear anything, little sister," he said, as he climbed into bed. "God will take care of us. Go to sleep now."

Early in the morning, before the sun had risen, the stepmother came and awakened the children.

"Rise, little lie-a-beds," she said, "and come with us into the wood to gather fuel."

She gave them each a piece of bread for their dinner, and told them to be sure not to eat it too soon, for they would get nothing more.

Grethel carried the bread in her pinafore because Hansel had his pockets full of pebbles, and they all set out upon their way to the wood.

As they trudged along, the father noticed that his little son kept turning back to look at the house.

"Take care, my boy," he said, "or you will slip. What are you looking at so earnestly?"

"I am watching my kitten, father; she is sitting on the roof to bid me good-bye."

"Silly little lad, that is not your cat," said the stepmother; "it is only the morning sun shining on the chimney."

Now Hansel was not really looking at the cat, but every time he turned around he took a white pebble from his pocket and quietly dropped it in the path.

When they were deep in the forest the father said to the children:

"Now you gather all the wood you can find and I will build you a fine fire so you will not be so cold."

When Hansel and Grethel had gathered quite a mountain of twigs and branches, the father set fire to them, and as the flames burned up warm and bright, the wife said:

"Now lie down, children, near the fire, and rest yourselves. We will go further and chop wood. When we are ready to go home I will come and call you."

Hansel and Grethel sat down by the fire, and when it was noon each ate a piece of bread. They were not frightened, because they thought they heard the blows of their father's axe. But it was not the axe; it was a branch which the father had tied to a tree; and when the wind blew, the branch flew backward and forward against the tree. They waited and waited, and at last their eyes grew heavy, and from pure weariness they fell asleep.

When they awoke, the night was very dark, and Grethel was frightened, and began to cry. Hansel put his arms around her and whispered, "Wait, dearie, till the moon rises; we shall soon find our way home then."

As soon as the bright moon rose, Hansel took his little sister by the hand, and all night long they followed the track of the little white pebbles, until at daybreak they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when their stepmother opened the door and saw them, she cried out,

"You wicked children! Why did you stay so long in the forest? We thought you meant never to come back."

But their father kissed and petted them, for he had been very sorry to leave his little boy and girl alone in the big forest. In a short time they were worse off than ever, and one night they again heard their mother trying to persuade her husband to take them out into the wood and lose them.

"There is nothing left in the house but half a loaf of bread," she said. "For our own sakes it is better to get rid of the children; but this time we will lead them farther away, so that they will not be able to find their way home."

But the man would not agree.

"Better to divide our last morsel with them," he said, "and then die together."

"No; we cannot do that. Whoever has said *A* must say *B*, too. What we have done once, we must do a second time."

Then his wife scolded him roundly, until at last the poor man gave way a second time, just as he had done at first.

The children, however, had overheard all that was said, and as soon as the mother and father were asleep, Hansel stole down to the door, meaning to go and collect pebbles as he had done before. The woman had locked the door that evening and Hansel could not get out, but he came cheerfully back to bed and said:

"Do not cry, little sister. Sleep in quiet. The good God will never forsake us."

Early the next morning the stepmother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave them each a slice of bread, which was still smaller than the former piece.

On the way Hansel broke his in his pocket, and, stopping every now and then, dropped a crumb upon the path.

"Hansel, why do you stop and look about?" said the father; "keep in the path."

"I am looking at my little dove," answered Hansel, "nodding a good-bye to me."

"Simpleton!" said the wife, "that is no dove, but only the sun shining on the chimney."

But Hansel still kept dropping crumbs as he went along.

The mother led the children deep into the wood, where they had never been before, and there, making an immense fire, she said to them:

"Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a little while. We are going into the forest to cut wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you."

When noon came, Grethel shared her bread with Hansel, who had strewn his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the evening arrived, and no one

came to visit the poor children, and in the dark night they awoke. Hansel comforted his sister by saying, "Only wait, Grethel, till the moon comes out; then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home."

The moon shone and they got up, but they could not see any crumbs, for the thousands of birds which had been flying about in the woods and fields had picked them all up. Hansel kept saying to Grethel, "We will soon find the way;" but they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, and still did not come out of the woods. They got very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but the berries which they found upon the bushes, and at last they grew so tired that they could not drag themselves along, but lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

On the third day they were still as far away as ever; indeed, it seemed to them that the longer they walked the deeper they got into the wood, and they began to be afraid that they would die of cold and hunger. But presently, when the midday sun was shining brightly, they noticed a snow-white bird singing so sweetly that they could not help but stay to listen. When the birdie's song was ended, he spread his wings and flew away.

The children followed him until they reached a little house, on the roof of which he perched. Then the children saw with surprise that the strange little house was built entirely of bread, roofed with cakes, and with windows of barley sugar.

"See, Grethel," cried Hansel, joyfully, "there is food for us a-plenty. You take one of the windows, while I eat a piece of the roof."

He stretched out his hand to help himself, and Grethel had already begun to nibble one of the window-panes, when suddenly they heard a voice call from within:

HANSEL AND GRETHEL FOLLOWING THE BIRD

"Nibble, nibble, little mouse!
Who's a-nibbling at my house?"

The children answered quickly:

" 'Tis my Lady Wind that blows.
Round and round the house she goes.'

Then they went on eating as though nothing had happened, for the cake of which the roof was made just suited Hansel's taste, while the sugar window-panes were better than any sweet-meat Grethel had ever tasted before.

All at once the door of the cottage flew wide open, and out came an old, old woman, leaning upon a crutch. The children were so frightened that they dropped their food and clung to each other. The old woman nodded her head to them, and said,

"Who brought you here, my pets? Come inside, come inside; no one will hurt you."

She took their hands and led them into the house, and set before them all kinds of delicious foods—milk, sugared pancakes, apples, and nuts. When they had finished their meal she showed them two cozy little white beds, and soon Hansel and Grethel lay snugly tucked up in them.

Now this old woman who had seemed so kind to them was really a wicked old witch, who had built the house of cake and candy to coax little children into her clutches. Then when she had them safely in the house, she killed and ate them with great joy.

Witches have red eyes and cannot see well, but they can smell very keenly, and this old woman had known all the time that Hansel and Grethel were coming. When she did see them, she said,

"Here are two dainty bits that will make a fine mouthful for me."

Then again in the morning before they awoke, when she went up and saw how soundly they were sleeping, and looked at their chubby pink cheeks and pretty red lips, she said,

"They will make a dainty meal, sure enough."

"COME INSIDE; NO ONE WILL HURT YOU"

Then she caught Hansel in her great rough hand, carried him into a little room and locked him in there behind an iron grating. Although he screamed loudly with fear, and kicked as hard as he could, the old witch paid no attention, but hurried back to the bedroom where she had left Grethel. She caught the little girl by the shoulder and shook her roughly, saying,

"Get up, you lazy thing, and fetch some water to cook something good for your brother. I've put

him in a stall, and he must stay there till he gets fat, and when he is fat enough I shall eat him."

Grethel cried, but it was useless, and finally she had to do just as the old witch told her. She cooked the choicest food and carried it to Hansel, but she got nothing to eat but a crab's claw or an oyster shell.

Day by day the old woman visited the stall and called to Hansel to put his finger through the window-bars, that she might see if he were getting fat; but the little fellow held out a bone instead, and as her eyes were dim, she mistook the bone for the boy's finger, and thought how thin and lean he was.

When a whole month had passed without Hansel becoming the least bit fatter, the old witch lost patience and declared she would wait no longer.

"Hurry, Grethel," she said to the little girl; "fill the pot with water, for to-morrow, be he lean or fat, Hansel shall be cooked for my dinner."

How the poor little sister grieved! But there was nothing she could do except to cry out, while the tears ran down her cheeks,

"Dear, good God, help us now! If the beasts had only killed us in the forest we might at least have died together."

The old witch was now angrier than ever, and called out,

"Stop that noise! It will not help you a bit!"

Early in the morning Grethel was made to get up, go out and make the fire and fill the kettle.

"First we will bake," said the old woman. "I have heated the oven and kneaded the dough. Do you get into the oven and see if it is hot enough to bake the bread."

But Grethel saw the flames roaring round the oven and knew that the old witch meant to shut the door and let her bake, so she said,

"But I don't know how to do it. How shall I get in?"

"You stupid goose," said the old woman, "the opening is big enough. See! I could easily get in myself."

To show Grethel, the old witch got up, and going to the oven, stuck her head into it. Grethel, who had been waiting for this, gave her a push and she fell right in! Then, slamming the door shut, Grethel bolted it and left the witch to her misery.

As soon as the oven door was bolted tight, Grethel ran to the stall where her brother was and called out,

"O Hansel, Hansel, we are saved; the old witch is dead."

When she had opened the door, Hansel sprang out like a bird from its cage, and they danced about and kissed each other again and again.

Then, as there was nothing to fear, they ran all over the witch's house, where in every corner they found caskets of pearls and diamonds and other precious stones.

"These are much better than white pebbles," said Hansel, as he filled his pockets as full as they could hold.

"I'll take some, too," said Grethel, and she put into her apron all she could carry.

"Now we must be off for home again," said Hansel. "We must get out of this awful forest as soon as we can."

When they had walked for two long hours, they came to a big stream of water.

HANSEL ON THE DUCK'S BACK

"I see no bridge, anywhere," said Hansel. "We cannot get over."

"And there is no boat, either," said Grethel. "But there swims a beautiful white duck; I will ask her to help us over if she can." Then she sang:

"Little duck, little duck,
With broad white wings;
Little duck, little duck,
With broad white wings;
'Tis your Grethel sings:
Take us on your strong white back,
Take us to the other shore."

The duck paddled over to them, and Hansel, taking a seat on its back, asked Grethel to get up behind him.

"No," said Grethel, "that would be too much for the little duck. She must take us over one at a time."

When both were safely on the other side and had gone a little way, they found themselves in a well-known part of the woods, and pretty soon they saw the smoke from the chimney of their father's house. Then they began to run, and bursting into the room they climbed into their father's lap and hugged and kissed him till he was nearly smothered. He was the happiest man in the world, for not one comfortable hour had he known since he left the children in the wood. Besides, his wife had died, and he was living alone in the house.

Then Grethel shook her apron, and the pearls and diamonds and other precious stones rolled out in every direction on the floor, and Hansel pulled out

of his pockets one handful after another, till the whole table was covered with the glistening things.

Now were their troubles all ended, and they lived together happily ever afterward.

Now my story is done. There runs a mouse. Catch it and make a cap out of its fur.

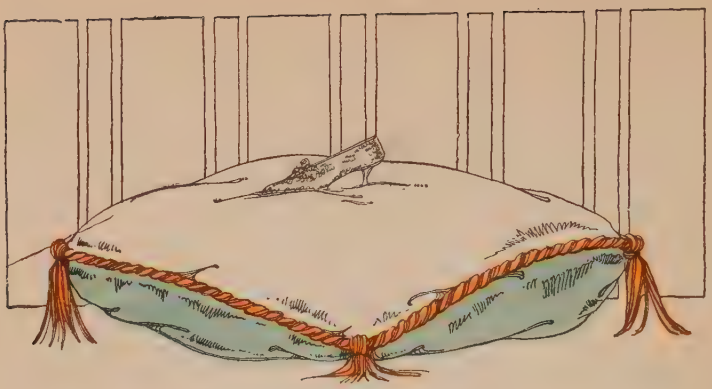
THE LION, THE FOX AND THE ASS

ONE day, when a Fox and an Ass were strolling along together, they were met by a fierce and hungry Lion.

The terrified Fox ran cringing up to the Lion, and whispered into his ear: "Dear Mr. Lion, don't you see how young and plump that Ass is over there? If you would like to make a dinner of him, I'll show you a pitfall near by into which we can lead him without any trouble. Shall we do it?"

The Lion very readily agreed, though he kept one sage eye resting on the Fox all the time. The latter, however, was as good as his word, and led the Ass along till it stumbled and fell into the deep pit.

When the Lion saw that the Ass was secured and could be killed and eaten at leisure, he slew the treacherous Fox with a single blow and took the body for the first course in his dinner.



CINDERELLA

Adapted from CHARLES PERRAULT

THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

LONG ago there lived a very rich gentleman whose beloved wife died quite suddenly, leaving in his care a young daughter, who in gentleness of disposition and beauty of face was the exact likeness of her mother. Both father and daughter mourned very deeply over their loss, and for a long time lived quietly together.

Then the father, thinking that his little girl needed more attention and care than he was able to give her, married a beautiful widow to whom he had become very much attached. Unfortunately, however, the lady whom he married was proud, and the most haughty woman ever known. Nothing seemed to please her, and no matter how polite people were to her, she treated them with insult and disdain. Moreover, she had two daughters of her own, whom

she had brought up to be as proud and idle as herself. In fact, both of them had every unkind and unpleasant trait of their mother. They did not love to study and they would not learn to work; in short, they were much disliked by everybody who knew them.

Of course, when the gentleman married her, he knew nothing about these unpleasant things, for she tried to appear very gentle and well behaved toward him; but scarcely was the marriage ceremony over before the wife began to show her real temper. Especially did she dislike her husband's little girl, whose sweet and obliging manners made her own daughters appear a thousand times more hateful and disagreeable, and whose beauty put them to shame.

She therefore ordered the child to live in the kitchen, and if she happened to come into the parlor for anything the woman scolded her roundly till she was out of sight. The little girl was made to work with the servants, wash the dishes and polish the tables and chairs, and it was her place always to scrub the woman's chamber and that of her daughters, and to polish the furniture, which was all of mahogany finely inlaid with pearls. The beds were of the newest fashion, and in both rooms were looking-glasses so long and so broad that the women could see themselves from head to foot.

The little girl slept in a sorry garret upon the floor, in a wretched straw bed which had neither curtains about it nor clothes enough to keep her comfortable. The poor child bore everything without complaint, not daring to say one word to her father, for she saw that he was blind to the faults of his wife, who had him completely in her power. When

the little drudge had finished her work she used to sit in the chimney corner among the ashes and burned-out fire, where she got so dusty that the older daughter called her *the cinder girl;* but the younger, who was, perhaps, not so uncivil and unkind, called her Cinderella, and by this name she came to be known to her family and the neighbors. Nevertheless, Cinderella, dirty and ragged as she was, always appeared much prettier than her sisters, though they were dressed in all their splendor.

After they had lived this way for some time, the king's son gave a great ball, to which he invited all the nobles and wealthy people in the country, and among his guests were the two daughters of whom we have been speaking. The king's son had no idea how disagreeable they were, but supposed, as they lived in such splendor, that they must be very lovable and amiable creatures. He did not invite Cinderella, for he had never seen her or heard of her.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the two sisters, who began immediately to prepare for the happy day. Every moment of the time was spent in dreaming about such gowns and shoes and headdresses as would be most becoming to them and make them appear most attractive in the eyes of the king's son. You can imagine how great a trouble and vexation all this was to poor Cinderella, for she it was who ironed and plaited her sisters' linen and worked for long hours over their dresses. She heard nothing but the talk of how the two should be dressed.

"I," said the older, "shall wear my scarlet velvet with the French trimming."

"I," said the younger, "shall wear the same petticoat I had made for the last ball, but to make amends

for that I shall put on my gold muslin train and wear my diamonds in my hair. With these I must certainly look well."

CINDERELLA HELPED HER SISTERS

They sent to the distant town for the best hairdresser they could hire, and bought many jewels and ornaments of fashionable shapes.

On the morning of the ball they called upon Cin-

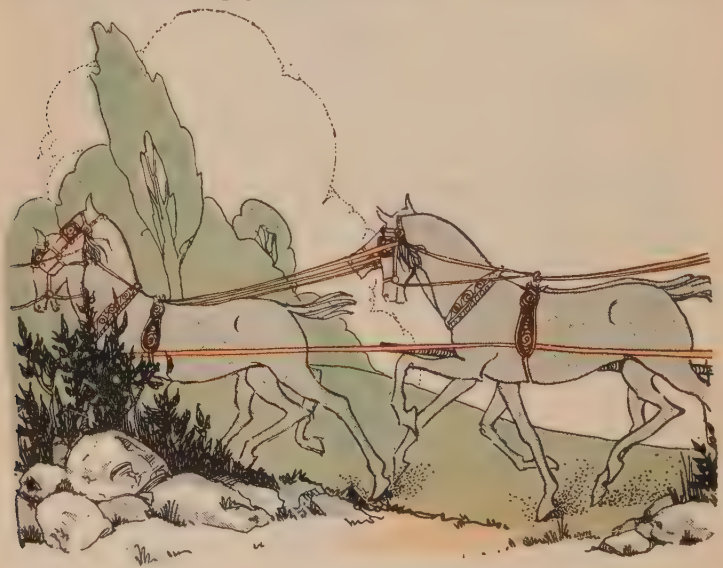
derella to give them her advice about how they should wear their hair and fix their dresses. In spite of her ill treatment, Cinderella gave them the best advice she could, and otherwise assisted them in getting ready for the ball, just as though she had been going, too.

While her busy fingers were working for them, one of them said, "Would you not like to go to the ball, Cinderella?"

"Ah," replied the little girl, "you are only laughing at me. It is not for such a person as I am to think about going to balls."

"You are right," replied the two. "Folks would laugh, indeed, to see Cinderella dancing in the ballroom."

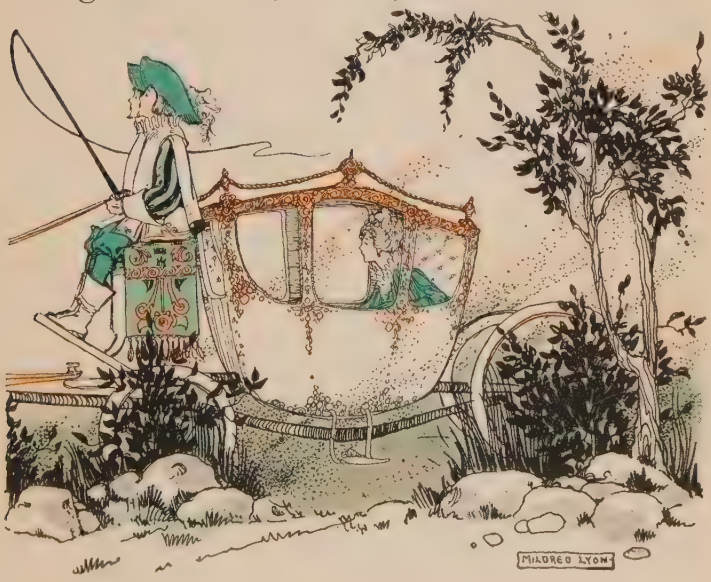
Almost any other girl would have tried to spoil the dresses of the haughty creatures, or to make them look as ugly as she could. Cinderella, how-



ever, never even thought of such a thing, but did everything she could to make them appear well. For several days the sisters had eaten very little, so great was their joy at the approach of the happy day. They were always before the looking-glass, and many a lace they broke in trying to give themselves fine, slender shapes.

At length the much wished-for hour came; the proud young women stepped into the beautiful carriage, and, followed by servants in rich livery, drove toward the palace. Cinderella followed them with her eyes as far as she could, but when they were out of sight she sat down in her dusty corner and began to cry bitterly.

Her godmother, coming in just then, saw her in tears and asked her what was the matter. Poor Cinderella was able to utter scarcely a word, but managed to sob out, "I wish, w-i-s-h—"



Cinderella's godmother was a fairy and understood at once why the child was crying. "You wish," she said, "to go to the ball, Cinderella. Is not that the truth?"

"Alas, yes," replied the child, sobbing still more than before.

"Well, well, be a good girl," said her godmother, "and you shall go. Run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella flew like lightning and brought the finest she could lay hold of. Her godmother scooped out the inside, leaving nothing but the rind, and then with the wand which she carried she tapped the pumpkin gently three times. Instantly it became a fine coach shining all over with gold. She then looked into the mousetrap, where she saw six mice, all alive, and running about briskly.

"Lift up the door of the cage very gently, Cinderella," she said.

As the mice ran out, one by one, the fairy godmother touched them with the wand, and each instantly became a beautiful dapple-gray horse.

"Here, my child," said the godmother, "is a coach, and here are horses, too, as handsome as your sisters'; but what shall we do for a postilion?"

"I will run and see if there is not a rat in the trap. If I can find one he will do very well for a postilion."

Cinderella found the trap, which, much to her joy, contained three of the largest rats she had ever seen. The fairy chose the largest and touched him with her wand, and he was instantly turned into a handsome postilion with the finest pair of whiskers you can imagine.

"Now run again into the garden," she said to Cinderella, "and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot. Bring them hither."

This was no sooner done than with a stroke of the fairy's wand they were changed into six footmen clothed in lace livery, who jumped up behind the coach and sat side by side as sedate and dignified as though they had never been anything but trained footmen.

"Well, my dear," said the fairy godmother, "is this not such an equipage as you would like to have to take you to the ball? Are you not delighted with it?"

"Yes," said Cinderella, with hesitation, "but must I go there in my kitchen rags?"

In reply, her godmother touched her with the wand, and her rags were instantly changed into the most wonderful gown and clothing, bedecked with more costly jewels than had ever been seen on one person. To all this was added a beautiful pair of glass slippers.

"Now," said the fairy, "set forth for the palace. Go and enjoy yourself, but remember, on no account whatever must you stay at the ball after the clock strikes twelve. If you stay but a single moment after that time, your coach will again become a pumpkin, your horses, mice, your footmen, lizards, and your fine clothes, filthy, ash-covered rags."

Cinderella promised faithfully to do as her godmother wished, and almost wild with joy, drove away to the ball.

In some way the prince had been informed that a great princess whom nobody knew was to come to the ball, and as soon as Cinderella arrived in her

carriage he presented himself at the door, helped her out and led her into the ballroom.

When Cinderella entered the room a silence fell upon every one present, and the dancing and music stopped while everybody gazed in admiration at the remarkable beauty of this unknown princess. "How handsome she is!" was the whisper which ran around the room. Old as he was, the king himself could not take his eyes from her, and said again and again to the queen, "She is certainly the loveliest creature I have seen in a long time."

The ladies did not admire her face so much, but tried to see how her clothes were made, so that if they could find such beautiful material they might provide themselves with fine dresses, though some of them doubted whether anybody could be found to make them so well.

When the king's son led her out to dance, she was the center of still greater admiration, for no one had ever seen such graceful movements. A little later, when the rich supper was spread, many of the guests spent most of their time in watching the wonderful stranger, and as for the prince himself, he gazed at her so constantly that he was not able to eat even a morsel of the delicious foods that he liked best. As it happened, Cinderella was seated between her two sisters, and she took the greatest pains to make herself agreeable, and insisted that in all cases they should be served first. Both were much charmed and elated to think that the strange and beautiful princess paid them so much attention. In fact, their heads were quite turned by her delicate flattery.

While they were still conversing, the clock struck the quarter before twelve, and Cinderella rose hast-

ily to her feet and sweeping them all a graceful courtesy, hurried from the room as rapidly as she could. When she got home she thanked her godmother a thousand times for the delightful evening she had had, and said that she would give anything she had in the world to be able to go to the ball again the next day, as the prince had invited her.

She was just saying this to her godmother when a light rat-a-tat-tat was heard at the door, and Cinderella ran and opened it.

"How late you have stayed," said she, yawning and stretching herself and rubbing her eyes as though she had just awakened from sleep, though in truth she had felt no desire to sleep since her sisters left, early in the evening.

"If you had been at the ball," said the elder sister, "you would not have been asleep. One of the guests was the handsomest, yes, the most beautiful princess I have ever seen, and you have no idea what attentions she paid to us. The prince was very polite to her, and gave her oranges and sweetmeats, which she always divided with us."

"What was the name of the princess?" asked Cinderella, scarcely able to contain herself with joy.

"Nobody was able to find out who she was, and the king's son was extremely grieved and has offered a large reward if any one can tell him where she came from."

Cinderella smiled and said, "How beautiful she must be, and how fortunate you were. Oh, how I wish I could see her for a single moment. My dear sister, please let me take the yellow gown that you wear every day, that I may go to see her."

"The idea!" said the sister. "Lend my clothes

to a kitchen wench! Do you think for a minute I would be such a fool? No, no, Miss Forward, you mind your own work in the kitchen, and leave us to attend to princes and balls."

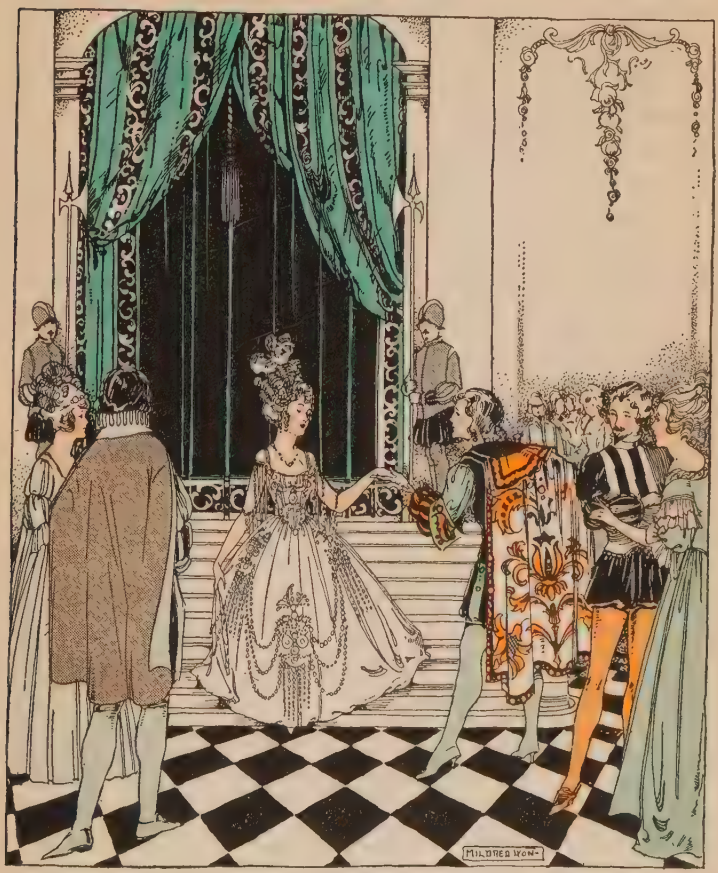
Cinderella was not much surprised at the answer she received, and indeed was a little relieved, for she had no idea what she could do if the dress were lent to her.

On the second day the sisters appeared again at the ball, and there, too, was Cinderella, but with even more magnificent clothes than those she had worn the night before. The king's son was always by her side and was continually saying to her the most polite and pleasing things imaginable. The charming young lady was moved by the attention she received, and her heart grew warm at the flattery. In fact, she became so absorbed in the prince and in all the beautiful things that she saw about her that she had entirely forgotten what her godmother had said about her returning at midnight.

She was never happier than when the clock began to strike, but as she counted the strokes, one, two, three, and on till she came to twelve, her joy changed to terrible alarm. She jumped to her feet and ran out of the room, as fleet as a deer. The prince, surprised at her strange behavior, followed and tried to overtake her, but Cinderella's fright made her run much faster than her pursuer, so she soon left him out of sight. But in her great haste she lost one of her glass slippers and dared not stop to recover it. When the prince came in he saw the fragile thing, picked it up and carefully preserved it. Cinderella reached home tired, out of breath, in her old ragged clothes, without either coach or footmen, and

with nothing left of her magnificence but the mate of the glass slipper she had dropped.

In the meantime, the prince had questioned all



THE PRINCE'S BALL

the guards at his palace gates, asking if any had seen a magnificent princess pass out. The guards replied that no princess had passed the gates, and that they had not seen a single creature except a

ragged little beggar girl that ran through about midnight.

Cinderella sat up impatiently awaiting the return of her sisters, and when they came she began her questioning again. Was the princess at the ball this evening? Did they find out who she was, and was she as kind to them as on the night before?

"Yes, the princess was there, but at midnight she jumped up and ran so hurriedly from the ballroom that even though she lost one of her glass slippers she did not stop to pick it up. The prince followed her and was not able to overtake her. He did, however, find the glass slipper, a beautiful little thing, which she had dropped in her haste. All the rest of the night he sat gazing at the slipper, so that all the guests decided he must be very much in love with the princess."

This must have been true, for the next day the prince sent heralds around, who proclaimed by sound of trumpet that he would willingly marry the lady whose foot exactly fitted the slipper he had found. The prince's messengers took the slipper and carried it to all the princesses, then to the duchesses, and then to the high ladies of the court, one after another, but without success. Many tried to put on the slipper, but all failed. Finally it was brought to the house where Cinderella lived, and each of the sisters tried to squeeze her foot into the slipper, but saw that it was quite impossible.

Cinderella, who was looking at them all the while, and who knew her slipper, smiled to herself, and when the sisters had failed she ventured to say, "Please, sir, let me try on the slipper."

The sisters laughed scornfully at the idea, but the

herald, who had noticed the great beauty of Cinderella in spite of her ragged clothes, said to her, "Certainly, you may try on the slipper, for the prince has sworn he will find the owner if it has to be tried on the foot of every lady in the kingdom."

So Cinderella seated herself, and when the gentleman tried on the slipper he found to his own surprise that it fitted her little foot like wax. The two sisters were filled with astonishment, but were even more surprised when they saw Cinderella reach into her pocket, take out the other slipper, and fit it on her other foot. Just at this moment the fairy godmother came into the room, walked briskly over to Cinderella, and touched her with a wand. In an instant her ragged clothing was changed to a beautiful dress which made her appear again the magnificent princess, but even more richly jeweled than ever.

The sisters could not fail to see that she was the beautiful princess who had been so kind to them at the ball, and falling at her feet, they asked forgiveness for the insults and the ill treatment they had heaped upon her. Cinderella gave them each a hand and, assisting them to arise, tenderly embraced them one after the other.

"I forgive you with all my heart," said Cinderella, "and I hope you will always love me as I shall you."

Then she gave her hand to the gentleman-in-waiting, who conducted her, dressed as she was, into the presence of the prince. He was so overjoyed at finding the beautiful princess again that without delay he asked her to accept his hand. In a few days the marriage ceremony took place, and Cin-

derella, as forgiving and gentle as she was beautiful, provided her sisters with elegant apartments in the palace, where after a short time both were wedded to rich nobles at the court.

CINDERELLA is one of the girls that all readers of stories love. Your mothers and fathers when they were little, and your grandmothers and grandfathers when *they* were little, heard about her, and they liked her story not only because of the things that happen in it, but because Cinderella is such a likable girl. Let us see how many things we can find about her in the story, so that we may know just why it is that we like her so. Some of the things are said about her in so many words, and we shall make a list of those first. She is:

1. Gentle,
2. Beautiful,
3. Sweet and obliging,
4. Graceful,
5. Forgiving.

Besides these things that we are really told, we may find out certain things about Cinderella by the way she acts.

1. She is patient under suffering. "The poor child bore everything without complaint."

2. She has good taste. The sisters "called upon Cinderella to give them her advice about how they should wear their hair and fix their dresses," which, hating her as they did, and unwilling to make her seem of any importance, they would certainly never have done had they not known that she had better taste than they had.

3. She is not envious or jealous. Grieved as she was that her sisters were invited to the ball, while she was not, she still "did everything she could to make them appear well," instead of doing her best to make them look ugly, as one might have expected her to do.

4. She is fond of good times. She wept because she could not go to the ball, and was "wild with joy" when she was finally permitted to go.

5. She is unselfish. She shared the attentions which she received at the ball with her cruel sisters.

6. She is grateful. "She thanked her godmother a thousand times."

7. She is innocently fond of praise. She was "scarcely able to contain herself with joy" when the sisters told of the beautiful princess, and "her heart grew warm" at the attention of the prince.

8. She is tender-hearted. She "tenderly embraced" her sisters when they begged her forgiveness.

Have we not found reasons enough for loving the little heroine of this story? We could not well help loving any one who had those qualities.

But as you read the story, did you not dislike the sisters almost as much as you liked Cinderella? Read the story just once more, and see whether you can find as good reasons for feeling so toward the sisters as we have found for feeling the opposite way toward Cinderella.

SEEIN' THINGS

By EUGENE FIELD

I AIN'T afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly an' so creepylike they never make a sound!
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

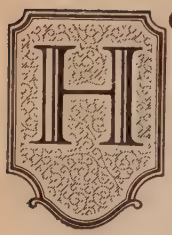
Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!

Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;
An' I am, oh! *so* sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;
An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes 'at's big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them things twice!
No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at night!

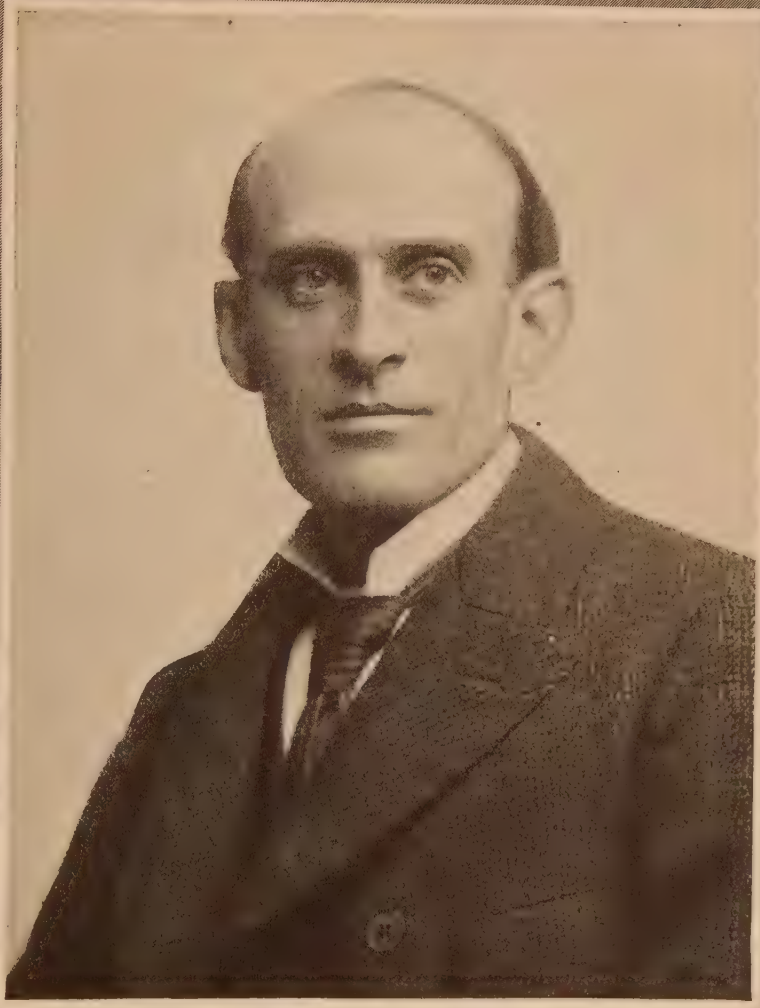
EUGENE FIELD



OW rare is the man who seems to know just how children feel and just what children like! If such a man can write down some of these things which he and the children understand, but which many grown-up people do not, it is very certain that children all over the world will love him. Just such a man was Eugene Field, who wrote this *Seein' Things at Night.* He wrote a number of books for older people, but it is chiefly for his poems to children and about children that he is remembered.

We know some rather interesting things about Field's childhood. His mother died when he was only seven years old, and he was taken from Missouri to Amherst, Massachusetts, to be brought up by a cousin. His grandmother, who was very religious, saw that he was a bright boy, and hoped that he would be a preacher when he grew up. Just to get him into the habit, she used to pay him to write sermons, and it must have been a funny thing to see the child, who can never have been a very serious boy, bending over his sermons, bound to win his ninepence. When he became a man he used to smile at these sermons, especially at one in which he had said, "Oh, it is hard, indeed, for sinners to go down to perdition over all the obstacles God has placed in his path!"

Certainly the sermon-writing failed to make a



Eugene Field
1850–1895

preacher of Field. After he left college he took a trip to Europe, and because he spent there all the fortune that had been left him, he found on his return that he would have to work hard for a living. It did not take him long to decide what he wanted to do; there was nothing that interested him more than newspaper work, and all the rest of his life he was engaged in that, working first on one paper, then on another. And in every place his brightness and cleverness made his department of the paper very popular.

In some ways Field was a boy all his life. He loved a practical joke, and was never too busy to play one on his friends, who sometimes became a little out of patience with him. However, they did not keep their anger long, for he had the knack of making people good-natured, and besides, he never played a joke that could hurt any one's feelings. Sometimes there would appear in some paper a poem signed with the name of one of Field's friends; a day or two later there would appear in another paper a most severe criticism of that poem. Field's friends knew that this was just one of his jokes—that he had written both the poem and the criticism; but all the people who read the papers did not know that.

One time Field was traveling about Missouri with Carl Schurz, candidate for senator, who was a German. At one place where Schurz was to speak, the man who was to introduce him did not appear, and Field was asked to say a few words of introduction. Assuming a strong German accent, that the people might think he was Schurz, he said: "Ladies and Chentlemans: I haf such a severe colt dot I cannot

make me a speedge to-night, but I haf de bleasure of to introduce to you my prilliant young chournalistic gompanion, Mr. Eucheene Fielt, who will shpeak in my blace." When the joke was explained to the audience they were delighted, but it is not on record that Schurz was particularly pleased.

The men for whom Field worked could never be quite certain as to what he would do next. At one time while he was with the *Chicago Daily News* he felt that he needed and deserved an increase in salary, but he did not ask for it as any one else would have done. He appeared one morning at the office of the chief, in rags, and with four of his children also in rags. All five made pleading gestures, pretended to weep, and fell upon their knees; and finally Field said, in a pathetic voice, "Please, Mr. Stone, can't you see your way to raise my salary?"

After Field had become famous, he used to be bothered constantly by people wanting the facts of his life, and finally, to satisfy them, he wrote a little pamphlet which was supposed to tell all about himself. But it was very different from most "lives" of people. To be sure, it did tell that he was born in Missouri in 1850, and it told what papers he had written for, and what books he had published; but most of it was taken up with facts which Field pretended to think were much more important, and which are certainly more interesting to us. He says, for instance, "My favorite flower is the carnation, and I adore dolls." "My favorites in fiction are Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter, Don Quixote* and *Pilgrim's Progress.*" "I should like to own a big astronomical telescope, and a 24-tune music box."

"I love to read in bed." "My favorite color is red." Of course he wrote these things in fun, but just the same they tell us a great deal about him.

Field used to say that he did not love all children, though that is hard to believe. All children whom he could pet, he said, he loved, and all children who loved fairy tales and myths, and who could play at "seein' things at night." He always insisted that he himself believed in ghosts, in witches, and in fairies; and it was this delight in the things that children love that made him able, when he was a busy man, working all day in a big city where men do not spend much time thinking about fairies and such things, to write so charmingly of the "fumfays" and storm-kings of which his poems are full.

He never "wrote down" to children—he always made himself a child first, and then talked to them face to face; and after all, that is the only way to write for children and have them like what you write.

A RIDDLE

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

If you live in a house that has a fireplace, and you have to handle the wood or the coal in the fire, you ought to guess this riddle quickly enough. But if you live where all you have to do is to turn on the steam or the hot water when you are cold, you may need to be told what tongs are.

NORSE LULLABY

By EUGENE FIELD

THE sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night;
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The pine may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song *I* sing the best,—
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, anext my heart;
Sleep, little one, sleep."

THE THREE TASKS

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

HERE once lived a poor maiden, who was young and fair; but she had lost her own mother, and her stepmother did all she could to make her miserable. When she gave her any work to do she made it as hard and heavy as possible, so that it was often almost beyond her strength. She exerted herself to do what was required of her, but the wicked woman's envious heart made her always discontented with what the poor girl did—it was never enough to please her. The more diligent she was, and the more she had to do, the less thanks she received. It seemed always to her as if she were carrying a great burden, which made her life sad and miserable.

One day her stepmother said to her, "Here are twelve pounds of feathers for you to sort in three different sizes, and if they are not finished by this evening you may expect a sound thrashing. Do you think you are to waste the whole day in idleness?"

After she had gone the poor maiden seated herself by the table; but the tears rolled down her cheeks, for she knew it was impossible for her to finish such a task by the end of the day. She made an attempt, however; but after she had put several feathers together in little heaps, if she happened to sigh, or clasp her hands in her agony, away flew the

feathers, and were so scattered that she had to commence her task anew.

At last she placed her elbows on the table, rested her face in her hands, and cried, "Is there no one on all this earth who will pity me?"

Immediately she heard a soft voice say, "Be comforted, my child; I am come to help you!"

The maiden looked up and saw an old woman standing near her. She took the maiden's hand, and said kindly, "Now tell me what is troubling you."

She spoke so heartily that the maiden told her all about her unhappy life, and of one burden after another which her stepmother laid upon her, and of the terrible tasks which never would come to an end. "If I do not finish parting these feathers by the evening," she said, "my stepmother has threatened to beat me; and I know she will keep her word."

Her tears began to flow as she spoke; but the kind old woman said, "Be at peace, my child, and go and rest awhile; I will finish your work for you."

So she made her lie down on a bed in the room, and worn out with sorrow the young girl soon fell asleep.

Then the old woman placed herself at the table by the feathers. Ah! how they flew and sorted themselves under the touch of her withered hand! and very soon the whole twelve pounds were finished. When the maiden awoke, there they lay in large snowy heaps, and everything in the room was neat and in order; but the old woman had vanished.

The maiden's heart was full of thankfulness, and she sat still till the evening, when her stepmother came into the room.

She was truly astonished when she found the

feathers finished. "See, now," she said at last, "what people can do when they are industrious! But why are you sitting there with your hands in your lap? Can you find nothing else to do?" As she left the room she said to herself, "The creature can do anything; I must give her something more difficult next time."

On the morrow she called the maiden to her, and said, "There is a large spoon for you; now go and

ladle out the water from the pond that lies near the garden, and if by evening you have not reached the bottom you know what you have to expect."

The maiden took the spoon, and saw that it was full of holes; and even if it had not been it would have been impossible for her to empty the pond with it.

She made an attempt, however—knelt by the water, into which her tears fell, and began to scoop it out. But the good old woman again made her appearance, and when she saw the cause of her sorrow she said, "Be comforted, my child, and go and rest in the shrubbery; I will do your work for you."

As soon as the old woman was alone she merely

touched the water; it immediately rose like a mist in the air, and mingled itself with the clouds. Gradually the pond became empty, and when at sunset the maiden awoke, the water had disappeared, and she saw only the fish writhing in the mud at the bottom. She at once went to her stepmother and showed her that she had finished her task.

"You should have finished it long ago!" she said; but she was pale with anger, and determined to think of some still more difficult task for the poor girl.

Next morning she again called her, and said,

"To-day I shall expect you to go into the valley, and on the plain build me a beautiful castle, which must be finished by the evening."

"Oh!" exclaimed the poor maiden in terror, "how can I ever perform such a work as this?"

"I will have no excuses!" screamed the stepmother. "If you can empty a pond with a spoon full of holes, you can build me a castle. I shall expect it to be ready to-day, and if you fail in the slightest thing, whether in kitchen or cellar, you know what is before you."

As she spoke she drove out the poor girl, who soon reached the valley, which she found full of rocks, piled one over the other, and so heavy that, with all her strength, she could not move even the smallest.

She seated herself, and began to weep; yet still hoping for the assistance of the kind old woman, who did not keep her waiting long, but greeted her, when she appeared, with the words of comfort.

"Go and lie down in the shade and sleep," she said. "I will build a castle for you, and when the happy time comes, you can have it yourself."

As soon as the maiden had gone away the old

THE CASTLE GREW WHILE THE MAIDEN SLEPT

woman touched the gray rocks, and immediately they began to move, then to rock together, and presently to stand upright, as if they had been walls built by giants. Within these walls the castle rose, as if numberless invisible hands were at work laying stone upon stone. The earth trembled as large halls expanded and stood near each other in order. The tiles on the roof arranged themselves regularly, and before noon the weathercock, like a golden maiden with flying drapery, stood on the pinnacle of the tower.

The interior of the castle was not finished till evening; and how the old woman managed I cannot say, but the walls were covered with silk and velvet, richly embroidered; and decorated chairs and sofas, marble tables, and other elegant articles furnished the rooms. Cut-glass chandeliers hung from the ceilings and sparkled in the light of many lamps. Green parrots sat in golden cages, and foreign birds, which sang sweetly, were in every room. Altogether the castle was as magnificent as if built for the king himself.

It was after sunset when the maiden awoke, and seeing the glitter of a thousand lamps, she ran with hasty steps. Finding the gate open, she entered the court. The steps leading to the entrance-hall were covered with red cloth, and the gilded balconies were full of rich and blooming flowers. All was so magnificently beautiful that the maiden stood still with astonishment.

She knew not how long she might have remained standing thus, if she had not thought all at once that her stepmother was coming.

"Ah," said she to herself, "what joy it would be

to live here and be no longer tormented as I am now!"

She was, however, obliged to go and tell her stepmother that the castle was finished.

"I will just go and see for myself," she said, and rising from her seat she followed the maiden; but as she entered the castle the brightness and glitter so dazzled her that she was obliged to cover her eyes with her hand. "You see how easy this is to you," she said. "Ah, yes, I ought to have given you something still more difficult!"

She went into all the rooms, prying into every corner, to see if she could not find something wrong or defective; but this was impossible.

"I will go downstairs," she said at last, looking at her stepdaughter maliciously; "it is necessary for me to examine kitchens and cellars also, and if you have forgotten one single thing you shall not escape punishment!"

But nothing was wanting: the fire burned on the hearth, the supper was boiling in the saucepan; brooms, brushes, fenders, fire irons, were in their proper places, and the walls and shelves were covered with brass and copper, glass and china, which glittered in the lamplight; nothing was wanting, not even the coal scuttle or the water can.

"Where are the steps to the cellars?" cried the woman. "I want to see if the casks are full of wine of the right sort. If not, it will be bad for you!"

She raised the trapdoor as she spoke, and descended the stairs leading to the cellars; but scarcely had she taken two steps when the heavy door, which was not pushed back far enough, fell to with a dreadful crash. The maiden heard a scream, and followed

as quickly as she could; but the unkind stepmother had been struck by the door and had fallen to the bottom of the steps, where the maiden found her lying dead.

After this the beautiful castle belonged to the maiden, who hardly knew, at first, how to understand such good fortune. But after a while servants came to wait upon her, and they found in the drawers and wardrobes beautiful dresses in which she could array herself. There was also a large chest filled with gold and silver, pearls and other precious stones, so that she had not a single wish ungratified.

It was not long before the fame of her beauty and riches spread throughout the world, and the maiden soon had plenty of lovers. But she did not care to accept any of them, till at last a prince, the son of a great king, came to see her. He was the first to touch her heart, and she very soon learned to love him dearly.

One day, as they sat talking under a linden tree in the castle garden, the prince said very sadly, "My heart's love, I must leave you to get my father's consent to our marriage, but I will not stay away long."

"Be true to me!" said the maiden, as she took a sorrowful farewell of him.

But when the prince reached home he found that the king, who did not want him to marry this maiden, had invited many beautiful ladies to his court, and for a time the prince forgot his true bride and the wonderful castle.

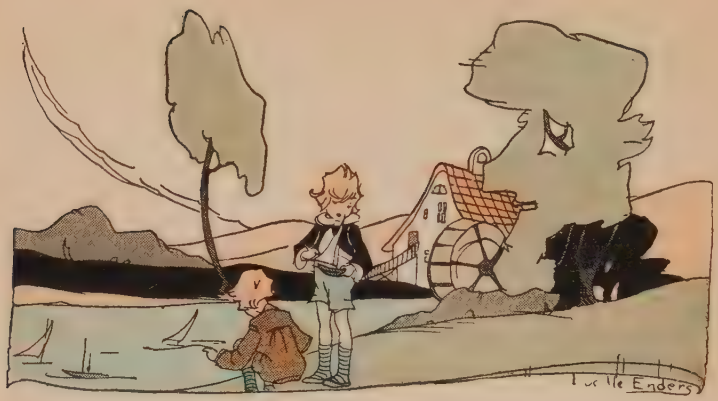
One day, while he was riding to the hunt on a beautiful horse, an old woman met him and asked him for alms. As he drew rein to help her she said

in a low tone, "The maiden weeps for her false lover under the linden tree!"

In a moment the power which had changed his heart toward her was at an end. He turned away and rode quickly to the castle in the valley which the good fairy had built. When he reached the gates all looked dark and gloomy, and there, under the linden tree, stood his forsaken bride, looking sad and mournful. He alighted quickly from his horse, and advancing toward her he exclaimed, "Forgive me, dearest! I am come back, and we will never, never part again!"

No sooner had he uttered these words than the most brilliant lights shone from the castle windows. Around him on the grass glittered innumerable glowworms. On the steps bloomed lovely flowers, and from the rooms came the song of joyous birds, arrayed in plumage of bright and beautiful colors.

He took the maiden by the hand and led her in. The large hall was full of the castle household, who had assembled, and the priest stood in readiness to marry them. The prince hastened forward, leading the bride who had suffered so much from her stepmother, and had been so true to her lover; and she became at last his wife, to the great joy of the inmates of the castle.



WHERE GO THE BOATS?

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

DARK brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

THE SNOW MAIDEN

Adapted By GRACE E. SELLON

IN a little village in the far northern part of Europe lived an honest peasant, Ivan, and his good wife, Marie. This couple were well content in each other's company, and they lived at peace with their neighbors; yet at times they were somewhat unhappy, for, although they loved little children, they had none of their own.

They were such simple-hearted folk that they would sit by the hour watching the neighbors' children at play and sharing fully in the delight of the merry games.

It was while thus engaged one day that Ivan called to his wife, "Oh, come here, Marie, and watch these children. They are making a snow lady. Aren't they having a good time, though! I wish that we could make a snow image, too. Suppose we try."

Marie not only agreed to this project, but, after they had gone out into the garden, suggested, "Ivan, wouldn't it be a very pleasant thing to make a little child of snow? Then we could pretend, you see, that she is our own."

"That's a fine idea!" cried Ivan; and immediately he began packing and patting the snow into the form of a little body, and molding handfuls of the soft flakes into small hands and feet. Meanwhile, Marie was busy shaping a little head. She worked so deftly that when the snow child was at length finished, Ivan exclaimed: "O, what beautiful features she has, and how real she looks!"

Just as he was beginning to feel sad because, after all, she was only a snow child, he noticed with amazement that the eyelids were quivering, the lips were gently parting and a faint pink color was appearing in the cheeks. Almost imperceptibly, yet in just a few moments, the snow girl became a living child!

Ivan gripped his hands, blinked his eyes and looked around in a dazed way at Marie, as if to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then, "What does this mean? Who are you?" he cried, in a terrified voice.

"I am Snow White, your little girl," the child answered in tones so soft and appealing that all of Ivan's fear left him; and then she ran to her new mother and father and kissed them and cried for joy. Marie and Ivan were so happy that tears came to their eyes, too; and they welcomed the little girl into their home as the greatest blessing that had ever come to them.

The village people, of course, marvelled at the strange good fortune of Ivan and his wife, but they soon forgot their astonishment in trying to make little Snow White feel at home among them, for she was so gentle and lovable that no one could help wishing to be kind to her. Then, too, she was very pretty, for her eyes seemed to be of the clear blue of the sky, and her hair was as yellow and lustrous as the most golden sunbeams.

However, there was one surprising fact about Snow White that everybody in the village, young and old, was always trying to account for. She had been only a very small child when she came to her new home, yet each month she grew so much more than most children grow in a year, that by the time

THE SNOW IMAGE

early spring came she was as tall as a girl of twelve or thirteen years. Then, too, her mother noticed that although she had been always very cheerful and fond of play during the winter, she began to be less light-hearted every day, and to shrink from joining her playmates now that spring was calling every one out of doors to see the crisp new blades of grass, and the tiny leaves uncurling in the sunshine.

On one especially fine day some of the children of the village came by the house and called, "Snow White, won't you go with us to the woods? It's the

best time to get wild flowers, and there are ever so many of them in the sunny places."

Snow White hesitated, but her mother urged. "You have been indoors so much, dear child, that you will enjoy a day in the open air. Hadn't you better go?"

"If you think best, I will go," Snow White answered quietly; and then, a little reluctantly, took leave of her mother.

The children spent all the day in the woods, gathering flowers and making beautiful bouquets and wreaths and crowns; and when evening came they built a great fire to dance around.

When the fire had begun to crackle and flare in lively fashion, the children started circling round and round the flaming pile, singing as they danced. Snow White had stepped back into the shadow of the trees, but soon she was discovered by the others, and they called to her: "Oh, this is ever so much fun. Wouldn't you like to play too? All you have to do is to follow the leader." Not wishing to be coaxed, she took the place that they made for her in the ring. Then they whirled again about the blaze, until suddenly, unclasping hands, one after another they jumped through the fire. All at once, in the midst of the laughter and singing, was heard a sigh more gentle than the murmur of the spring breeze among the leaves, yet as distinct as if there had been complete silence. The game stopped, and the startled children looked about to find where the sound had come from. Thus they discovered that Snow White was no longer in the circle.

"O, what has happened to Snow White?" some one cried. And then, one after another, they began

to call the little girl's name, but no response came to their shouts. Thinking that perhaps she was in hiding, they prowled about where the trees grew close together, or where the underbrush was thick. Nowhere could she be found. Terrified, the children sent for Ivan and Marie; and a search was made throughout the woods and the village and all the surrounding country. But the search was vain; for in passing through the fire, Snow White had been changed into a little, unseen cloud of vapor that floated above the heads of the dancing children, far upward into the sky from which she had come in the form of a flake of snow.

Probably you will think this a good story to read to your little sister or brother. In case it seems a trifle sad, you will like to know that it is only a poetic way in which the Russian people used to tell of the arrival of the snow and of the winter weather that quickly becomes very cold and remains so for several months. Snow White, you see, represents the snow; and of course she grows very rapidly as the cold becomes more and more keen. She is last found in the deep forest, but even there she must disappear when spring warms the earth.

Perhaps you can explain this meaning very simply when you read the story to small children. And you can tell them, too, that Ivan, Marie, and the little playmates of Snow White could not have grieved long, for they must have been very glad to have the spring come, driving away the gloom of winter and rousing all the earth from its long sleep. Besides, they knew that in due time the snow must return, bringing again to earth the little Snow Maiden.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

By EUGENE FIELD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

THE TWIN BROTHERS

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

HERE were once two brothers, one of them rich, the other poor. The rich brother was a goldsmith, and had a wicked heart. The poor brother supported himself by making brooms, and was good and honest. He had two children, twin brothers, who resembled each other as closely as one drop of water resembles another. The two boys went sometimes to the house of their rich uncle to get the pieces that were left from the table, for they were often very hungry.

It happened one day that while their father was in the wood gathering rushes for his brooms, he saw a bird whose plumage shone like gold; he had never seen in his life any bird like it.

He picked up a stone and threw it at the bird, hoping to be lucky enough to secure it; but the stone only knocked off a golden feather, and the bird flew away.

The man took the feather and brought it to his brother, who, when he saw it, exclaimed, "That is real gold!" and gave him a great deal of money for it. Another day, as the man climbed up a beech tree, hoping to find the golden bird's nest, the same bird flew over his head, and on searching further he found a nest, and in it lay two golden eggs. He took the eggs home and showed them to his brother, who said again, "They are real gold," and gave him

what they were worth. At last the goldsmith said, "You may as well get me the bird, if you can."

So the poor brother went again to the wood, and when he saw the golden bird sitting on the tree, he took a stone and brought it down and carried it to his brother, who gave him a great heap of gold for it. "I can support my family for a long time with this," said the poor brother, and he went home to his house full of joy.

The goldsmith, however, who was clever and cunning, knew well the real value of the bird. So he called his wife, and said, "Roast the gold bird for me, and be careful that no one comes in, as I wish to eat it quite alone."

The bird was, indeed, not a common bird; it had a wonderful power even when dead. For any person who ate the heart and liver would every morning find under his pillow a piece of gold. The goldsmith's wife prepared the bird, stuck it on the spit, and left it to roast.

Now, it happened that while it was roasting and the mistress was absent from the kitchen, the two children of the broom-binder came in and stood for a few moments watching the spit as it turned round. Presently two little pieces fell from the bird into the dripping pan underneath. One of them said, "I think we may have those two little pieces; no one will ever miss them, and I am so hungry."

So the children each took a piece and ate it up.

In a few moments the goldsmith's wife came in and saw that they had been eating something, and said, "What have you been eating?"

"Only two little pieces that fell from the bird," they replied.

"O!" exclaimed the wife in a great fright, "they must have been the heart and liver of the bird!" and then, that her husband might not miss them, for she was afraid of his anger, she quickly killed a chicken, took out the heart and liver, and laid them on the golden bird.

As soon as it was ready she carried it in to the goldsmith, who ate it all up, without leaving her a morsel. The next morning, however, when he felt under his pillow, expecting to find the gold pieces, nothing was there.

The two children, however, who knew nothing of the good fortune which had befallen them, never thought of searching under their pillow. But the next morning as they got out of bed, something fell on the ground and tinkled, and when they stooped to pick it up, there were two pieces of gold. They carried them at once to their father, who wondered very much, and said, "What can this mean?"

As, however, there were two more pieces the next morning, and again each day, the father went to his brother and told him of the wonderful circumstance. The goldsmith, as he listened, knew well that these gold pieces must be the result of the children having eaten the heart and liver of the golden bird, and therefore that he had been deceived. He determined to be revenged, and though hard-hearted and jealous, he managed to conceal the real truth from his brother, and said to him, "Your children are in league with the Evil One; do not touch the gold, and on no account allow your children to remain in your house any longer, for the Evil One has power over them, and could bring ruin upon you through them."

The father feared this power, and therefore, sad as it was to him, he led the twins out into the forest and left them there with a heavy heart.

When they found themselves alone the two children ran here and there in the wood to try and discover the way home, but they wandered back always to the same place. At last they met a hunter, who said to them, "Whose children are you?"

"We are a poor broom-binder's children," they replied, "and our father will not keep us any longer in the house because every morning there is a piece of gold found under our pillows."

"Ah," exclaimed the hunter, "that is not bad! Well, if you are honest, and have told me the truth, I will take you home and be a father to you."

In fact, the children pleased the good man, and as he had no children of his own, he gladly took them home with him.

While they were with him he taught them to hunt in the forest, and the gold pieces which they found every morning under their pillows they gave to him; so for the future he had nothing to fear from poverty.

As soon as the twins were grown up, their foster father took them one day into the wood, and said, "To-day you are going to make your first trial at shooting, for I want you to be free if you like, and to be hunters for yourselves."

Then they went with him to a suitable point, and waited a long time, but no game appeared. Presently the hunter saw flying over his head a flock of wild geese, in the form of a triangle, so he said, "Aim quickly at each corner, and fire." They did so, and the first proof-shot was successful.

Soon after, another flock appeared in the form of a figure 2. "Now," he exclaimed, "shoot again at each corner, and bring them down!" This proof-shot was also successful, and the hunter directly said, "Now I pronounce you free; you are accomplished sportsmen."

Then the two brothers went away into the wood together, to hold counsel with each other, and at last came to an agreement about what they wished to do.

In the evening, when they sat down to supper, one of them said to their foster father, "We will not

remain to supper, or eat one bit, till you have granted our request."

"And what is your request?" he asked.

"You have taught us to hunt, and to earn our living," they replied, "and we want to go out into the world and seek our fortune. Will you give us permission to do so?"

The good old man replied joyfully, "You speak like brave hunters; what you desire is my own wish. Go when you will; you will be sure to succeed."

Then they ate and drank together joyfully.

When the appointed day came, the hunter presented each of them with a new rifle and a dog, and allowed them to take as much as they would from his store of the gold pieces. He accompanied them

for some distance on the way, and before saying farewell he gave them a white penknife, and said:

"If at any time you should get separated from each other, the knife must be placed cross-ways in a tree, one side of the blade turning east, the other west, pointing out the road which each should take. If one should die, the blade will rust on one side; but as long as he lives it will remain bright."

After saying this he wished the brothers farewell, and they started on their way.

After traveling for some time they came to an immense forest, so large that it was impossible to

cross it in one day. They stayed there all night, and ate what they had in their game bags; but for two days they walked on through the forest without finding themselves any nearer the end.

By this time they had nothing left to eat, so one said to the other, "We must shoot something, for this hunger is not to be endured." So he loaded his gun, and looked about him. Presently an old hare came running by; but as he raised his rifle the hare cried:

"Dearest hunters, let me live;
I will to you my young ones give."

Then she sprang into the bushes, and brought out two young ones, and laid them before the hunters.

The little animals were so full of tricks and played about so prettily that the hunters had not the heart to kill them; they kept them, therefore, alive, and the little animals soon learned to follow them about like dogs.

By and by a fox appeared, and they were about to shoot him, but he cried also:

"Dearest hunters, let me live,
And I will you my young ones give."

Then he brought out two little foxes, but the hunters could not kill them, so they gave them to

the hares as companions, and the little creatures followed the hunters wherever they went.

Not long after a wolf stepped before them out of the thicket, and one of the brothers instantly leveled his gun at him, but the wolf cried out:

"Dear, kind hunters, let me live,
I will to you my young ones give."

The hunters took the young wolves and treated them as they had done the other animals, and they followed them also.

Presently a bear came by, and they quite intended to kill him, but he also cried out:

"Dear, kind hunters, let me live,
And I will you my young ones give."

The two young bears were placed with the others, of whom there were already six.

At last who should come by but a lion, shaking his mane. The hunters were not at all alarmed; they only pointed their guns at him. But the lion cried out in the same manner:

"Dear, kind hunters, let me live,
And I will you two young ones give."

So he fetched two of his cubs, and the hunters placed them with the rest. They had now two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two hares, who traveled with them and served them. Yet, after all, their hunger was not appeased.

So one of them said to the fox, "Here, you little sneak, who are so clever and sly, go and find us something to eat."

Then the fox answered, "Not far from here lies a town where we have many times fetched away chickens. I will show you the way."

So the fox showed them the way to the village, where they bought some provisions for themselves and food for the animals, and went on further.

The fox, however, knew quite well the best spots in that part of the country, and where to find the henhouses; and he could, above all, direct the hunters which road to take.

After traveling for a time in this way they could find no suitable place for them all to remain together, so one said to the other. "The only thing for us to do is to separate;" and to this the other agreed. Then they divided the animals so that each had one lion, one bear, one wolf, one fox, and one hare. When the time came to say farewell they promised

to live in brotherly love till death. They stuck the knife that their foster father had given them in a tree, and then one turned to the east, and the other to the west.

The younger, whose steps we will follow first, soon arrived at a large town, in which the houses were all covered with black crape. He went to an inn, and asked the landlord if he could give shelter to his animals. The landlord pointed out a stable for them, and their master led them in and shut the door.

But in the wall of the stable was a hole, and the hare slipped through easily and fetched a cabbage for herself. The fox followed, and came back with a hen; and as soon as he had eaten it he went for the cock also. The wolf, the bear, and the lion, however, were too large to get through the hole. Then the landlord had a cow killed and brought in for them, or they would have starved.

The hunter was just going out to see if his animals were being cared for when he asked the landlord why the houses were so hung with mourning crape.

"Because," he replied, "to-morrow morning our king's daughter will die."

"Is she seriously ill, then?" asked the hunter.

"No," he answered; "she is in excellent health; still she must die."

"What is the cause of this?" said the young man.

Then the landlord explained.

"Outside the town," he said, "is a high mountain in which dwells a dragon, who every year demands a young maiden to be given up to him; otherwise he will destroy the whole country. He has already devoured all the young maidens in the town, and there are none remaining but the king's daughter. Not even for her is any favor shown, and to-morrow she must be delivered up to him."

"Why do you not kill the dragon?" exclaimed the young hunter.

"Ah!" replied the landlord, "many young knights have sought to do so, and lost their lives in the attempt. The king has even promised his daughter in marriage to the man who destroys the dragon, and has sworn that he shall be heir to the throne."

The hunter made no reply to this; but the next morning he rose early, and taking his animals with him climbed up the dragon's mountain.

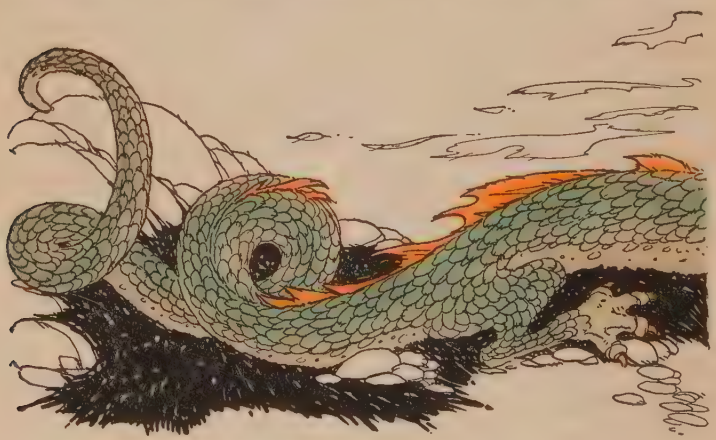
There stood near the top a little church, and on the altar inside were three full goblets, bearing this inscription: "Whoever drinks of these goblets will be the strongest man upon earth, and will discover the sword which lies buried before the threshold of this door."

The hunter did not drink; he first went out and sought for the sword in the ground, but he could not find the place. Then he returned and drank up the contents of the goblets. How strong it made him feel! and how quickly he found the sword, which, heavy as it was, he could wield easily!

Meanwhile, the hour came when the young maiden was to be given up to the dragon, and she came out, accompanied by the king, the marshal, and the courtiers.

They saw from the distance the hunter on the mountain, and the princess, thinking it was the dragon waiting for her, would not go on. At last she remembered that, to save the town from being lost, she must make this painful sacrifice, and therefore she wished her father farewell. The king and the court returned home full of great sorrow. The king's marshal, however, was to remain, and see from a distance all that took place.

When the king's daughter reached the top of the mountain, she found, instead of the dragon, a hand-



some young hunter, who spoke to her comforting words, and telling her he had come to rescue her, led her into the church, and locked her in.

Before long, with a rushing noise and a roar, the seven-headed dragon made his appearance. As soon as he caught sight of the hunter he wondered to himself, and said, "What business have you here on this mountain?"

"My business is a combat with you!" replied the hunter.

"Many knights and nobles have tried that, and lost their lives," replied the dragon; "with you I shall make short work!" And as he spoke he breathed out fire from his seven throats.

The flames set fire to the dry grass, and the hunter

would have been stifled with heat and smoke had not his faithful animals run forward and stamped out the fire. Then in a rage the dragon drew near, but the hunter was too quick for him; he swung his sword on high, it whizzed through the air, and, falling on the dragon, cut off three of his heads.

Then was the monster furious; he raised himself on his hind legs, spat fiery flames on the hunter, and tried to overthrow him. But the young man again swung his sword, and as the dragon approached, he with one blow cut off three more of his heads. The monster, mad with rage, sank upon the ground, still trying to get at the hunter; but the young man, exerting his remaining strength, had no difficulty in cutting off his seventh head, and his tail; and then he called to his animals to come and tear the dragon in pieces.

As soon as the combat was ended the hunter unlocked the church door, and found the king's daughter lying on the ground; for during the combat all sense and life had left her, from fear and terror.

He raised her up, and as she came to herself and opened her eyes he showed her the dragon torn in pieces, and told her that she was released from all danger.

O, how joyful she felt when she saw and heard what he had done! "Now," she cried, "you will be my dear husband, for my father has himself promised me in marriage to the man who kills the dragon."

Then she took off her coral necklace of five strings and divided it among the animals as a reward; the lion's share being, in addition, the gold clasp. Her

pocket handkerchief, which bore her name, she presented to the hunter, who went out, and cut out the dragon's seven tongues, which he wrapped up carefully in the handkerchief.

After all the fighting and the fire and smoke, the hunter felt so faint and tired that he said to the maiden, "I think a little rest would do us both good after the fight and the struggles with the dragon that I have had, and after your terror and alarm. Shall we sleep for a little while before I take you home safely to your father's house?"

"Yes," she replied, "I can sleep peacefully now."

So she laid herself down, and as soon as she slept he said to the lion, "You must lie near and watch that no one comes to harm us." Then he threw himself on the ground, quite worn out, and was soon fast asleep.

The lion laid himself down at a little distance to watch; but he was also tired and overcome with the combat, so he called to the bear, and said, "Lie down near me; I must have a little rest, and if any one comes, wake me up."

Then the bear lay down; but he was also very tired, so he cried to the wolf, "Just lie down by me; I must have a little sleep, and if anything happens, wake me up."

The wolf complied; but as he was also tired he called to the fox, and said, "Lie down near me; I must have a little sleep, and if anything comes, wake me up."

Then the fox came and laid himself down by the wolf; but he, too, was tired, and called out to the hare, "Lie down near me; I must sleep a little, and, whatever comes, wake me up."

The hare seated herself near the fox; but the poor little hare was very tired, and although she had no one to ask to watch and call her, she also went fast asleep. And now the king's daughter, the hunter, the bear, the lion, the wolf, the fox, and the hare were all in a deep sleep, while danger was at hand.

The marshal, from the distance, had tried to see what was going on, and being surprised that the dragon had not yet flown away with the king's daughter, and that all was quiet on the mountain, took courage, and ventured to climb up to the top. There he saw the mangled and headless body of the dragon, and at a little distance the king's daughter, the hunter, and all the animals sunk in a deep sleep. He knew in a moment that the stranger had killed the dragon, and, being wicked and envious, he drew his sword and cut off the hunter's head. Then he seized the sleeping maiden by the arm, and carried her away from the mountain.

She woke and screamed; but the marshal said, "You are in my power, and therefore you shall say that I have killed the dragon!"

"I cannot say so," she replied, "for I saw the hunter kill him, and the animals tear him in pieces."

Then he drew his sword, and threatened to kill her if she did not obey him; so that to save her life she was forced to promise to say all he wished.

Thereupon he took her to the king, who knew not how to contain himself for joy at finding that his dear child was still alive, and that she had been saved from the monster's power.

Then the marshal said, "I have killed the dragon and freed the king's daughter, therefore I demand her for my wife, according to the king's promise."

"Is this all true?" asked the king of his daughter.

"Ah, yes," she replied, "I suppose it is true; but I shall refuse to allow the marriage to take place for one year and a day. For," thought she, "in that time I may hear something of my dear hunter."

All this while on the dragon's mountain the animals lay sleeping near their dead master. At last a large bumblebee settled on the hare's nose, but she only whisked it off with her paw, and slept again. The bee came a second time, but the hare again shook him off, and slept as soundly as before. Then came the bumblebee a third time, and stung the hare in the nose; whereupon she woke. As soon as she was quite aroused she woke the fox; the fox, the wolf; the wolf, the bear; and the bear, the lion.

But when the lion roused himself, and saw that the maiden was gone and his master dead, he gave a terrible roar, and cried, "Whose doing is this? Bear, why did you not wake me?"

Then said the bear to the wolf, "Wolf, why did you not wake me?"

"Fox," cried the wolf, "why did you not wake me?"

"Hare," said the fox, "why did you not wake me?"

The poor hare had no one to ask why he did not wake her, and she knew she must bear all the blame. Indeed, they were all ready to tear her to pieces, but she cried, "Don't destroy my life! I will restore our master. I know a mountain on which grows a root that will cure every wound and every disease if it is placed in the person's mouth; but the mountain on which it grows lies two hundred miles from here."

"Then," said the lion, "we will give you twenty-four hours, but not longer, to find this root and bring it to us."

Away sprang the hare very fast, and in twenty-four hours she returned with the root. As soon as they saw her the lion quickly placed the head of the hunter on the neck; and the hare, when she had joined the wounded parts together, put the root into the mouth, and in a few moments the heart began to beat, and life came back to the hunter.

On awaking, he was terribly alarmed to find that the maiden had disappeared. "She must have gone away while I slept," he said, "and is lost to me forever!"

These sad thoughts so occupied him that he did not notice anything wrong about his head, but in truth the lion had placed it on in such a hurry that the face was turned the wrong way. He first noticed it when they brought him something to eat, and then he found that his face looked backward. He was so astonished that he could not imagine what had happened, and asked his animals the cause. Then the lion confessed that they had all slept in consequence of being tired, and that when they at last awoke they found the princess gone, and himself lying dead, with his head cut off. The lion told him also that the hare had fetched the healing root, but in their haste they had placed the head on the wrong way. This mistake, they said, could be easily rectified. So they took the hunter's head off again, turned it around, placed it on properly, and the hare stuck the parts together with the wonderful root. After this the hunter went away again to travel about the world, feeling very sorrowful, and he left his ani-

mals to be taken care of by the people of the town.

It so happened that at the end of a year he came back again to the same town where he had freed the king's daughter and killed the dragon. This time, instead of black crape, the houses were hung with scarlet cloth. "What does it mean?" he said to the landlord. "Last year when I came your houses were all hung with black crape, and now it is scarlet cloth."

"O," replied the landlord, "last year we were expecting our king's daughter to be given up to the dragon, but the marshal fought with him and killed him, and to-morrow his marriage with the king's daughter will take place; that is the cause of our town being so gay and bright—it is joy now instead of sorrow."

The next day, when the marriage was to be celebrated, the hunter said, "Landlord, do you believe that I shall eat bread from the king's table here with any one who will join me?"

"I will lay a hundred gold pieces," replied the landlord, "that you will do nothing of the kind."

The hunter took the bet, and taking out his purse placed the gold pieces aside for payment if he should lose.

Then he called the hare and said to her, "Go quickly to the castle, dear Springer, and bring me some of the bread which the king eats."

Now, the hare was such an insignificant little thing that no one ever thought of ordering a conveyance for her, so she was obliged to go on foot. "O," thought she, "when I am running through the streets, suppose the cruel hound should see me." Just as she got near the castle she looked behind

her, and there truly was a hound ready to seize her. But she gave a start forward, and before the sentinel was aware, rushed into the sentry box. The dog followed, and wanted to bring her out, but the soldier stood in the doorway and would not let him pass, and when the dog tried to get in he struck him with his staff, and sent him away howling.

As soon as the hare saw that the coast was clear she rushed out of the sentry box and ran to the castle, and finding the princess's door open, she darted in and hid under her chair. Presently the princess felt something scratching her foot, and thinking it was the dog, she said, "Be quiet, Sultan; go away!" The hare scratched again at her foot, but she still thought it was the dog, and cried, "Will you go away, Sultan?" But the hare did not intend to be sent away, so she scratched the foot a third time. Then the princess looked down and recognized the hare by her necklace. She took the creature in her arms, carried her to her own room, and said, "Dear little hare, what do you want?"

The hare replied instantly, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and he has sent me to ask for some of the bread that the king eats."

Then was the king's daughter full of joy; she sent for the cook, and ordered him to bring her some of the bread which was made for the king. When he brought it the hare cried, "The cook must go with me, or that cruel hound may do me some harm." So the cook carried the bread, and went with the hare to the door of the inn.

As soon as he was gone she stood on her hind legs, took the bread in her fore paws, and brought it to her master.

"There!" cried the hunter; "here is the bread, landlord, and the hundred gold pieces are mine."

The landlord was much surprised, but when the hunter declared he would also have some of the roast meat from the king's table, he said: "The bread may be here, but I'll warrant you will get nothing more."

The hunter called the fox, and said to him, "My fox, go and fetch me some of the roast meat such as the king eats."

The red fox knew a better trick than the hare: he went across the fields, and slipped in without being seen by the hound. Then he placed himself under the chair of the king's daughter, and touched her foot. She looked down immediately, and recognizing him by his necklace, took him into her room. "What do you want, dear fox?" she asked.

"My master, who killed the dragon, is here," he replied, "and has sent me to ask for some of the roast meat that is cooked for the king."

The cook was sent for again, and the princess desired him to carry some meat for the fox to the door of the inn. On arriving, the fox took the dish from the cook, and after whisking away with his tail the flies that had settled on it, brought it to his master.

"See, landlord," cried the hunter, "here are bread and meat such as the king eats. And now I will have vegetables." So he called the wolf, and said, "Dear wolf, go and fetch me vegetables such as the king eats."

Away went the wolf straight to the castle, for he had no fear of anything, and as soon as he entered the room he went behind the princess and pulled her dress, so that she was obliged to look around. She

recognized the wolf immediately, took him into her chamber, and said, "Dear wolf, what do you want?"

He replied, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me to ask for some vegetables such as the king eats."

The cook was sent for again, and told to take some vegetables also to the inn door; and as soon as they arrived the wolf took the dish from him and carried it to his master.

"Look here, landlord," cried the hunter; "I have now bread, meat, and vegetables; but I will also have some sweetmeats from the king's table." He called the bear, and said, "Dear bear, I know you are fond of sweets. Now go and fetch me some sweetmeats such as the king eats."

The bear trotted off to the castle, and all the people ran away when they saw him coming. But when he reached the castle gates, the sentinel held his gun before him and would not let him pass in. But the bear rose on his hind legs, boxed the sentinel's ears with his strong fore paws, and leaving him tumbled all of a heap in his sentry box, went into the castle. Seeing the king's daughter entering, he followed her and gave a slight growl. She looked behind her and, recognizing the bear, called him into her chamber, and said, "Dear bear, what do you want?"

"My master, who killed the dragon, is here," he replied, "and he has sent me to ask for some sweetmeats like those which the king eats."

The princess sent for the confectioner, and desired him to bake some sweetmeats and take them with the bear to the door of the inn. As soon as they arrived the bear first licked up the sugar drips which had

dropped on his fur, then stood upright, took the dish, and carried it to his master.

"See now, landlord," cried the hunter; "I have bread, and meat, and vegetables, and sweetmeats, and I mean to have wine also, such as the king drinks." So he called the lion to him, and said: "Dear lion, you drink till you are quite tipsy sometimes. Now go and fetch me some wine such as the king drinks."

As the lion trotted through the streets all the people ran away from him. The sentinel, when he saw him coming, tried to stop the way; but the lion gave a little roar, and made him run for his life. Then the lion entered the castle, passed through the king's apartment, and knocked at the door of the princess's room with his tail. The princess, when she opened it and saw the lion, was at first rather frightened; but presently she observed on his neck the gold necklace clasp, and knew it was the hunter's lion. She called him into her chamber, and said, "Dear lion, what do you want?"

"My master, who killed the dragon," he replied, "is here, and he has sent me to ask for some wine such as the king drinks."

Then she sent for the king's cupbearer, and told him to give the lion some of the king's wine. "I will go with him," said the lion, "and see that he draws the right sort." So the lion went with the cupbearer to the wine cellar, and when he saw him about to draw some of the ordinary wine which the king's vassals drank, the lion cried, "Stop! I will taste the wine first." So he drew himself a pint, and swallowed it down at a gulp. "No," he said; "that is not the right sort."

The cupbearer saw he was found out; however, he went over to another cask that was kept for the king's marshal.

"Stop!" cried the lion again, "I will taste the wine first." So he drew another pint and drank it off. "Ah!" he said, "that is better, but still not the right wine."

Then the cupbearer was angry, and said,

"What can a stupid beast like you understand about wine?"

But the lion, with a lash of his tail, knocked him down, and before the man could move, found his way stealthily into a little private cellar, in which were casks of wine never tasted by any but the king. The lion drew half a pint, and when he had tasted it, he said to himself, "That is wine of the right sort." So he called the cupbearer and made him draw six flagons full.

As they came up from the cellar into the open air the lion's head swam a little, and he was almost tipsy; but as the cupbearer was obliged to carry the wine for him to the door of the inn, it did not much matter. When they arrived the lion took the handle of the basket in his mouth, and carried the wine to his master.

"Now, Master landlord," said the hunter, "I have bread, meat, vegetables, sweetmeats, and wine such as the king has, so I will sit down and with my faithful animals enjoy a good meal;" and indeed, he felt very happy, for he knew now that the king's daughter still loved him.

After they had finished the hunter said to the landlord,

"Now that I have eaten and drunk of the same

provisions as the king, I will go to the king's castle and marry his daughter."

"Well," said the landlord, "how that is to be managed I cannot tell, when she has already a bridegroom to whom she will to-day be married."

The hunter, without a word, took out the pocket handkerchief which the king's daughter had given him on the dragon's mountain, and opening it, showed the landlord the seven tongues of the monster, which he had cut out and wrapped in the handkerchief.

"That which I have so carefully preserved will help me," said the hunter.

The landlord looked at the handkerchief and said, "I may believe all the rest, but I would bet my house and farmyard that you will never marry the king's daughter."

"Very well," said the hunter, "I accept your bet, and if I lose, there are my hundred gold pieces;" and he laid them on the table.

That same day, when the king and his daughter were seated at table, the king said, "What did all those wild animals want who came to you to-day, going in and out of my castle?"

"I cannot tell you yet," she replied; "but if you will send into the town for the master of these animals, then I will do so."

The king, on hearing this, sent a servant at once to the inn with an invitation to the stranger who owned the animals, and the servant arrived just as the hunter had finished his bet with the landlord.

"See, landlord!" he cried, "the king has sent me an invitation by his servant; but I cannot accept it

yet." He turned to the man who waited, and said, "Tell my lord the king that I cannot obey his commands to visit him unless he sends me suitable

THE PRINCE SHOWS THE DRAGON'S TONGUES

clothes for a royal palace, and a carriage with six horses, and servants to wait upon me."

The servant returned with the message, and when the king heard it he said to his daughter, "What shall I do?"

"I would send for him as he requests," she replied.

So they sent royal robes, and a carriage and six horses, with servants, and when the hunter saw them coming he said to the landlord, "See! they have sent for me as I wished."

He dressed himself in the kingly clothes, took the handkerchief containing the dragon's tongues, and drove away to the castle.

As soon as he arrived the king said to his daughter, "How shall I receive him?"

"I should go and meet him," she replied.

So the king went to meet him, and led him into the royal apartment, and all his animals followed. The king pointed him to a seat by his daughter. The marshal sat on her other side as bridegroom, but the visitor knew it not.

Just at this moment the dragon's seven heads were brought into the room to show to the company, and the king said, "These heads belonged to the dragon who was for so many years the terror of this town. The marshal slew the dragon, and saved my daughter's life; therefore I have given her to him in marriage, according to my promise."

At this the hunter arose, and advancing, opened the seven mouths of the dragon, and said, "Where are the tongues?"

The marshal turned white with fear, and knew not what to do. At last he said in his terror, "Dragons have no tongues."

"Liars get nothing for their pains," said the hunter; "the dragon's tongues shall prove who was his conqueror!"

He unfolded the handkerchief as he spoke. There lay the seven tongues. He took them up and

placed each in the mouth of the dragon's head to which it belonged, and it fitted exactly. Then he took up the pocket handkerchief which was marked with the name of the king's daughter, showed it to the maiden, and asked her if she had not given it to him.

"Yes," she replied; "I gave it to you on the day you killed the dragon."

He called his animals to him, took from each the necklace, and from the lion the one with the golden clasp, and asked to whom they belonged.

"They are mine," she replied; "they are a part of my necklace which had five strings of beads, and which I divided among the animals because they aided you in killing the dragon, and afterward tore him to pieces. I cannot tell how the marshal could have carried me away from you," she continued, "for you told me to lie down and sleep after the fatigue and fright I had endured."

"I slept myself," he replied, "for I was quite worn out with my combat, and as I lay sleeping the marshal came and cut off my head."

"I begin to understand now," said the king. "The marshal carried away my daughter, supposing you were dead, and made us believe that he had killed the dragon, till you arrived with the tongues, the handkerchief, and the necklace. But what restored you to life?" asked the king.

Then the hunter related how one of his animals had healed him and restored him to life through the application of a wonderful root, and how he had been wandering about for a whole year, and had only returned to the town that very day, and heard from the landlord of the marshal's deceit.

Then said the king to his daughter, "Is it true that this man killed the dragon?"

"Yes," she answered, "quite true, and I can venture now to expose the wickedness of the marshal; for he carried me away that day against my wish, and forced me with threats to keep silent. I did not know he had tried to kill the real slayer of the dragon, but I hoped my deliverer would come back, and on that account I begged to have the marriage put off for a year and a day."

The king, after this, ordered twelve judges to be summoned to try the marshal, and the sentence passed upon him was that he should be torn to pieces by wild oxen. As soon as the marshal was punished the king gave his daughter to the hunter, and appointed him stadtholder over the whole kingdom.

The marriage caused great joy, and the hunter, who was now a prince, sent for his father and foster father, and loaded them with treasures.

Neither did he forget the landlord, but sent for him to come to the castle, and said, "See, landlord, I have married the king's daughter, and your house and farmyard belong to me."

"That is quite true," replied the landlord.

"Ah," said the prince, "but I do not mean to keep them; they are still yours, and I make you a present of the hundred gold pieces also."

For a time the young prince and his wife lived most happily together. He still went out hunting, which was his great delight, and his faithful animals remained with him. They lived, however, in a wood close by, from which he could call them at any time; yet the wood was not safe, for he once went in and did not get out again very easily.

With the king's permission he frequently went hunting. On one occasion, while riding with a large number of attendants in the wood, he saw at a distance a snow-white deer, and he said to his people, "Stay here till I come back; I must have that beautiful creature, and so many will frighten her."

Then he rode away through the wood, and only his animals followed him. The attendants drew rein, and waited till evening, but as he did not come they rode home and told the young princess that her husband had gone into an enchanted forest to hunt a white deer, and had not returned.

This made her very anxious, more especially when the morrow came and he did not return; indeed, he could not, for he kept riding after the beautiful wild animal, without being able to overtake it. At times he fancied she was within reach of his gun, but the next moment she was leaping away at a great distance, and at last she vanished altogether.

Not till then did he notice how far he had penetrated into the forest. He raised his horn and blew, but there was no answer, for his attendants could not hear him; and then as night came on he saw plainly that he should not be able to find his way home till the next day, so he alighted from his horse, lit a fire by a tree, and determined to make himself as comfortable as he could for the night.

As he sat under the tree by the fire, with his animals lying near him, he heard, as he thought, a human voice. He looked round, but could see nothing. Presently there was a groan over his head; he looked up and saw an old woman sitting on a branch, who kept grumbling, "Oh, oh, how cold I am! I am freezing!"

"If you are cold, come down and warm yourself," he said.

"No, no," she replied; "your animals will bite me."

"Indeed, they will do no such thing. Come down, old mother," he said kindly; "none of them shall hurt you."

He did not know that she was a wicked witch, so when she said, "I will throw you down a little switch from the tree, and if you just touch them on the back with it they cannot hurt me." He did as she told him, and as soon as they were touched by the wand the animals were all turned to stone. Then she jumped down, and touching the prince on the back with the switch, turned him, also, into stone. Thereupon she laughed maliciously, and dragged him and his animals into a grave where many similar stones lay.

When the princess found that her husband did not return, her anxiety and care increased painfully, and she became very unhappy.

Now, it so happened that just at this time the twin brother of the prince, who since their separation had been wandering in the East, arrived in the country of which his brother's father-in-law was king. He had tried to obtain a situation, but could not succeed, and only his animals were left to him.

One day, as he was wandering from one place to another, it occurred to his mind that he might as well go and look at the knife which they had stuck in the trunk of a tree at the time of their separation. When he came to it, there was his brother's side of the knife half rusted, and the other half still bright.

In great alarm he thought, "My brother must have fallen into some terrible trouble. I will go and

find him. I may be able to rescue him, as the half of the knife is still bright."

He set out with his animals on a journey, and while traveling west came to the town in which his brother's wife, the king's daughter, lived. As soon as he reached the gate of the town the watchman advanced toward him and asked if he should go and announce his arrival to the princess, who had for two days been in great trouble about him, fearing that he had been detained in the forest by enchantment.

The watchman had not the least idea that the young man was any other than the prince himself, especially as he had the wild animals running behind him. The twin brother saw this, and he said to himself, "Perhaps it will be best for me to allow myself to be taken for my brother; I shall be able more easily to save him." So he followed the sentinel to the castle, where he was received with great joy.

The young princess had no idea that this was not her husband, and asked him why he had remained away so long.

He replied, "I rode a long distance into the wood, and could not find my way out again." But she thought he was very cold and distant to her.

In a few days he discovered all about his brother that he wished to know, and was determined to go and seek for him in the enchanted wood. So he said, "I must go to the hunt once more."

The king and the young princess said all they could to dissuade him, but to no purpose, and at length he left the castle with a large company of attendants.

When he reached the wood all happened as it had done with his brother. He saw the beautiful white deer, and told his attendants to wait while he went after it, followed only by his animals; but neither could he overtake it; and the white deer led him far down into the forest, where he found he must remain all night.

After he had lighted a fire he heard, as his brother had done, the old woman in the tree, crying out that she was freezing with cold, and he said to her, "If you are cold, old mother, come down and warm yourself."

"No," she cried; "your animals will bite me!"

"No, indeed; they will not," he said.

"I can't trust them!" she cried; "here, I will throw you a little switch, and if you gently strike them across the back, then they will not be able to hurt me."

When the hunter heard that he began to mistrust the old woman, and said, "No; I will not strike my animals; you come down, or I will fetch you."

"Do as you like," she said; "you can't hurt me."

"If you don't come down," he replied, "I will shoot you."

"Shoot away," she said; "your bullet can do me no harm."

He pointed his gun and shot at her; but the witch was proof against a leaden bullet. She gave a shrill laugh, and cried, "It is no use trying to hit me."

The hunter knew, however, what to do; he cut off three silver buttons from his coat, and loaded his gun with them. Against these she knew all her arts were vain; so as he drew the trigger she fell suddenly to the ground with a scream. Then he placed

his foot upon her, and said, "Old witch, if you do not at once confess where my brother is, I will take you up and throw you into the fire."

She was in a great fright, begged for pardon, and said, "He is lying with his animals, turned to stone, in a grave."

Then he forced her to go with him, and said, "You old cat, if you don't instantly restore my brother to life, and all the creatures that are with him, over you go into the fire."

She was obliged to take a switch and strike the stones, and immediately the brother, his animals, and many others—traders, mechanics, and shepherds—stood before him, alive and in their own forms.

Thankful for having gained their freedom and their lives, they all hastened home; but the twin brothers, when they saw each other again, were full of joy, and embraced and kissed each other with great affection. They seized the old witch, bound her, and placed her on the fire, and as soon as she was burned the forest became suddenly clear and light, and the king's castle appeared at a very little distance.

After this the twin brothers walked away together toward the castle, and on the road related to each other the events that had happened to them since they parted. At last the younger told his brother that he had married the king's daughter, and that the king had made him lord over the whole land.

"I know all about it," replied the other; "for when I came to the town they all took me for you, and treated me with kingly state; even the young

princess mistook me for her husband, and made me sit by her side."

But as he spoke the prince became so fierce with jealously and anger that he drew his sword and cut off his brother's head. Then as he saw him lie dead at his feet his anger was quelled in a moment, and he repented bitterly, crying, "Oh, my brother is dead, and it is I who have killed him!" and kneeling by his side he mourned with loud cries and tears.

In a moment the hare appeared and begged to be allowed to fetch the life-giving root, which she knew would cure him. She was not away long, and when she returned, the head was replaced and fastened by the healing power of the plant, and the brother restored to life, while not even a sign of the wound remained to be noticed.

The brothers now walked on most lovingly together, and the one who had married the king's daughter said, "I see that you have kingly clothes, as I have; your animals are the same as mine. Let us enter the castle at two opposite doors, and approach the old king from two sides together."

So they separated; and as the king sat with his daughter in the royal apartment a sentinel approached him from two distant entrances at the same time, and informed him that the prince, with his animals, had arrived.

"That is impossible!" cried the king; "one of you must be wrong; for the gates at which you watch are quite a quarter of a mile apart."

But while the king spoke the two young men entered at opposite ends of the room, and both came forward and stood before the king.

With a bewildered look the king turned to his daughter, and said, "Which is your husband? for they are so exactly alike I cannot tell."

She was herself very much frightened, and could not speak! at last she thought of the necklace that she had given to the animals, and looking earnestly among them she saw the glitter of the golden clasp on the lion's neck. "See," she cried in a happy voice, "he whom that lion follows is my husband!"

The prince laughed, and said, "Yes; you are right; and this is my twin brother."

So they sat down happily together and told the king and the young princess all their adventures.

When the king's daughter and her husband were alone she said to him, "I thought you did not love me the other day when you came home from the wood, for you never even kissed me."

Then the prince knew how true and honorable his twin brother had been.

Did you ever think what really makes a story? The one you have just read is an interesting one; let us see whether we can find out just what it tells us. We shall leave out everything that can possibly be left out, and shall keep only those things that we really must have to make the story. Here they are:

1. The poor brother sees the golden bird.
2. He gets it for the rich brother.
3. The sons of the poor brother eat the heart and the liver of the golden bird.
4. The poor brother finds the gold pieces under his children's pillows.
5. The poor brother drives his sons from home

because his rich brother tells him they are in league with the Evil One.

6. The twin brothers are adopted by the hunter.
7. They set out to seek their fortunes.
8. They procure the animals as companions.
9. They separate.
10. The younger brother learns that the king's daughter is to be devoured by a dragon.
11. He slays the dragon.
12. He is killed by the king's marshal, who carries off the princess.
13. He is brought to life by the hare.
14. He returns to the king's country after a year and finds that the princess is to marry the marshal.
15. He sends his animals to the palace, where they are recognized by the princess.
16. The king sends for him.
17. He proves that he killed the dragon, and is married to the princess.
18. He meets a witch while he is hunting, and is turned to stone.
19. The older brother learns of his brother's fate.
20. He meets the witch and forces her to restore his brother to life.
21. The brothers return together to the palace, where the younger is recognized by the princess, his wife.

Now, as you read that list, you will see that many, many things which the story tells us have been omitted; but you will also see that not one of the things set down in the outline could be left out. Suppose, for example, we left out number eleven or number thirteen—we could not understand what

follows. Of course, we cannot say that the facts omitted from the list are unnecessary; they make the story more interesting, or they make it more beautiful, or they make it seem more real.

INDUSTRY AND SLOTH

A LAZY young man, being asked why he lay in bed so long, jocosely answered:

"Every morning of my life I am hearing cases in court. Two fine damsels, named Industry and Sloth, are at my bedside, as soon as ever I awake, presenting their different cases. One entreats me to get up, the other persuades me to lie still; and then they alternately give me various reasons why I should rise and why I should not. As it is the duty of an impartial judge to hear all that can be said on both sides, I am detained so long that before the pleadings are over it is time to go to dinner."

Many men waste the prime of their days in trying to determine what they ought to do, and end them without coming to any decision.

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A CHILD should say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

THE TREE

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

THE Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets all quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them: all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ALL night long and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of Sleep.

Whenever Auntie moves around,
Her dresses make a curious sound;
They trail behind her up the floor,
And trundle after through the door.

—*Stevenson.*

THE DRUMMER

By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm

A YOUNG drummer was one evening walking across the fields, and as he came to a lake he saw lying on the shore three pieces of white linen.

"What fine linen!" he said; and taking up one piece he put it in his pocket. He went home, thought no more of what he had found, and went to bed. Just as he was going to sleep he thought he heard some one call out his name, and heard distinctly a gentle voice say, "Drummer, drummer, wake up!"

At first in the dark he could distinguish nothing, but presently he saw hovering over his bed a light form.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Give me back my dress," answered the voice, "which you took away from the lake to-night."

"You shall have it," said the drummer, "if you will tell me who you are."

"Ah," cried the voice, "I am the daughter of a mighty king, but I have fallen into the power of a witch, and am confined to a glass mountain. Each day I am obliged to bathe in the lake with my two sisters; but without my dress I cannot fly back to the iceberg, and my sisters have already gone away and left me alone. I pray you, therefore, to give me back my dress."

"Be at peace, poor child," said the drummer;

"you shall have your dress very soon." Then he took the piece of linen out of his pocket and offered it to her in the darkness. She seized it hastily, and was going away. "Wait one moment," he said; "can I not help you in any way?"

"You could only help me," she replied, "by climbing the glass mountain and freeing me from the witch's power. But you could not reach the mountain; or even if you did, you would be unable to climb to the top."

"What I wish to do, I can do," said the drummer. "I feel great compassion for you, and I fear nothing; but I do not know where the mountain is, nor the way to it."

"The road lies through a large forest," she replied, "and you must pass several inns on your way. More than this I dare not tell you."

Then he heard the rush of wings, and she was gone. By the break of day the drummer was up and ready. He hung his drum on his shoulder and started without fear to cross the forest. After walking for some time and not meeting any giants, he thought to himself, "I must wake up the lazy sleepers." So he turned his drum before him and played such a tantara that the birds on the trees flew away screaming.

Not long after, a giant who had been sleeping in the grass rose up and stood before him. He was as tall as a fir tree, and cried out to the drummer:

"You wretched little creature! what do you mean by waking people up out of their best sleep with your horrid drum?"

"I drummed to wake you," he replied, "because I did not know the way."

"What do you want here in my wood?" asked the giant.

"Well, I wish to free the forest from such monsters as you are!"

"Oho!" cried the giant; "why, I could crush you beneath my foot as I would crush an ant!"

"Don't suppose you are going to do any such thing!" cried the drummer. "If you were to stoop down to catch hold of one of us he would jump away and hide himself, and when you were lying down to sleep his people would come from every bush and thicket, each carrying a steel hammer in his girdle. They would creep cautiously upon you, and soon with their hammers beat out your brains!"

This assertion made the giant rather uneasy. "If I meddle with these cunning little people," he thought, "they can, no doubt, do me some mischief. I can easily strangle wolves and bears, but I cannot defend myself against these earthworms."

"Listen, little man," he said. "I pledge myself that you and your companions shall for the future be left in peace. And now tell me what you wish, for I am quite ready to do your pleasure."

"You have long legs," said the drummer, "so that you can run more swiftly than I can. Carry me to the glass mountain, and I will take that as a proof of your kind feeling toward us, and my people shall leave you in peace."

"Come here, worm," said the giant; "seat yourself on my shoulders, and I will carry you wherever you wish."

The giant then lifted him up, and the drummer soon began to play away on his drum to his heart's content. The giant was quite satisfied; he thought

this would be a sign to the rest of the little people that he was friendly to them.

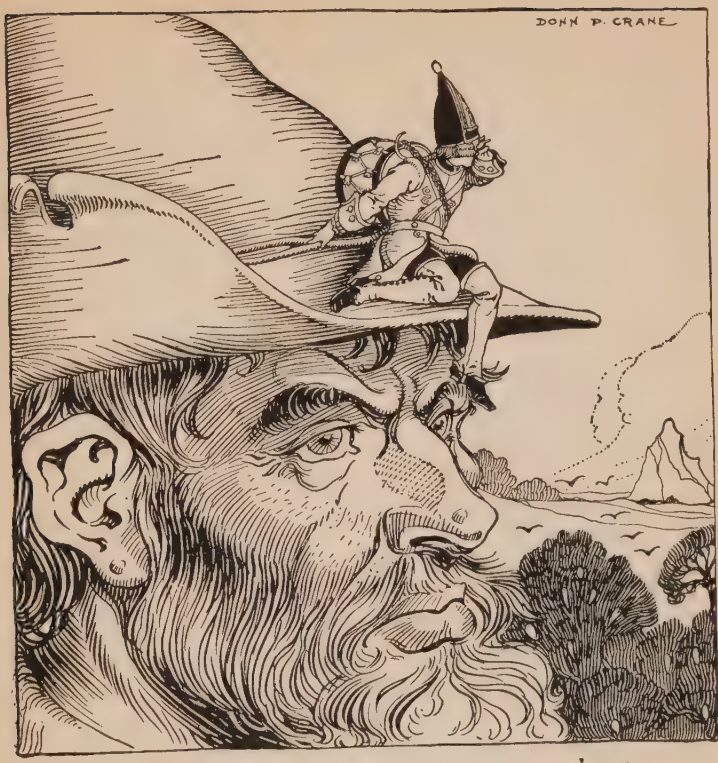
After a while a second giant made his appearance, and he took the drummer from the first and stuck him in the buttonhole of his coat. The drummer seized the button, which was as large as a dish, and holding fast by it, looked about him quite contentedly. Presently came a third, who took him from the buttonhole and placed him on the brim of his hat, from which elevation he could look over the tree tops.

All at once, in the blue distance, he espied a mountain. "Ah!" thought he, "that is certainly the glass mountain"; and so it was.

The giant, after a few more steps, reached the foot of the mountain, and then he lifted the drummer from his hat and placed him on the ground. The little man wished to be carried to the top of the mountain; but the giant shook his head, murmured something in his beard, and went back to the wood.

There stood the poor little drummer at the foot of the mountain, which looked as high above him as if three mountains had been placed one upon another. The sides were as slippery as a mirror, and there seemed no possible means of reaching the top. He began to climb, but he slid backward at every step. "If I were a bird, now," he said to himself; but it was only half a wish, and no wings grew.

While he thus stood, not knowing how to help himself, he saw at a little distance two men struggling together. He went up to them and found that they were quarreling about a saddle which lay on the ground between them, and which each wished to have.



THE DRUMMER ON THE BRIM OF THE GIANT'S HAT

"What fools you must be," he cried, "to want a saddle when you have not a horse to place it upon!"

"This saddle is worth a contest," said one of the men; "for whoever seats himself upon it and wishes himself somewhere, even if it be at the end of the world, will have his wish the moment it is uttered."

"The saddle is our joint property, and it is my turn to ride it; but my companion will not let me," said the other.

"I will soon put an end to this contention," said the drummer. "Go to a little distance and stick a

white staff in the ground; then come back and start from here to run to the mark, and whoever is there first is to ride first."

They did as he advised, and then both started off at full trot; but scarcely had they taken two steps when the drummer swung himself onto the saddle and wished to be on the top of the mountain, and ere a man could turn his hand, there he was.

The top of the mountain formed an extensive plain, on which stood an old stone house; in front of it was a large fish-pond, and behind it a dark, dreary forest. Neither man nor animals could be seen; not a sound disturbed the peaceful stillness except the rustling of the leaves in the wind, while the clouds floated silently overhead.

He stepped up to the door of the house and knocked. No one answered, and he knocked a second time; but it was not till the third time that the door was opened by an old woman with a brown face and red eyes. She had a pair of spectacles on her long nose, and looked at him very sharply as she asked, "What is your business here?"

"I want admission, food, and a night's lodging," he replied.

"All these you shall have," she replied, "if you will perform three tasks for me."

"Willingly," he replied; "I do not shrink from work, however difficult it may be."

The old woman, on this, led him in, gave him a supper, and a good bed in the evening.

Next morning when he got up, breakfast was ready for him, and after eating it he expressed his readiness to perform the tasks she had spoken of.

In reply, the old woman took a thimble from her

lean finger, and offering it to him said, "Now go, for your first task, and scoop out the water from the fish-pond outside with this thimble. All the fish, also, that are in the water must be laid together, according to their size and species, and the work must be finished by night."

"That is a strange task!" said the drummer. However, he went out to the pond and commenced his work.

He scooped industriously for the whole morning; but how can a man empty so large a quantity of water with only a thimble? Why, it would take a thousand years.

When noontide came he thought to himself, "All I am doing is quite useless; it will be just the same whether I work or not." So he gave it up and seated himself.

Presently he saw a young maiden coming toward him from the house. She had a basket in her hand, containing some dinner for him, and she said, "Why are you sitting here and looking so sad? What is the matter?"

He looked up at her and saw that she was very handsome. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I cannot perform the first task which has been given me, and how shall I succeed with the other two? I have come to seek for a king's daughter who dwells here, but I have not found her, so I may as well go away."

"No; stay here," she replied; "I will help you out of your trouble. You are tired now, so lay your head in my lap and go to sleep. When you awake again your work will be done."

The drummer did not require to be told twice, and as soon as his eyes were closed the maiden turned

a wish-ring on her finger, and said, "Water, rise; fish, come out."

In a moment the water rose in the air like a white mist and floated away to the clouds above the mountain, while the fish came springing and jumping onto the bank and laid themselves down near each other, each according to its size and species. When the drummer awoke, he saw with astonishment that all had been done for him.

"It is not quite right now," said the maiden; "one of the fish is lying away from its own species, quite alone. When the old woman comes this evening to see if all is done as she desired, she will ask why that little fish is left out. Then throw it in her face, and say, 'That is left for you, old witch!' "

In the evening she came, and when she asked the question as the maiden had said she would, he threw the fish in her face and repeated the words he had been told to. The old woman stood still and appeared not to notice what he had done, but she looked at him with malicious eyes.

The next morning she said to him, "The task I gave you yesterday was too easy; you must have something more difficult to-day. I expect you, therefore, to cut down all the trees of the forest behind this house, to split them into logs and to stack them; and when evening comes, all must be finished."

She gave him an ax, a chopper, and a wedge. But the ax was made of lead, and the chopper and wedge were of tin, so that when he began his work the ax stuck fast in the wood, and the chopper and wedge struck one against the other and became useless.

He knew not what to do; but at noon the maiden

came again with his dinner and comforted him. "Lay your head in my lap," said she, "and sleep, and when you awake the work will be done."

While he slept she turned the wish-ring on her finger, and in a moment the forest trees fell together with a crash. The wood divided itself into logs and stacked itself in piles; it was as if an invisible giant had accomplished the task. When the drummer awoke the maiden said:

"You see how all the wood is cut down and stacked, except one little bough. When the old woman comes this evening and asks what the bough is left there for, you must give her a blow with it and say, 'It is for you, old witch.' "

The old woman came, and when she saw the work all done she said, "Ah, it was an easy task I gave you; but what is that bough left there for?"

"For you, old witch," he replied, giving her a blow with it. But she appeared not to feel it, laughed scornfully, and said, "To-morrow you shall place all this wood in a heap, set fire to it, and burn it."

He was at the forest at daybreak, and began his work of gathering the wood into a heap; but how was it possible for one man to carry trees of a whole forest into one spot? The work went backward, not forward. The maiden, however, did not forget him in his trouble; she brought him his midday meal, and when he had eaten, made him lay his head in her lap and sleep. When he awoke the whole stack of wood was burning in one vast flame, the tongues of which reached to the clouds. "Listen, now," said the maiden; "when the witch comes she will give you all sorts of orders. If you perform courageously whatever she desires, she cannot injure you

or take your life. But if you show any fear she will put you in the fire, and you will be consumed. At last, when you have done all she tells you, take her up with both hands and throw her into the flames."

Then the maiden went away, and presently the witch came sneaking up.

"Ha!" she exclaimed. "I am so cold, and here is a fire to warm my old bones and do me good; but there lies a log that will not burn; just fetch it out for me. If you can do that you are free to go where you will. Now be brisk, and do as I tell you."

The drummer did not hesitate long; he sprang into the flames, but they did him no harm, and not even a hair of his head was singed as he drew out the log and placed it before her. Scarcely, however, had it touched the ground when it was transformed, and the beautiful maiden who had helped him in his trouble stood before him, the silk and gold-embroidered clothes she wore proving at once that she was a king's daughter. The old witch laughed spitefully, and said:

"You think you are going to have the princess, but you shan't; I will take care of that;" and she advanced to lay hold of the maiden and carry her away. But the drummer started forward, seized the old witch with both hands, and threw her into the midst of the flames, which gathered over her as if in joy at being able to consume a witch.

The king's daughter looked earnestly at the drummer and saw that he was really a handsome youth; she remembered, moreover, that he had saved her life and set her free from the witch's spell. So she held out her hand to him, and said:

"You have risked everything for me, therefore I will now do something for you. Promise to be true to me, then shall you be my spouse. I have plenty of riches and possessions which the old witch had accumulated."

She led him into the house and showed him chests and boxes which were full of treasures. They left the gold and silver, took only the precious stones, and prepared to leave the mountain of glass. Then the drummer said to her, "Seat yourself with me on my saddle, and we can fly through the air like birds."

"The old saddle is useless to me," she said; "I only require to turn my wish-ring over, and we are at home."

"All right!" he cried; "then let us wish ourselves at the gate of my native city."

In a trice they were there, and the drummer said, "I will first go and see my parents and tell them all the news; wait here for me in this field; I shall soon return."

"Ah," said the king's daughter, "let me beg of you to be careful when you reach home; remember to kiss your parents only on the left cheek, otherwise you will forget me and all that has happened, and I shall be left behind in the field alone."

"How can I ever forget you?" he said, and pledged her with his right hand to return to her very soon.

When he reached his father's house no one knew who he was, he had so changed; for the three days which he had, as he supposed, spent on the mountains, had been really three long years. At last his parents recognized him, and they were so overjoyed at his return that they fell on his neck and embraced

him. He was also so moved in his heart that he kissed them on both cheeks, and thought not once of the maiden's words. As soon as he had kissed them on the right cheek all gratitude to the king's daughter vanished from his heart. He turned out his pockets and threw great handfuls of precious stones on the table, his parents wondering how and where he had obtained all these riches. They were, however, very happy to accept them.

The father's first act was to build a beautiful castle, around which were gardens, and woods, and meadows, as if a prince had been going to reside in it.

And when it was finished the mother said to her son, "I have chosen a maiden to be your wife, and in three days the wedding must take place."

The drummer was quite contented to do as his parents wished.

The poor princess stood for a long time outside the town waiting for the return of the young man. When evening came she said to herself, "No doubt he has kissed his parents on the right cheek, and I am quite forgotten."

Her heart was so full of grief that she wished herself in a lonely house in the wood close by.

Every evening she went into the town and wandered about the grounds of the drummer's castle. She saw him many times, but he never saw her; and one day she heard people talking of his marriage, and saying that it would take place the following day.

Then she said to herself, "I must try to win him back again."

So on the first day of the betrothal she wished

THE DRUMMER AND PRINCESS REUNITED

for a beautiful dress that should shine as the sun. And when it lay before her it glittered like sunbeams. All the guests were assembled when she entered the room; every one present was surprised at her beauty and her rich dress; but the drummer did not recognize her among so many, as she had disguised herself. That night, however, when all was still, she placed herself outside his window, and sang:

"Drummer, should I forgotten be?
Was it not I who tended thee,
And to your tasks lent all my aid,

When on the mountain top you strayed?
You freed me from the witch's power,
And swore to love me from that hour.
Your riches all were gifts from me;
Then why should I forgotten be?"

But the song was all lost; the young man slept soundly and heard it not. On the second evening she was again at the festival, and afterward sang her mournful song outside the window.

But she had mistaken the sleeping-room of her lover, and again her complaints would have been useless, had not the servants of the castle told their young master that they had heard a beautiful voice singing during the night. His curiosity was excited, and he determined to listen at the window himself.

In the night after the third day of the betrothal, when the festivities were over, the young man placed himself at the window to listen; but no sooner had he heard the sound of the voice singing,

"Drummer, should I forgotten be?
Was it not I who tended thee,
And to your tasks lent all my aid,
When on the mountain top you strayed?
You freed me from the witch's power,
And swore to love me from that hour.
Your riches all were gifts from me;
Then why should I forgotten be?"

than everything returned to his memory.

"Ah!" he cried, "how nearly have I lost my true and only love! In the joy of my heart I kissed my parents on the right cheek. There is the fault; but I will atone for my conduct."

He started up, as the song still continued in plaintive accents, rushed out, and exclaimed, "Forgive me, dearest!" and as he pressed her to his heart she forgot her sorrow and forgave him all.

Then he led her to his parents, and said, "This is the true bride!" and told them what she had done for him and the cause of his forgetfulness. They were ready to receive her at once as their daughter-in-law, and the other intended bride was made happy by being presented with the dresses which the real bride had worn at the festival.

STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER

By MRS. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

"STOP, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary, one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Adapted from the story by MADAME VILLENEUVE

N a far-off country, a long time ago, lived a rich merchant and his happy family. There were six sons and six daughters; all the sons big, strong and manly; all the daughters graceful and beautiful. But one of the daughters, the youngest, was more graceful than her sisters, and so far surpassed them in comeliness that the only name she was known by was Beauty.

It cost no small sum to support this large family, but the merchant was an affectionate father, and he gave his children everything they wanted, so that their lives were as joyous as the days were long.

But suddenly misfortunes came upon them all and left the poor merchant sadly distressed. First, their great house burned down, and all their silver, paintings and costly clothing and jewelry were destroyed. The same day came the news that a large ship, full of costly merchandise, was sunk; and soon it was learned that every ship belonging to the merchant was lost with crews and cargoes. These misfortunes worried him greatly, but when he learned that his trusted employes had banded against him and stolen all that was left of his property, he was brought face to face with direst poverty.

At first the daughters thought that their friends would take pity on them, and that homes would be offered them, but they soon learned how false the

world often is, and that friends may desert when riches fail. In fact, nothing was left them but a little cottage and a small field many leagues away from the city where they had lived. With tears in his eyes their father begged the children to be contented and to work honorably for their daily bread. None seemed willing to do this except Beauty, who showed now that her soul was as fine as her face. She had been as sad as any when trouble first overtook them, but soon recovering her spirits she set bravely to work, making the best of things, amusing her father and brothers and trying to persuade her sisters to join in her dancing and singing. The more she tried to help them, the more discontented and vexed her sisters became, until they all declared that she was fit for nothing except this hovel in the country; but that they themselves worked only because they had to, and that just as soon as they could they meant to get back to the city.

For two whole years they slaved in this manner, and then, just as they were all beginning to get used to their country home, a great surprise came. The father received word that one of the richest ships that he had supposed lost had returned to port. The sons and daughters were overjoyed at the news, and wished to set out at once to reclaim their property. Only the father, who was older and wiser, hesitated, for he knew how many chances there were for mistakes to happen. Beauty, too, was doubtful, and joined with her father in urging them to stay at home until the harvest was all in.

When, finally, the father decided to go to town, he was besieged by every one but Beauty with requests for presents of dresses and jewels, fine

things to eat and more knickknacks than a shipload of gold could purchase. The father smiled at their wishes, but felt a little angered at their greed. He had noted, too, that Beauty took no part in their excitement and asked for nothing.

"What shall I do for my little daughter? Is there nothing you want, my little Beauty?"

"All I ask is that you may come safely home to me," answered the girl.

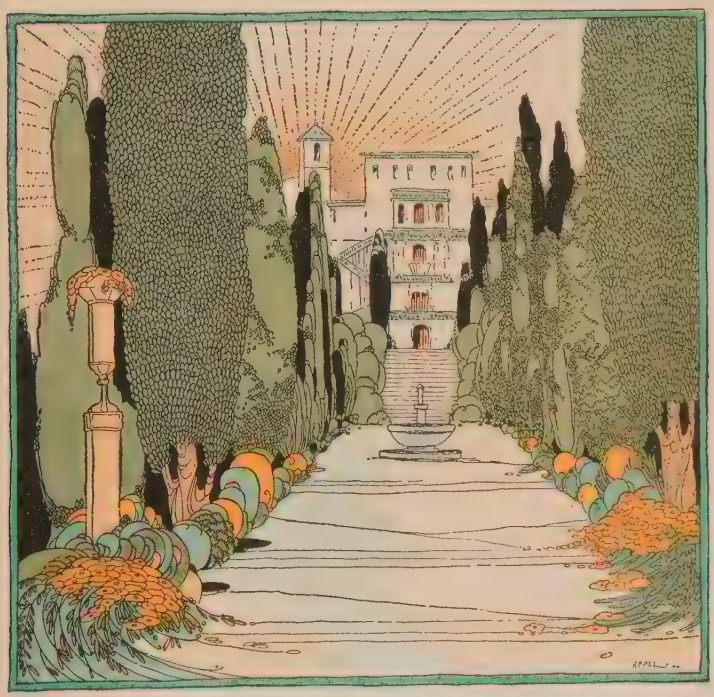
This angered her sisters, for they thought that Beauty had said it to reproach them for their greed; but the father was delighted and said, "Now choose something, Beauty; surely there are some pretty things you will like."

"Really, father, I want nothing but what I said; only, as you ask me, I will beg for a rose. I haven't seen one since we came here, and I love them dearly."

Thus the merchant set forth on his long journey, and his children did their best to kill time till his return. As for the merchant himself, he found out as soon as he reached the city that his former partners had pretended that he was dead and had divided his recovered property among themselves. Although he stayed there for six months and tried in every way to get some of his property back, he was able to recover barely enough to pay the expense of his journey.

When he knew his case was hopeless he set out on his return journey, heartsick and discouraged. The weather was terrible, and it was only with great difficulty that his horse was able to carry him along. Yet he managed to make some progress until nightfall, when he found himself about thirty miles from home and at the edge of a big, lonesome forest. The

night had grown cold, and snow was falling fast, but he made up his mind to push on, rather than die from exposure where he was. Deep into the forest he went, but after a while the paths became hidden in snow and he lost his way completely. He could rouse no one by his shouting, and was even glad to



THE PALACE AT END OF AVENUE OF TREES

find a hollow tree in which he could crouch through the night.

When the morning came he roused himself, and stiff and lame from exposure, began his painful search for a road. After a little he saw an opening in the trees, which, upon examination, he found led

into an avenue at the end of which appeared a beautiful palace glistening in the morning sun. He hurried toward it, and after walking rapidly forward for about ten minutes, came to its gates. Not a person nor a living creature of any sort could he see, and no one replied to his numerous calls. Opening the gates, he found the stable, and having littered and fed his horse, he hastened to the house. The door was closed, and no one came to his loud knocking. Hungry and impatient, he threw the door open and entered a large hall, where he found a cheerful fire burning, and a table set comfortably for one. Not a person had he seen about the place, and so, going to the fire, he turned about in front of the blaze, saying to himself,

"I hope the master will excuse the liberty I am taking, for he will doubtless soon be here."

He waited for an hour, and still no one came. Then his hunger overcame him, and seating himself at the table he ate till he was satisfied. Another hour of rest convinced him that no one was coming, and feeling drowsy he got up to explore the palace. At the end of a long hall he came upon a bedroom richly furnished and having in its center a great, comfortable bed. This was too much for the weary merchant, and he threw off his clothes and covered himself. Almost before his head touched the pillow he fell asleep, and it was broad daylight when he awoke the next morning.

No one was in the room, but when he started to get up he found that in place of his old suit, new clothes lay on the chair by the head of his bed.

"Surely," he said, "this place must belong to some good fairy who pities my misfortunes."

When he had looked from the window he saw no longer the snow and ice of the day before, but beautiful gardens filled with flowers and shining in the morning dew. When he returned to the hall where he had eaten his supper there stood a breakfast table with cakes and honey, and at one side an urn of finest chocolate.

"My good fairy is a generous one, indeed," said the merchant; "I am greatly obliged for her care."

After a hearty breakfast he took his new hat and went out to the stable, where he found that his horse had been cleaned and fed and was ready for the journey. Saddling the animal, he led him into the garden, intending to start again for home. As he passed one of the arbors he thought of the request Beauty had made, and stopped before a bush bearing beautiful roses. Reaching up, he picked a fine one, and was just about to put it into his hat when he was startled by a frightful noise behind him. Turning, he saw a hideous Beast, roaring in anger, and shouting out:

"Who told you to pick my roses? Isn't it enough that I have fed you and clothed you and given you a bed in my palace? Is stealing flowers the way to show your gratitude? But you shall be terribly punished. You have not a half-hour to live."

The poor merchant, terrified at this awful threat, threw himself upon his knees before the Beast and begged for his life.

"Forgive me, my lord; I meant no harm. You have been so generous in other things that I thought you would not mind a rose, a single rose."

"I am no lord, and I want no excuses and no flattery. Die you must for your thieving ingratitude."

"But my poor daughters—and Beauty—she for whom I took the rose—what will she do if I do not come back?"

"What do I care for your daughters? You stole my rose, after I had been kind to you!"

"But Beauty loves me so, and she asked only for a rose. Surely you won't break her heart by slaying me!"

The Beast seemed to think a minute, and then he said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. You bring one of your daughters to die in your place, and I will spare your life."

"But if I were willing to buy my life at such a price, how could I ever coax one of my daughters to come here? What should I tell them?"

"Tell them the truth. Tell them one must come to the hideous Beast and die, or you will lose your life. One must come willingly, or you shall surely die. Now we shall see how much your daughters think of you. If within three months one of your daughters is not here, you must come yourself. Do not think to escape and hide, for I shall certainly find you and bring you back."

After some further talk the merchant accepted the proposition, thinking only that it would give him another chance to see his children; for he had no idea of giving up one of them to so terrible an end.

"I do not wish to be too severe on you," said the Beast. "Stay here another night, and in the morning you shall go. First climb to the room above the one in which you slept, and there you will find gold in plenty. Take all you can carry in the chest you

will find, and ride away. Take, also, a rose for Beauty, and remember your promise."

The rest of that day the merchant was pleasantly entertained, at night a fine supper was served him, and again he slept in the soft, downy bed. The next morning he went to the room as directed, and soon had the chest so filled with bright golden coins that he could scarcely carry it. However, he managed to get to his horse and to pick the rose for Beauty. As soon as he mounted his horse, it was off like the wind, and almost before he knew he was well started, he had stopped before his own door.

When the children saw the splendid horse and its rich trappings and noticed how finely their father was dressed, they rushed out to meet him, certain that he had returned a rich man again. They had worried over his long absence, but forgot everything in their joy at his return, nor did they even notice his sad face and dejecting bearing. Moreover, he tried to appear cheerful, and hid the truth from them at first, saying only to Beauty, as he gave her the rose, "Here is what you asked me to bring you. You little know what it has cost."

Then, amid the weeping and wailing of his children, he told them his unhappy adventures from beginning to end. The girls were very noisy in their grief and began at once to lay the blame upon Beauty, while the boys began to plan how they would kill the Beast if it came to fetch their father. But the man reminded them that he had given the promise to go back, and that nothing would induce him to break it. Then the girls began to abuse Beauty more shamefully than ever, saying that if she had been sensible and asked for dresses instead

of a foolish rose, no trouble would have come upon them, and that now when she saw what she had done she showed no grief, and had not even a tear for her father's terrible danger.

It is true Beauty had said nothing thus far, but she had been thinking very deeply and had decided that there was no use in weeping, but that something must be done to save her father. Evidently, as she had brought the misfortune, she must be the one to save him. While the others were in the midst of their lamentations Beauty arose and said, "All this will accomplish nothing. I did the mischief, and I shall suffer for it. I will die in my father's place."

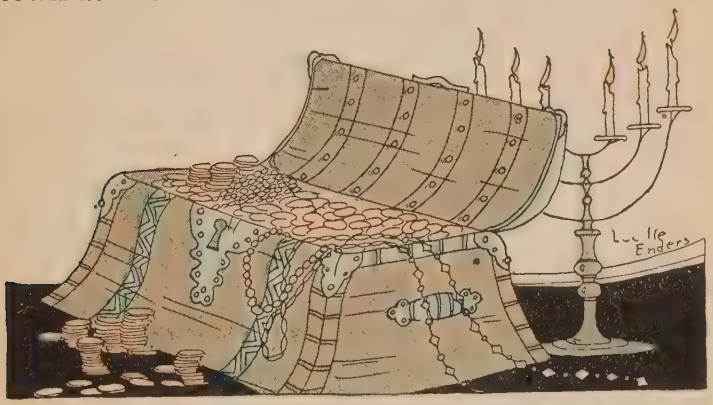
"No, no," cried three brothers at once. "You shall not die. We will go in search of this monster and kill him or perish in the attempt."

"You cannot hope to conquer the Beast," said their father. "He is far more powerful than you can dream. Beauty has shown fine spirit, but I shall not suffer her to die for me. I am old and cannot hope to live long, so I am quite willing to give up my few remaining years. My only sorrow is that I can no longer work for you."

"Now, father," cried Beauty, "you cannot prevent my going. I would much rather be eaten by the monster than to die here at home grieving for your loss. I shall start for the palace when the time is up."

No matter what the merchant said, he could not persuade Beauty from her resolve. The father and his sons were wretched at her decision, but her sisters were, on the whole, rather glad that Beauty would no longer annoy them or put them to shame because of her greater gentleness and beauty.

The merchant had been so much disturbed over his story and Beauty's decision that he had forgotten entirely his chest filled with gold, and at night he was much surprised to find it in his room by his bedside. Next morning he called Beauty in and told her the secret, but said nothing to the older sisters, for he knew they would wish to return to town at once.



As the time drew near, Beauty divided all her belongings among her sisters and said good-bye to everybody she loved, and when the three months were past she encouraged her father and spoke cheerfully to the children who were to be left behind. All wept sadly, although the grief of the sisters was make-believe; in fact, they had rubbed their eyes with onion skins to force the tears.

Father and daughter mounted the noble horse which he had brought from the palace and started on their journey, which would indeed have been delightful had it not been for the thought of what was to happen at the end of it. Still her father tried to persuade Beauty to give up her mad project. She

was immovable, however, and fully determined to sacrifice herself cheerfully. Even while they were talking, night fell, and they reached the great avenue which led up to the palace. Here everything was brilliantly illuminated. Not only the house, but the garden as well, shone with bright lights and glittered with blazing decorations. In the courtyard in the garden were tents, from which came the sounds of beautiful music, and it was plain to be seen that preparations had been made for great rejoicings.

Beauty tried to laugh as she said, "How hungry the Beast must be if he makes all this show when his prey arrives."

The horse cantered gracefully up to the steps, and when they had dismounted the father led her to the little room where he had been before. No one appeared, but, as before, they found a dainty table bearing a delicious supper, this time set for two. Their long ride had made them hungry, and in spite of their fear they ate the meal that had been provided for them, although the merchant had little appetite.

They had scarcely finished when a terrible noise was heard in the room next to them, and a moment later the Beast was seen entering the room. Beauty shuddered and clung to her father at the terrible sight, but in a moment she controlled her terror, and when she spoke her voice scarcely trembled. The Beast was evidently pleased with her, and though his voice was a loud roar it did not sound angry.

"Good evening, old man. Good evening, Beauty," said the Beast.

The merchant was too much frightened to reply, but Beauty spoke sweetly, "Good evening, Beast."

"Did you come here of your own accord?" asked the Beast. "Will you remain here after your father goes away?"

"I came because I wished to come, and I am willing to remain."

"That pleases me," said the Beast. "As you came of your own accord, you may remain. As for you, old man, get away from here to-morrow, and never let me see you again. Good night, Beauty."

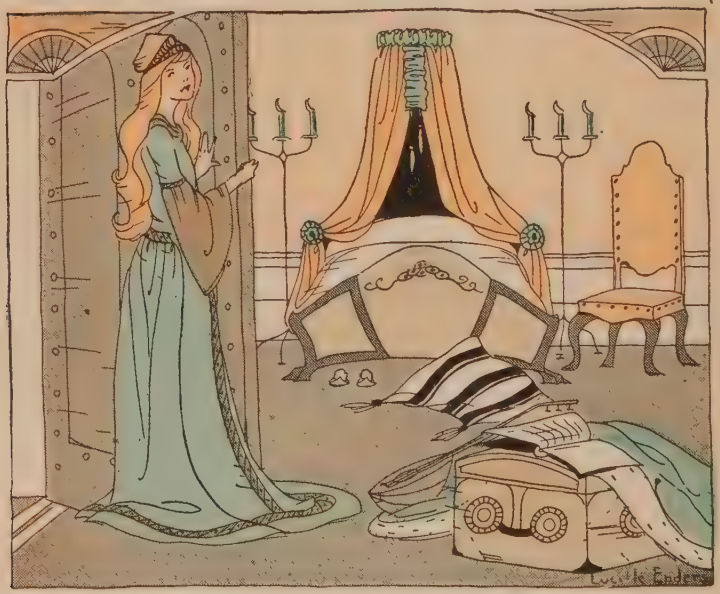
"Good night, Beast," said she, and the Beast left the room.

No sooner had he gone than the merchant began kissing his daughter and begging her again and again to go home and let him remain; but Beauty would not be persuaded, and insisted that her father return in the morning as he had been told. Then they wished each other good night and went to bed. Much to their surprise they fell quickly asleep and did not wake until morning. Beauty dreamed that a sweet lady came to her and said, "For your goodness to your father you shall be rewarded."

In the morning when she told her father the dream he was much comforted, but still his heart was heavy with grief. When he was ready to go, the Beast appeared again and told them that in the next room they would find two traveling trunks which they might fill with rich clothing and gold and silver. All this wealth the father was to take with him for himself and his family. Everything was found as the Beast had told them, and it took them a long time to fill the two trunks; for although they put quantities of gold and silver into one and quantities of rich clothing into the other, yet there seemed to be room for more. When, however, the

trunks were at last full, they were so heavy that neither could be lifted, and the father thought the Beast had been making sport of them. Just at this time a bell sounded in the courtyard, and the father knew it was the signal for his departure; so bidding Beauty good-bye, he hastened down, and was surprised to find waiting for him a beautiful horse ready saddled, and another bearing the two trunks which he had filled. The merchant mounted, and left at such a pace that he was soon lost to sight.

When the merchant had departed, Beauty sat down in the large hall and began to cry, for she then realized fully her terrible fate. After a little, however, as her courage rose, she saw how foolish it was to make her sad case worse by weeping, and resolved to wait as calmly as she could till the Beast was



BEAUTY'S ROOM IN THE PALACE

ready to devour her. The palace was so beautiful that she walked about from room to room looking here and there, much charmed by the beautiful furniture and the rich ornaments that she saw everywhere.

Imagine her surprise when on the sunny side of the castle she came to a great door on which was written, "BEAUTY'S ROOM." All excitement, she hurriedly opened the door, and was dazzled by the grandeur of the chamber which she saw before her. Everywhere were books and musical instruments, pictures, and wardrobes filled with beautiful dresses, all of which delighted the eye and cheered the heart of the frightened girl.

"The Beast means that I shall amuse myself while waiting," said Beauty, as she turned one of the beautiful books. "What is this? *'You are sole mistress over everything. Your commands and wishes shall all be faithfully executed!'* There is only one thing that I want, and that is to see my father and brothers and sisters."

Almost as she spoke the room seemed to fade away from about her, and she saw her father sitting in the cottage, surrounded by her brothers and sisters. He was telling them of his experiences, and while he and her brothers wept over Beauty's fate, she was pained to see that her sisters were rejoicing over the riches that had been brought home to them rather than grieving at the loss of a sister. The vision vanished in a moment, but Beauty turned away, feeling in her heart some gratitude toward the Beast for so quickly granting her wish.

When noontime came she found the table laid ready for her, and all the time she was eating sweet

music played, but not a single living creature came in sight. When one is alone, however, it does not take long to eat one's dinner, and soon she was ready again to go about the castle and wonder over the strange things that happened. At supper time the table was placed as at noon, but just as she was seating herself she heard the noise of the Beast approaching, and could not help trembling.

"Beauty," said the Beast, "may I stay and watch you eat?"

"That is as you please," she replied.

"Not at all," answered the Beast. "In this place you alone command. If you do not want me here, you have only to say so and I will leave; but tell me truly—do you think me very ugly?"

"I am sorry to pain you," she replied, "but really you are very, very ugly. However I think you are very kind and good."

"Yes, you are right," said the Beast. "I am ugly, and stupid as well, but I try to be kind to everybody. Go on now, and finish your supper."

Beauty, who had by this time ceased to be frightened, ate her supper in silence, turning only now and then to look at the Beast, who sat in the corner watching her. Just as she was finishing, however, he startled her by calling out suddenly, "Beauty, will you marry me?"

For a moment she was terribly frightened, for she felt that her answer would put him in an awful rage; at last, however, she said as sweetly as possible, "No, Beast; I cannot be your wife."

With a sigh that could be heard all over the house, the Beast turned and left the room, saying only as he closed the door, "Good night, Beauty."

In spite of his hideous shape, Beauty could not help feeling that there were worse monsters in the world, and that many a man with a handsomer form did not have so kind a heart as the poor Beast. Her heart was heavy with grief, for she saw how sensitive he was in spite of his coarse and repulsive form.

For three months Beauty lived in this way, spending every day pleasantly in the castle or garden, finding every wish gratified as soon as it was uttered. Many times she called before her the vision of her father's home, and seemed to mingle with her brothers and sisters as they sat about the fireside or attended to their daily work. She might, indeed, have been quite happy if it had not been that every night the Beast asked her to marry him. Every time she refused as gently as she could, and every time he turned away with his sigh and his pleasant, "Good night, Beauty." So much had he done for her that she felt the greatest friendship for him and was willing to do almost anything to serve him, although she could not love him.

One day when she had called up the vision of home she learned that her brothers had gone away to war and her sisters had ungratefully deserted her father, who lay moaning in sickness. That night when the Beast met her in the garden and asked her to marry him she told him very firmly that it could never be, that as she knew her father was sick and alone she felt that she must go to him, and she begged the Beast to give her permission to return home.

"If I cannot see my father again I am sure I shall die with grief," she said.

"I would rather die myself, Beauty," said the Beast, "than cause you a tear. I will send you

to-morrow to your father's cottage. I shall remain here to die of sorrow at your absence."

"No," said Beauty, "I cannot allow that. You have been too kind to me, and I promise you that I will come back in a week."

"Very well," said the Beast. "To-morrow morning you will find yourself at home, but do not forget your promise. When you are ready to return, lay your ring upon the table and you will find yourself with me. Good-bye, Beauty."

With these words the Beast sighed heavily as usual and left Beauty to go to her bed, feeling sad indeed to leave him in so much suffering.

Next morning when Beauty awoke she found herself in her father's cottage, and he was so delighted to see her alive and in such good health that his sickness quickly deserted him and he was able to leave his bed before the day was out.

The sisters had all been married, and that day they came back with their husbands to see Beauty. Not one of them had married happily, and not one was wealthy. The husband of one was handsome, but he had no means to support a wife comfortably. The husband of another was a scholar, but cared more for his books than for his wife. Another had married a soldier who was away from home all the time, and who was too cowardly to win promotion. And so it was with the rest of them. When these women saw Beauty's rich dresses, and how much like a princess she looked, they were more vexed and revengeful than ever at the good luck that seemed to follow her. They hoped in their evil minds for some revenge, and planned to keep Beauty with them till after the week had expired, so that the

Beast would be angry and eat her up as soon as he had caught her. Every one tried to be pleasant and to make Beauty so happy that she would forget the day of her departure.

All came about as they had planned, but scarcely had the week ended when Beauty began to worry about her broken promise. Every night she dreamed a strange dream of a beautiful prince who came to her and told her that she had left him to perish unaided and alone and urged her never to trust appearances. She could not account for this remarkable dream, nor could her father assist her at all in explaining it. On the tenth night, the dream changed. She thought she was back in the garden of the palace, and as she wandered through one of the arbors, she saw the Beast dying on the ground. She ran hastily up to him and cried out, "You poor Beast, what is the matter? What can I do to help you?"

"You have forgotten your promise and left me to die of grief. My Beauty has proved false," said the Beast, with a pathetic moan.

At that moment Beauty awoke, and the remembrance of the broken promise was more than she could bear. Hastily jumping out of bed she took off her ring and laid it on the table, saying, "O, I must return to the palace and my poor Beast."

Immediately she became calm and crept back into bed, where she soon fell asleep. In the morning, as the Beast had said, she found herself again in the palace, with everything at her command as before. It seemed a long day, for she was impatient for the Beast to come to her supper. She knew now how very kind and gentle he had always been, and she

felt growing in her heart some love for the unfortunate creature. At night the table was spread as usual, but no Beast came to watch her, and no voice begged her to marry. After her supper was finished, Beauty became alarmed and ran through the palace, calling the Beast's name and begging him to come to her. The more she searched the more frightened she became, until, almost beside herself with fear and excitement, she rushed out into the garden to the very place she had dreamed of. There on the ground lay the Beast, just as she had dreamed, at the very gates of death. She forgot everything, and threw herself upon his body, thinking nothing of his ugliness, but only of his kindness and the love he had lavished upon her. When she found that his heart was still beating, she ran to the fountain, gathered water in her hands and dashed it into his face. The shock recalled his wandering senses and made him open his eyes.

"Is it you returned, Beauty?" he said. "You forgot your promise, and my grief has made me starve myself to death. But at least I shall die happy, having seen you once again."

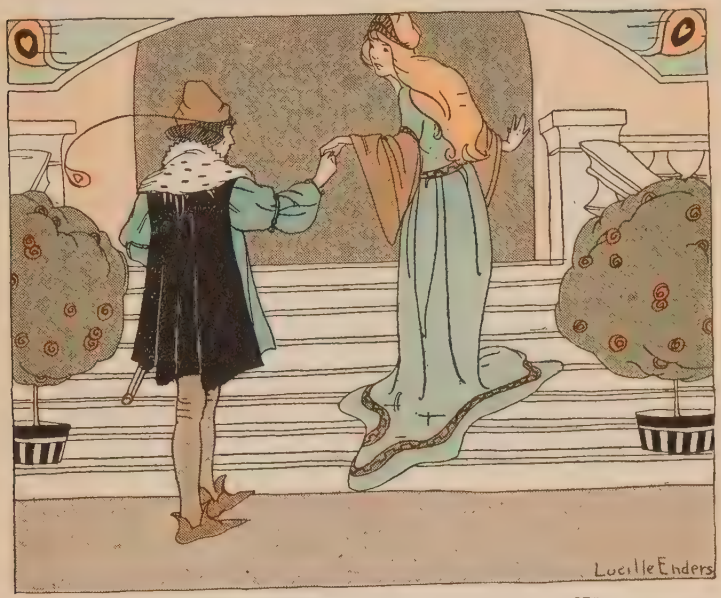
"You shall not die," said Beauty. "You must live for me, for I can never forget your kindness and can never be happy without you. I have come to stay with you as long as we both live."

"Then will you marry me?" said the Beast delightedly.

"Yes, live and be my husband, for I love you with all my heart," was the reply of Beauty.

Like a flash of lightning, every window in the palace was illuminated, torches blazed out in the garden, and all the place took on a festal appear-

ance, while sweet music filled the air. Beauty gazed about her in astonishment, and then turned her eyes to the ground, where to her amazement no Beast could she find. As she looked up with a great fear in her heart, she was still more astounded to see standing before her the beautiful prince of her dreams.



BEAUTY TOOK THE PRINCE BY THE HAND

"O, where is my poor Beast?" she asked the prince anxiously. "I want my Beast. He has become everything to me."

"I was the Beast," said the prince. "A wicked fairy changed me into that hideous form, in which I was to remain until some kind and gentle maiden loved me enough to marry me in spite of my ugliness."

Filled with joy, Beauty took the prince by the hand and turned toward the palace, while on every side voices called out, "Long life and happiness to our prince and his fair bride." When they had entered the palace, they met Beauty's father and were promptly married, and began the long life of happiness in which they never forgot that kindness and sympathy had brought them all their joy.

THE HORSE AND THE STAG

ONE day the Horse and the Stag had a quarrel, in which the Horse was beaten. Although the Horse tried his best, he could find no way to revenge himself upon his enemy until he applied to a man for help.

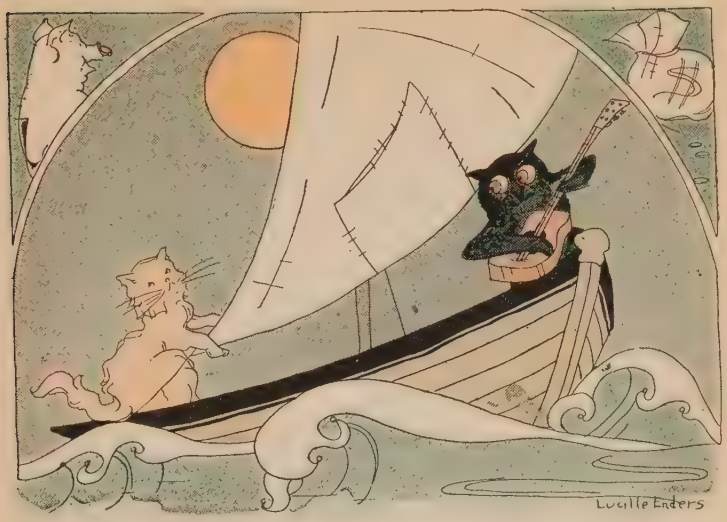
The man said promptly, "I can tell you how we will do it. You let me saddle and bridle you, and then you can carry me till we overtake the Stag, when I can easily kill him."

The angry Horse consented, and the Stag was killed.

The Horse neighed with joy, and cried out, "Now take off this heavy saddle, this iron bit, and the bridle that galls me so. I want to run back and tell my family."

"No, no," said the man; "you are much too useful to me as you are."

Always afterward the Horse served the man, and he found that his revenge had cost him his liberty.



THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

By EDWARD LEAR

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"Oh, lovely Pussy! Oh, Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are—
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married—too long we have tarried—
But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose—
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

TIME TO RISE

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepyhead!"

No boy likes to be called a sleepyhead, but none can read Stevenson's funny little stanza without smiling.

THE ENCHANTED STAG

By WILHELM AND JAKOB GRIMM

THERE were once a brother and sister who loved each other dearly; their mother was dead, and their father had married a woman who was most unkind and cruel to them. One day the boy took his sister's hand and said to her, "Dear little sister, since our mother died we have not had one happy hour. Our stepmother gives us dry, hard crusts for dinner and supper; she often knocks us about, and threatens to kick us out of the house. Even the little dogs under the table fare better than we do, for she often throws them nice pieces to eat. Heaven pity us! O, if our dear mother knew! Come, let us go out into the wide world!"

So they went out, and wandered over fields and meadows the whole day till evening. At last they found themselves in a large forest; it began to rain, and the little sister said, "See, brother, heaven and our hearts weep together."

Finally, tired out with hunger and sorrow and the long journey, they crept into a hollow tree, laid themselves down, and slept till morning. When they awoke the sun was high in the heavens, and shone brightly into the hollow tree, so they left their place of shelter and wandered away in search of water.

"O, I am so thirsty!" said the boy. "If we could only find a brook or a stream!" He stopped to listen, and said, "Stay, I think I hear a running stream." So he took his sister by the hand, and they ran together to find it.

Now, the stepmother of these poor children was a wicked witch. She had seen the children go away, and following them cautiously like a snake, had bewitched all the springs and streams in the forest. The pleasant trickling of a brook over the pebbles was heard by the children as they reached it, and the boy was just stooping to drink when the sister heard in the babbling of the brook:

"Whoever drinks of me,
A tiger soon will be."

Then she cried quickly, "Stay, brother, stay! Do not drink, or you will become a wild beast and tear me to pieces."

Thirsty as he was, at her words the brother conquered his desire to drink, and said, "Dear sister, I will wait till we come to a spring." So they wan-

dered farther, but as they approached she heard in the bubbling spring the words:

"Who drinks of me,
A wolf will be."

"Brother, I pray you, do not drink of this spring; you will be changed into a wolf and devour me."

Again the brother denied himself and promised to wait; but he said, "At the next stream I must drink, say what you will, my thirst is so great."

Not far off ran a pretty streamlet, looking clear and bright; but here also in the murmuring waters the sister heard the words:

"Who dares to drink of me,
Turned to a stag will be."

"Dear brother, do not drink," she began; but she was too late, for her brother had already knelt by the stream to drink, and as the first drop of water touched his lips he became a fawn. How the little sister wept over her enchanted brother, and how the fawn wept also!

He did not run away, but stayed close to her; and at last she said, "Stand still, dear fawn; don't fear; I must take care of you, but I will never leave you."

So she untied her little golden garter and fastened it round the neck of the fawn; then she gathered some soft green rushes and braided them into a string which she fastened to the fawn's golden collar. She then led him away into the forest.

After wandering about for some time they at last found a little deserted hut, and the sister was overjoyed, for she thought it would form a nice shelter for them both. So she led the fawn in and then went

out alone to gather moss and dried leaves to make him a soft bed.

Every morning she went out to gather dried roots, nuts, and berries for her own food, and sweet, fresh grass for the fawn, which he ate out of her hand, and the poor little animal went out with her and played about, as happy as the day was long.

When evening came and the poor sister felt tired, she would kneel down and say her prayers, and then lay her delicate head on the fawn's back, which was a soft, warm pillow on which she could sleep peacefully. Had this dear brother only kept his own proper form, how happy they would have been together! After they had been alone in the forest for some time and the little sister had grown a lovely maiden and the fawn a large stag, a numerous hunting party came to the forest, and among them the king of the country.

The sounding horn, the barking of the dogs, the halloo of the huntsmen, resounded through the forest, and were heard by the stag, who became eager to join his companions.

"O, dear!" he said, "do let me go and see the hunt; I cannot restrain myself." And he begged so hard that at last she reluctantly consented.

"But remember," she said, "I must lock the cottage door against those huntsmen, so when you come back in the evening and knock, I shall not admit you unless you say, 'Dear little sister, let me in.' "

He bounded off as she spoke, scarcely stopping to listen, for it was so delightful for him again to breathe the fresh air and be free.

He had not run far when the king's chief hunter caught sight of the beautiful animal, and started off

in chase of him; but it was no easy matter to overtake so rapid an animal. Once, when the hunter thought he had him safe, the fawn sprang over the bushes and disappeared.

As it was now nearly dark he ran up to the little cottage, knocked at the door and cried, "Dear little sister, let me in!"

The door was instantly opened, and oh, how glad his sister was to see him safely resting on his soft, pleasant bed!

A few days after this the huntsmen were again in the forest; and when the fawn heard the halloo he could not rest in peace, but begged his sister again to let him go.

She opened the door and said, "I will let you go this time; but pray do not forget to say what I told you when you return this evening."

The chief hunter very soon espied the beautiful fawn with the golden collar, pointed it out to the king, and they determined to hunt it.

They chased him with all their skill till the evening; but he was too light and nimble for them to catch, till a shot wounded him slightly in the foot, so that he was obliged to hide himself in the bushes. After the huntsmen were gone, he limped slowly home.

One of them, however, determined to follow him at a distance and discover where he went. What was his surprise at seeing him go up to a door and knock, and at hearing him say, "Dear little sister, let me in." The door was opened only a little way, and was quickly shut; but the huntsman had seen enough to make him full of wonder, and he returned and described to the king what he had seen.

"We will have one more chase to-morrow," said the king, "and discover this mystery."

In the meantime the loving sister was terribly alarmed at finding the stag's foot wounded and bleeding. She quickly washed off the blood, and after bathing the wound, placed healing herbs on it, and said, "Lie down on your bed, dear fawn; the wound will soon heal, if you rest your foot."

In the morning the wound was so much better that the stag felt the foot almost as strong as ever, and so, when he again heard the halloo of the hunters, he could not rest. "O, dear sister, I must go once more; it will be easy for me to avoid the hunters now, and my foot feels quite well; they will not hunt me unless they see me running, and I don't mean to do that."

But his sister wept, and begged him not to go. "If they kill you, dear fawn, I shall be here alone in the forest, forsaken by the whole world."

"And I shall die of grief," he said, "if I remain here listening to the hunter's horn."

So at length his sister, with a heavy heart, set him free, and he bounded away joyfully into the forest.

As soon as the king caught sight of him he said to the huntsmen, "Follow that stag about, but don't hurt him."

So they hunted him all day, but at the approach of sunset the king said to the hunter who had followed the fawn the day before, "Come and show me the little cottage."

So they went together, and when the king saw it he sent his companion home, and went on alone so quickly that he arrived there before the fawn; and

going up to the little door, knocked and said softly, "Dear little sister, let me in!"

As the door opened the king stepped in, and in great astonishment saw a maiden more beautiful than he had ever seen in his life standing before him. But how frightened she felt to see, instead of her red fawn, a noble gentleman with a gold crown on his head!

However, he appeared very friendly, and after a little talk he held out his hand to her, and said, "Will you go with me to my castle and be my dear wife?"

"Ah, yes," replied the maiden, "I would willingly go; but I cannot leave my dear fawn; he must go with me wherever I am."

"He shall remain with you as long as you live," replied the king, "and I will never ask you to forsake him."

While they were talking the fawn came bounding in, looking quite well and happy. Then his sister fastened the string of rushes to his collar, took it in her hand, and led him away from the cottage in the wood to where the king's beautiful horse waited for him.

The king placed the maiden before him on his horse and rode away to his castle, the fawn running by their side. Soon after, their marriage was celebrated with great splendor, and the fawn was taken the greatest care of, and played where he pleased, or roamed about the castle grounds in happiness and safety.

In the meantime the wicked stepmother, who had caused these two young people such misery, supposed that the sister had been devoured by wild

beasts and that the fawn had been hunted to death. Therefore, when she heard of their happiness, such envy and malice arose in her heart that she could find no rest till she had tried to destroy it.

She and her ugly daughter came to the castle when the queen had a little baby, and one of them pretended to be a nurse, and at last they got the mother and child into their power.

They shut the queen up in the bath and tried to suffocate her, and the old woman put her own ugly daughter in the queen's bed, that the king might not know she was away.

The daughter would not, however, let the king speak to her, but pretended that she must be kept quite quiet.

The queen soon escaped from the bathroom, where the wicked old woman had shut her up, but she did not go far, as she wanted to watch over her child and the fawn.

For two nights the baby's nurse saw a figure like the queen come into the room and take up her baby and nurse it. Then she told the king, and he determined to watch himself.

The old stepmother, who acted as nurse to her ugly daughter, had said that the queen was too weak to see him, and never left her room.

"There cannot be two queens," said the king to himself, "so to-night I will watch in the nursery."

As soon as the figure came in and took up her baby, he saw it was his real wife, and caught her in his arms, saying, "You are my own beloved wife, as beautiful and as well as ever."

The wicked witch had thrown the queen into a trance, hoping she would die, and that the king

would then marry her daughter; but when the king spoke to her, the spell was broken. The queen told the king how cruelly she had been treated by her stepmother, and on hearing this he became very angry, and had the witch and her daughter brought to justice. They were both sentenced to die; the daughter to be devoured by wild beasts, and the mother to be burned alive.

No sooner, however, was the witch reduced to ashes than the charm which held the queen's brother in the form of a stag was broken; he recovered his own natural shape, and appeared before them a tall, handsome young man.

After this the brother and sister lived happily and peacefully for the rest of their lives.

KEEPSAKE MILL

By Robert Louis Stevenson

OVER the borders, a sin without pardon,
Breaking the branches and crawling below,
Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,
Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
Here is the sluice with the race running under—
Marvelous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
Stiller the note of the birds on the hill;
Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
  Wheel as it wheels for us, children, to-day,
Wheel and keep roaring and foaming forever,
  Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean,
  Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home;
Still we shall find the old mill-wheel in motion,
  Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we quarrelled,
  I with your marble of Saturday last,
Honored and old and all gayly apparelled,
  Here we shall meet and remember the past.

Do you not think this a beautiful little poem? It almost reads itself, or, better, it almost sings itself. If you read it aloud you will hear the music, and music is a large part of poetry.

When we read Stevenson we remember always that he was Scotch, but we know that he belongs as much to us as to the boys and girls of Scotland. We can see that he is Scotch in this poem. For instance, he says *weir* when we would say *mill-dam,* and *sluice* when we would be more likely to say *gate.* Then we might say *work* or *drudgery* in place of *moil.*

Again, our boys are not liable to go to the Indies, but many of the boys of Great Britain go to the British possessions in India, and they think more of the army and navy than our boys do in the United States. But they all come back, just as we do, to the places loved in childhood, and they remember their little keepsakes when they come—the bean or the marble that meant so much then.

Read this poem to your parents—they will appreciate it more than you do now, and will tell you that when you have grown older and have children of your own you will love *Keepsake Mill* better than you do now.

FOREIGN CHILDREN

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

THE GOLDEN BIRD

By WILHELM AND JAKOB GRIMM

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who had a beautiful pleasure garden behind his castle, in which grew a tree which bore golden apples; as the apples ripened they were counted, and every morning one would be missing. The king noticed this, and ordered that every night watch should be kept under the tree.

The king had three sons, and he sent the eldest to watch in the garden for the first night, but when midnight came he could not keep himself awake, and the next morning another apple was missing. On the following night the second son tried to watch, but he succeeded no better; after struggling to keep awake for twelve hours he slept one, and in the morning, as usual, an apple was missed.

Now came the turn of the third son to watch, but at first the king did not trust him; he thought he would be as unsuccessful as his brothers. At length, however, he gave him permission. The youth laid himself down under the tree and watched, but he did not allow sleep to gain the mastery over him, and as the clock struck twelve he heard a sound of rushing wings through the air, and presently a bird flew by with plumage that glittered like gold. The bird

alighted on the tree and was plucking an apple, when the young man raised his gun and fired. The bird escaped, but the shot had touched its plumage, and one of its golden feathers fell to the earth.

The youth picked it up, and the next morning carried it to the king and related to him what he had seen during the night. The king assembled his counselors and laid the whole case before them, and they all declared that such a feather as the bird had dropped was of more value than the whole kingdom. "If one feather is so costly," cried the king, "whether I have help or not, I must and will have the whole bird!"

Then the eldest son, relying on his own cleverness, set out on a journey to find the bird, and felt sure he should do so very quickly. He had not gone far when he came to the borders of a wood, where he saw a fox, and immediately presented his gun at him. "Do not shoot me," cried the fox; "I can give you good advice. I know you are searching for the golden bird, and if you keep straight on you will arrive toward evening at a little village in which there are two inns on exactly opposite sides of the road. You will find one lighted up brightly and with all sorts of amusement and gayety going on, but do not enter there; go to the other inn, however dark and dismal it may appear to you."

"Why should I listen to the advice of an ignorant animal, however cunning he may be?" thought the young man; yet he followed the fox, who stretched

out his bushy tail and darted off quickly through the wood.

After walking a long time he came toward evening to a village, and there stood both the inns, as the fox had said. In one, which was brilliantly lighted up, he heard music and dancing, but the other had a dark, gloomy, sorrowful appearance.

"I should be a fool, indeed," said the young man, "if I went to such a dismal old lumber place as that, instead of to this, which looks so bright and cheerful."

So he walked into the attractive house, and lived there in such sumptuous luxury and dissipation that he soon forgot not only the golden bird, but his father, and the lessons he had been taught at home.

As time went on and the oldest son did not return, the second son offered to do what he could; so he set out on his way to find the golden bird. As the eldest had done, he also met a fox, who gave him the same advice, to which he paid no attention.

When he arrived at the two hotels, his brother, who was standing at one of the windows from which sounds of merriment issued, saw him pass, and called to him to come in. He could not withstand this invitation, so he entered, and was very soon, like his brother, living a life of pleasure and luxury only.

Again the time passed on, and the youngest brother, finding the others did not return, offered to go and seek for them; but his father would not give him permission.

"You are less likely to find the golden bird than your brothers," he said; "for if any misfortune should happen to them they know how to take care of themselves, and will not fail to act for the best."

But at last, as the brothers did not return, and the king became anxious, he allowed the youngest to go. At the entrance to the wood the fox again appeared, begged to have his life spared, and offered the third brother the same advice. The youth had plenty of courage, and he said, "Make yourself quite easy, dear fox; I will do you no harm."

"Neither shall you repent of your kindness," answered the fox; "and that you may go very fast on your journey, just climb up behind on my tail."

THE FOX AIDS THE YOUNGEST BROTHER

No sooner was the youth seated than the fox began to run, and they went so fast over sticks and stones that the wind whistled through his hair. As soon as they arrived near the village the young man slipped from the fox's back, and following his good advice turned without being seen into the humble-looking inn, and remained there for the night.

The next morning he rose and went out into the fields, and there was the fox waiting for him. "I will tell you what to do next," he said when the youth appeared. "You must go straight on from here till you come to a castle, before which you will

find a whole band of soldiers lying down; but do not trouble yourself about that, for they will all be asleep and snoring. So pass in between them and enter the castle, and go through all the rooms. At last you will reach a chamber in which hangs a golden bird in a wooden cage. Near it stands an empty cage, made of gold, for show; but be careful while you are taking the golden bird out of his common cage to put him into the handsome one, or he may do you some harm."

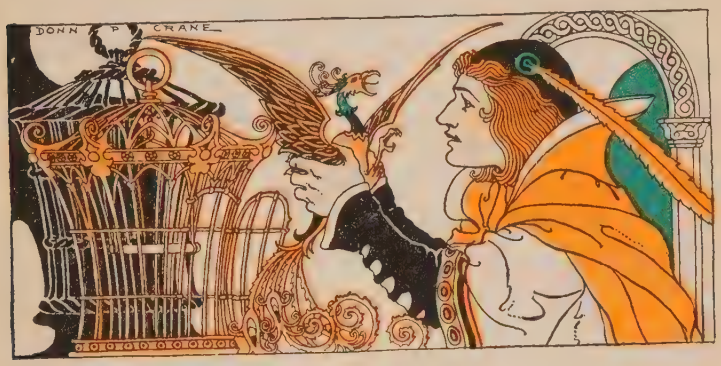
At these words the fox again stretched out his tail, the king's son seated himself on it, and away they went like the wind.

As soon as they arrived at the castle the young prince found all as the fox had told him. He passed the sleeping soldiers safely, entered the castle, and walked from room to room till he reached the chamber in which hung the golden bird in its wicker cage. The gilded cage also hung close by; and on the floor lay the three golden apples which had been plucked from the king's garden while his three sons watched.

The young man felt inclined to laugh at his wonderful success when he opened the mean-looking wicker cage; but he seized the bird rather carelessly while removing it to the gilded cage, and it uttered such a heart-rending scream that the soldiers awoke. Rushing suddenly into the room, they took the king's son off to prison without allowing him to speak.

The next morning he was carried before the judge, who, when he had heard the accusation, passed sentence of death upon him. The matter, however, was laid before the king in whose castle he had found the bird, and he consented to spare the

young man's life on condition that he discovered the golden horse which could run faster than the wind; and he promised that when he brought it to him he should have the golden bird as a reward. The king's son agreed that he would do this; but when they set him free he felt very sorrowful, and sighed deeply as he went on his way.



THE BIRD SCREAMED

"Where and how shall I ever be able to find this golden horse?" he said to himself. At this moment whom should he see sitting by the roadside but his old friend, the fox.

"Cheer up, friend!" said the fox. "Remember, you have not heard yet what I can do. Keep up your courage: I will myself tell you how you may find the golden horse, and lead you to it. You must travel for a long way without turning right or left, till you come to a castle, in one of the stables of which the horse stands. Near the stable many grooms and stable-boys will be lying about; but they will be asleep and snoring, and you can quietly lead the golden horse out. But you must be careful to place on the horse the common saddle, made of wool

and leather, not the gilded one which hangs near it, or some harm will happen to you."

Then the fox stretched out his tail, and the king's son seated himself upon it, and away they went again like the wind.

Everything occurred as the fox had said, and he soon reached the stable where the golden horse stood; but as he was going to put on the common leather saddle, he thought to himself, "Such a beautiful horse as this ought not to have a common saddle on his back; it is not suitable for him." But no sooner had he touched the golden saddle than the horse began to neigh as loud as he could.

The grooms and stable-boys awoke, seized the young man, and carried him off to prison. The next morning he was again brought before the justice and condemned to die. This time when he appealed to the king, the king promised to grant him his life if he could bring the beautiful princess from the golden castle.

With a heavy heart the young man started on what appeared to him a hopeless journey, when, to his good fortune, he again met the faithful fox waiting for him.

"I should now leave you to your fate," said he, "for not following my directions; but I feel compassion for you, and once more I will help you out of your trouble. To find the golden castle you must keep straight on, without turning right or left, and you will arrive there about sunset. Late in the evening the princess, when all is still, will go alone through the garden to the bath. You must conceal yourself, and as she passes spring out upon her, and give her a kiss. Then she will follow you, and you

can easily carry her away; but on no account allow her to stay to say farewell to her parents. If you do so, evil will befall you." Then the fox stretched out his tail, the king's son seated himself upon it, and away they went like the wind.

When he came near the castle he found everything as the fox had described. He waited till midnight, when every one slept, and then, as he heard the footsteps of the beautiful young princess coming toward the bath, he hid himself till she came near, when he sprang out and gave her a kiss. She was terribly frightened, but he talked gently to her, and after a while she promised to go away with him if he would only allow her to take leave of her parents. He refused at first, but she prayed and wept piteously, and fell at his feet, begging him to grant her request, so that at last he could not withstand her tears, and gave his consent.

No sooner, however, had the young maiden entered her parents' chamber than every inhabitant of the golden castle awoke; the servants went out, found the young man, and took him prisoner.

The next morning the king of the golden castle sent for him and said, "Your life is forfeited, and you can only obtain pardon by removing that mountain which lies before my window, and over which I cannot see the distant country; and this task must be finished in eight days. If you succeed, then you shall have my daughter as a reward."

The king's son went out directly and began digging and shoveling with all his might. Night and day he worked without any success; all he did seemed lost, and when the seventh day arrived he gave up hope, and was overcome with sorrow.

On the evening of the seventh day the fox presented himself to the mourner. "You do not deserve that I should take any notice of you," he said; "but go away now and get a little sleep. I will finish your task for you."

The next morning, when they all arose and looked out of the window, the mountain had vanished.

The young man hastened, full of joy, to the king, and informed him that he had completed the condition imposed upon him. The king, therefore, whether he would or not, was obliged to keep his word and give him his daughter.

Then the two went out together to find the fox, and they did not wait long before the faithful animal made his appearance.

"This is, indeed, the best of your performances," said the fox; "but remember that the golden horse belongs to the young lady of the golden castle!"

"How am I to get it?" asked the prince.

"I will tell you this also," he replied. "First take the beautiful princess to the king who sent you to the golden castle; he will be so overjoyed that he will at once give you the golden horse, as he promised. When the horse is brought to the door, hold out your hand to every one present to say farewell, and leave the princess till the last. Then, as soon as you take her hand to wish her good-bye, hold it fast, and with a spring lift her on your horse, and ride away with her. None of those who stand by you will attempt to overtake you, for the golden horse runs swifter than the wind."

All this happily came to pass, and the young prince galloped off with the beautiful maiden far away from all pursuers.

THE KING'S SON RODE AWAY WITH THE MAIDEN AND THE BIRD

But the fox was not far behind when they stopped, so he came up to them and said, "Now I will help you to get the golden bird. When you approach the castle where it is concealed, you must leave the young lady under my protection and ride into the castle court with your golden horse. They will all be so delighted at seeing the beautiful animal that they will bring out the golden bird to you; and as soon as you have the cage in your hand, then ride back to us and fetch the beautiful princess."

Everything happened as they expected, and the king's son, lifting the young maiden on the horse, was quite ready to ride home with his treasures.

"And now," said the fox, "what reward am I to have for my assistance to you?"

"What do you wish for?" asked the young man.

"I wish," he replied, "that when you reach the

wood where you first saw me, you will shoot me dead and cut off my head and feet."

"That would indeed be a pleasant way of showing my gratitude," said the king's son; "but it is an impossibility for me to do so."

"Then," replied the fox, "if you will not do it, I must leave you here; but before I go I will once more give you good advice. For two miles be very careful of yourselves; on no account sit on the edge of a well, and do not buy gallows meat." After saying these words the fox ran away into the wood.

"What a wonderful animal that is!" said the young man to himself, "and what curious, strange whims he has! Who ever would think of buying gallows flesh? and the wish to sit on the edge of a well would never occur to me."

So he rode away with the beautiful princess. The road led him through the village in which his two brothers were staying, and on arriving there he heard a great noise, and saw the people running about. Upon inquiring what was the matter he was told that two people were going to be hung; and as he drew nearer he saw that they were his two brothers, who had committed all sorts of wicked actions, and wasted and spent all their property.

Eagerly he asked if he could not set them free and save them.

"If you will pay a ransom for them you can," answered the crowd; "but why should you give your gold for two wicked men who deserve to be hung?"

But the younger brother did not listen to this; he paid the ransom for them, set them free, and told them to travel home with him.

When they reached the wood where each of them had first met the fox, it was so cool and pleasant, and so sheltered from the burning sun, that the elder brothers said, "Let us stay here and rest for a time, while we take something to eat and drink." The younger brother was quite willing; he alighted from his horse, and when one of them asked him to sit on the brink of the well with him he readily consented, quite forgetting the warning and his promise to the fox. He had scarcely seated himself, when his two brothers suddenly turned upon him and pushed him backward into the well.

Then they started up, took possession of the young princess, the golden horse, and the golden bird, and traveled quickly home to their father.

"We have brought home not only the golden bird," they said, "but the golden horse and the young princess from the golden castle, as booty."

There was great rejoicing over their arrival at first; but it caused much anxiety when it was found that the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the young maiden only sat and wept.

The younger brother, however, was not dead. Fortunately the well was dry, and he fell on the soft moss without receiving the least injury. He could not, however, get out without help, and help was at hand, for in his trouble the faithful fox did not forsake him. He came to the well, and, after looking over, he jumped down to him and began to scold him well for having forgotten his advice.

"I cannot, however, leave you here," he said; "I will help you again into the daylight."

So he told the young man to lay hold tightly by his tail, and then the fox climbed up and dragged

the young man after him. "You are still in danger," he said; "for your brothers, not being sure of your death, have placed watchers about the wood to kill you if they see you."

Presently the king's son saw a poor man sitting under a tree, begging. "Change clothes with him," whispered the fox, and then ran away.

The man was very ready to make the exchange, and then the younger brother took his way as a poor beggar across the fields, till he came to the court-yard of his father's castle. No one recognized him, so he went on still closer to the windows, and asked for alms. In a moment the bird in the cage began to sing, the horse in the stable ate his corn, and the beautiful young maiden ceased to weep.

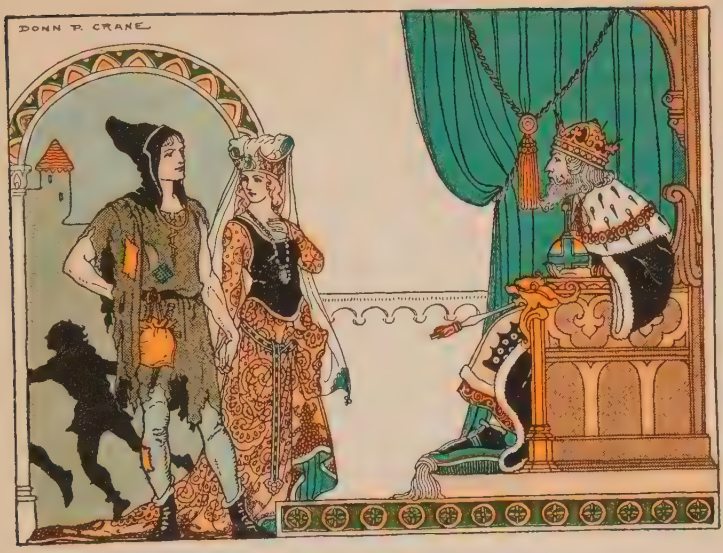
"What is the meaning of this?" asked the king, in wonder.

Then said the maiden, "I cannot tell why, but I have been so sad, and now I feel quite happy. It is as if my real bridegroom had returned."

At length she determined to tell the king all that had occurred, although the other brothers had threatened to kill her if she betrayed them.

The king upon this ordered every one in the castle to appear before him, and among them came the poor man in ragged clothes. The princess recognized him immediately, and fell on his neck and wept for joy to find him alive. The king also recognized his youngest son after he had thrown off his disguise. Then the brothers were brought to justice and punished, while the youngest married the beautiful princess, and was named as the king's successor.

We must now hear what became of the poor fox.



THE KING WELCOMED HIS YOUNGEST SON

Not long after, the king's son met him and the fox said, "You have everything that you can wish for in the world, but to my misfortunes there appears no end, although you have the power of setting me free;" and once more he begged so earnestly to be shot dead, and to have his head and feet cut off, that the king's son at last, with sorrow, consented. What was his surprise as soon as he had finished the painful task to see a fine, tall young man stand up in the place of the fox, who was no other than the brother of the beautiful princess, whom the king's son had at last set free from the enchantment that lay upon him.

After this nothing ever happened to interfere with their happiness and good fortune.

LADY BUTTON-EYES*

By EUGENE FIELD

WHEN the busy day is done
And my weary little one
Rocketh gently to and fro;
When the night winds softly blow,
And the crickets in the glen
Chirp and chirp and chirp again;
When upon the haunted green
Fairies dance around their queen—
Then from yonder misty skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Through the murk and mist and gloam
To our quiet, cozy home,
Where to singing, sweet and low,
Rocks a cradle to and fro;
Where the clock's dull monotone
Telleth of the day that's done;
Where the moonbeams hover o'er
Playthings sleeping on the floor—
Where my weary wee one lies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Cometh like a fleeting ghost
From some distant eerie coast;
Never footfall can you hear
As that spirit fareth near—
Never whisper, never word

*From "Love-Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

From that shadow-queen is heard.
In ethereal raiment dight,
From the realm of fay and sprite
In the depth of yonder skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Layeth she her hands upon
My dear weary little one,
And those white hands overspread
Like a veil the curly head,
Seem to fondle and caress
Every little silken tress;
Then she smooths the eyelids down
Over those two eyes of brown—
In such soothing, tender wise
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Dearest, feel upon your brow
That caressing magic now;
For the crickets in the glen
Chirp and chirp and chirp again,
While upon the haunted green
Fairies dance around their queen,
And the moonbeams hover o'er
Playthings sleeping on the floor—
Hush, my sweet! from yonder skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes!

THE WONDERFUL GIFTS

Adapted by Anna McCaleb

UP in cold, northern Europe lived a people who were known as the Norsemen. They believed that there were many gods, all of them very powerful and very wise, and most of them very good. However, there was one god, named Loki, who was full of mischief, and who was always getting himself and the other gods into trouble.

Thor, the great, good-natured thunder-god, was very proud of his strength and of the way people loved him; but most of all, he was proud of his wife, Sif, and of her beautiful hair. He would never let her twist her hair up into a knot—she always wore it loose or braided into one great golden-yellow braid, so that he could see it all at once.

One day when Thor was away from his palace, managing a thunderstorm, Sif lay down to take a nap. Her hair fell down over the side of the couch and attracted the notice of Loki, who was sneaking past looking into all the windows. Very quietly he stole into the room, very quietly he drew out a sharp knife and cut off all of Sif's golden hair. Then he stole out again, chuckling to himself. When Sif wakened and sat up, her head felt strange and light; and when she put up her hand to find out what was wrong, she discovered that her head was all soft and downy, just like a little chicken. She cried and

cried, for she could not bear to think of what Thor would say when he came home; and when she really heard him coming, she ran and hid herself behind a pillar.

Always before she had met her husband at the door, and he was frightened when he came into the palace and did not see her.

"Sif! Sif!" he called, but there was no answer. When at last he heard some one crying, he went and looked behind the pillar where the crying seemed to come from, and there was poor Sif, trying to hide her fuzzy head with her hands. Although Thor was a good-natured god, he could get angry, and this was one of the times when he did so.

"That wicked thief of a Loki has done this," he cried, and at once he hurried after the mischief-maker to punish him. It took him some time to discover him, but when he did, his wrath was terrible to see.

"You sneaking thief," he cried, "I'll teach you to come into my palace and steal my chief treasure. If you don't put Sif's hair back on her head at once, I'll choke you to death."

"Please, please," gasped Loki, scarcely able to speak with Thor's great hand gripping his throat, "let me go. You know it isn't possible to make the hair grow again; and besides, I scattered it all over the earth, and I could never find it."

"Very well, then," answered Thor. "You will have to get some more hair for Sif, and that right soon, or your life will be worthless." And away he strode, not waiting for Loki to make any excuse.

This was really not such an impossible task for Loki. He knew well where the black dwarfs lived,

and he knew, too, that the making of a head of golden hair would not be at all hard for them. Down to their blacksmith shop, far underground, he went, and a gloomy place it was, to be sure. But in this gloomy place there were heaps and heaps of gold and silver and diamonds and rubies and emeralds; for all the precious things hidden in the earth belonged to the ugly little black dwarfs.

When they heard what Loki wanted, they brought some of their finest, softest gold, which they quickly drew out into long, fine threads, as fine as the hair Loki had stolen from Sif. After making a great, great number of these threads, they wove them into a thick braid, and gave this to Loki.

"When this is placed near Sif's head," they explained, "it will begin to grow just like real hair, but it will always be gold."

"And now," said Loki, "can't you make me a present for Odin, the king of gods, and for Frey, the god of the sunshine, so that they may not be angry with me?"

Again the dwarfs set to work, and soon they handed to Loki the two gifts. These were a spear, called Gungnir, and a ship, called Skidbladnir, and most wonderful gifts they were.

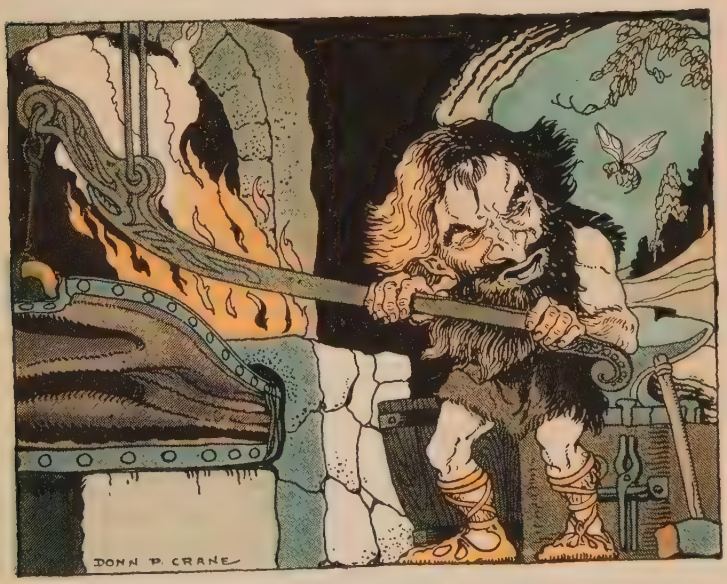
"If you shut your eyes and just throw the spear, without taking aim at all," said the dwarfs, "it always will hit whatever you want it to; it cannot fail. And the ship, though it is now so small that you can put it into your pocket, can be made large enough to hold all the gods; and besides that, it always will sail off in the right direction, no matter which way the wind may be blowing."

Loki was a great boaster, and now that he had

something really worth boasting about, he stopped every one he met and said:

"I have here the most wonderful things that ever were made or ever will be made."

At last the dwarf Brock, who belonged to a different family from those dwarfs who had helped Loki, heard his speech and cried out:



BROCK AT THE FORGE

"I don't care what you have, or who made it; it's not as wonderful as the things my brother Sindri can make. He's the finest workman in all the world."

"I'll bet my head against your head," said Loki, laughing, "that he can't make anything to equal what I have here."

"Wait and see," said Brock, and off he hurried to

his brother's smithy, which was underground, like that of the other dwarfs.

Sindri wasn't at all frightened when he heard Brock's story; he knew what he could do. But he didn't go about it in the way most blacksmiths would have done. First, he took a pig's skin and laid it on his great fire.

"Now," he said to Brock, "you blow the bellows until I come back. Don't stop, no matter what happens, or everything will be spoiled." And away he went.

Now Loki, although he had been so sure, did not intend to take any chances. Therefore, he changed himself into a great gadfly and came buzzing into the smithy. Around and around he flew, and at last he settled on Brock's hand. The pain was very bad, and the poor little dwarf gritted his teeth; but he never stopped working the bellows. The harder the gadfly stung, the harder he blew, and Sindri, when he returned, said:

"You're a brave brother. Now let's see what we have;" and he drew from the fire a shining golden boar, named Gullin-bursti, which means Gold-bristle.

Brock was a little disappointed, but he said nothing; and when Sindri had thrown into the fire a lump of fine gold, Brock seized the bellows and began to blow—blow—blow. Again the gadfly came, and this time it settled on Brock's neck. The pain was worse than before, and Brock could not keep from crying out; but still he gritted his teeth and kept his hold on the bellows.

This time Sindri, when he returned, took out a beautiful gold ring, made like a serpent with its tail

in its mouth, and with glittering green stones for eyes.

The poor little dwarf who had wagered his head began to be somewhat scared—the gifts were beautiful but he saw nothing very wonderful about them.

However, he kept still, and presently, when Sindri had gone, he began to blow the fire, into which had been thrown a lump of iron. No sooner had he begun than the gadfly came buzzing in again and settled just above his eye. Brock would never have stopped for the pain, but when a stream of blood began to run down into his eye, it blinded him and he just had to put up his hand and wipe it away. Then Loki, in his gadfly shape, flew away, thinking that he had surely spoiled the dwarf's chances.

And indeed, when Sindri came back, he was very angry.

"You may have spoiled everything and lost your head by stopping," he cried. "I'm half afraid to take this last thing out of the fire."

However, when it was taken out it proved to be a heavy hammer, perfect except for its handle, which was an inch too short.

"And now," Sindri said to Brock, "let me whisper to you the secret of these gifts."

When he had heard what his brother had to tell him about the gifts that had seemed to him so ordinary, the little dwarf capered about for joy. He had begun to fear that his head was no longer his own, but once more it felt safe.

Away he hastened, with his sack on his shoulder, to the kingdom of the gods, and at the great gateway Loki met him. Together they went to the palace and took their stand before the throne.

There sat Odin, the king of the gods, and beside him were Frey, the sun-god, and Thor, who had been watching anxiously for Loki's return. There, too, was Sif, looking very much ashamed of her cropped head, and there were all the other gods and goddesses, looking on.

"Hurry!" exclaimed Thor. "Have you brought that hair for Sif?"

First Loki stepped forward and handed the spear to Odin, explaining that it was a magic spear which could never miss its aim; and mightily pleased was the king of the gods. Then, to Thor, Loki gave the golden hair; and every one present watched while he held it against Sif's head. Everything happened as the dwarfs had promised—the hair grew to her head, and she was more beautiful than she'd ever been before, so that Thor forgave Loki on the spot. Finally, Loki drew out Skidbladnir, the ship, and gave it to Frey. The sun-god laughed with joy when its use was explained to him, and instantly invited everybody to take a sail with him.

"Wait," commanded Odin. "We have not seen the gifts of Brock. They'll have to be very wonderful to please us more than do these."

Unafraid, the dwarf stepped forward.

"From this ring," he said, handing the ring to Odin, "will drop, every ninth night, eight other rings as round and as heavy and as precious as itself."

"Good!" replied Odin. "I can scarce wait until the ninth night comes round that I may see this wonder. I like it even better than Loki's spear."

Then Brock shook his sack and out came Goldbristle, the boar.

"This is for Frey," he said. "On it he can ride

through air and water more swiftly than ever horse galloped or ship sailed. And no matter how dark it is, Frey will always ride in the light, for the bristles of this magic steed give out light like the sun."

"I vote for Brock, too; I like Gullin-bursti better than Skidbladnir," cried Frey, who could pronounce those hard names quite easily.

BROCK GAVE THE HAMMER TO THOR

"And for Thor," went on Brock, "I have this." And he presented the stub-handled hammer.

Thor did not seem very well pleased as he looked from the heavy, ugly hammer to Sif's golden hair; it was plain which he liked better.

"Wait, wait," cried Brock. "Don't speak until you know all about the hammer. No mountain is so hard that this hammer will not split it; no giant is so big or so strong that this hammer will not kill him. Yet it will never hurt you, and no matter how far you throw it, it will always fly back to your hand of its own accord."

Then indeed all the gods set up a great shout, for the giants were their worst enemies, and they wanted nothing else quite so much as protection against these enemies.

"We can overcome the giants," they cried; "Brock has won! Brock has won! Let him have his reward!"

"And now for your head," said the delighted Brock, turning to where Loki had stood but a moment before. But behold! he had disappeared utterly, and in vain Brock hunted for him. Finally he asked Thor to help him in his search.

"Remember who gave you your wonderful hammer," he reminded Thor, and Thor soon found Loki and brought him back squirming, but not abashed.

"All right," said Loki. "Take my head if they all say you've won it. But if you take one-sixteenth of an inch of my neck, you shall die, yourself."

Brock saw that he had been fooled, for of course it wasn't possible to cut off Loki's head without touching his neck. He was bound to punish the

boaster in some way, however, so he borrowed his brother's awl and sewed Loki's lips together with a leather thong, all the gods looking on with laughter.

"That will keep you quiet for a while," he said.

All the gods admitted that it might be a good thing to have Loki forced to keep still, for he made a great deal of trouble by his tale-bearing and bragging and quarreling. But before long Loki managed to cut the string, and then he talked the more and the faster because he had had to keep still for a time.

THE FOX, THE WOLF, AND THE HORSE

A FOX, seeing a Horse for the first time, at once ran to a Wolf, and described the animal.

"It is, perhaps," said the Fox, "some delicious prey that fortune has put in our path. Come with me, and judge for yourself."

Off they ran, and soon came to the Horse.

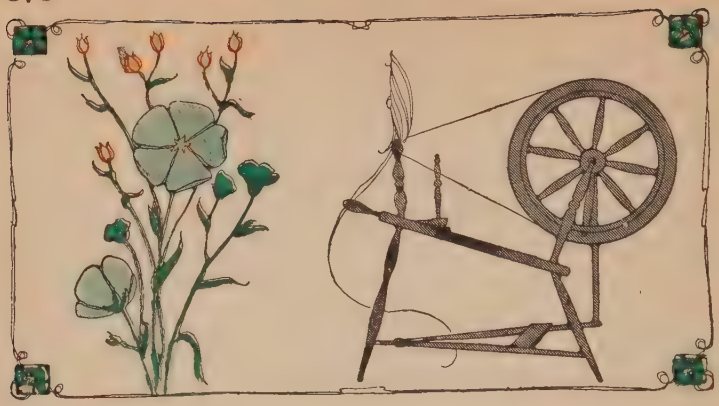
"Sir," said the Fox, "we would learn the name by which you are known to your friends."

The Horse said it was written on his hoofs.

"Gladly would I read it," replied the sly Fox, "but I never learned to read. My companion here, on the contrary, can both read and write."

The Wolf at once went up to examine one of the hoofs which the Horse raised for his convenience; and when he had come near enough, the Horse gave a sudden kick, and back to earth fell the Wolf, his jaw broken and bleeding.

"Well, cousin," cried the Fox, "you need never ask for the Horse's name again."



THE FLAX

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THE Flax stood in blossom; it had pretty little blue flowers, delicate as a moth's wings, and even more delicate. The sun shone on the Flax, and the rain-clouds moistened it, and this was just as good for it as it is for little children to be washed, and afterwards get a kiss from their mother; they become much prettier, and so did the flax.

"The people say that I stand uncommonly well," said the Flax, "and that I'm fine and long, and shall make a capital piece of linen. How happy I am! I'm certainly the happiest of all beings. How well off I am! And I may come to something! How the sunshine gladdens! The rain tastes good and refreshes me! I'm the happiest of beings."

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the Hedge-stake. "You don't know the world, but we do, for we have knots in us;" and then it creaked out mournfully:

"Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellurre!
The song is done."

"No, it is not done," said the Flax. "Tomorrow the sun will shine, or the rain will refresh us. I feel that I'm growing, I feel that I'm in blossom! I'm the happiest of beings."

But one day the people came and took the Flax by the head and pulled it up by the root. That hurt; and it was laid in water as if they were going to drown it, and then put on the fire as if it were going to be roasted. It was quite fearful!

"One can't always have good times," said the Flax. "One must have one's own experiences, and so one gets to know something."

But bad times certainly came. The Flax was moistened and roasted, and broken and hackled. Yes, it did not even know what the operations that it was put through were called. It was put on the spinning wheel—whirr! whirr! whirr—it was not possible to collect one's thoughts!

"I have been uncommonly happy!" it thought in all its pain. "One must be content with the good one has enjoyed! Contented! contented! O!" And it continued to say that when it was put into the loom, and until it became a large, beautiful piece of Linen. All the Flax, to the last stalk, was used in making one piece.

"But this is quite remarkable! I should never have believed it! How favorable fortune is to me! The Hedge-stake was well informed, truly, with its

'Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellurre!'

The song is not done by any means. Now it's beginning in earnest. That's quite remarkable! If I've suffered something, I've been made into some-

thing! I'm the happiest of all! How strong and fine I am, and how white and long! That's something different from being a mere plant; even if one bears flowers, one is not attended to, and only gets watered when it rains. Now I'm attended to and cherished: the maid turns me over every morning, and I get a shower bath from the watering pot every evening. Yes, the clergyman's wife has even made a speech about me, and says I'm the best piece in the whole parish. I cannot be happier!"

Now the Linen was taken into the house, and put under the scissors. How it was cut and torn, and then pricked with needles! That was not pleasant; but twelve napkins were made of it—a whole dozen!

"Just look! Now something has really been made of me! So that was my destiny. That's a real blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, and that's right, that's a true pleasure! We've been made into twelve things, but yet we're all one and the same; we're just a dozen."

Years rolled on, and now they would hold together no longer.

"It must be over one day," said each piece. "I would gladly have held together a little longer, but one must not expect impossibilities."

They were now torn into pieces and fragments. They thought it was all over now, for they were hacked to shreds, and softened and boiled; yes, they themselves did not know all that was done to them; and then they became beautiful white Paper.

"Now, that is a surprise, and a glorious surprise!" said the Paper. "Now, I'm finer than before, and I shall be written on; that is remarkably good fortune!"

And really, the most beautiful stories and verses were written upon it, and only once there came a blot; that was certainly remarkably good fortune. And the people heard what was upon it; it was sensible and good, and made people much more sensible and better: there was a great blessing in the words that were on this Paper.

"That is more than I ever imagined when I was a little blue flower in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever spread joy and knowledge among men? I can't yet understand it myself, but it is really so. I have done nothing but what I was obliged with my weak powers to do for my own preservation, and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honor to another. Each time when I think 'the song is done,' it begins again in a higher and better way. Now I shall certainly be sent about to journey through the world, so that all people may read me. That cannot be otherwise; it's the only probable thing. I've splendid thoughts, as many as I had pretty flowers in the old times. I'm the happiest of beings."

But the Paper was not sent on its travels; it was sent to the printer, and everything that was written upon it was set up in type for a book, or rather for many hundreds of books, for in this way a far greater number could derive pleasure and profit from the book than if the one Paper on which it was written had run about the world, to be worn out before it had gone halfway round.

"Yes, that is certainly the wisest way," thought the Written Paper. "I really did not think of that. I shall stay at home, and be held in honor, just like an old grandfather; and I am really the grandfather

of all these books. Now something can be effected: I could not have wandered about thus. He who wrote all this looked at me; every word flowed from his pen right into me. I am the happiest of all."

Then the Paper was tied together in a bundle, and thrown into a tub that stood in the wash-house.

"It's good resting after work," said the Paper. "It is very right that one should collect one's thoughts. Now I'm able for the first time to think of what is in me, and to know oneself is true progress. What will be done with me now? At any rate I shall go forward again; I'm always going forward. I've found that out."

Now, one day all the Paper was taken out and laid by on the hearth; it was to be burned, for it might not be sold to hucksters to be used for covering for butter and sugar, they said. And all the children in the house stood round about, for they wanted to see the Paper burn, that flamed up so prettily, and that left so many red sparks among the ashes, careering here and there. One after another faded out quick as the wind, and that they called "seeing the children come out of school," and the last spark was the schoolmaster; one of them thought he had already gone, but at the next moment there came another spark. "There goes the schoolmaster!" they said. Yes, they all knew about it; they should have known who it was that went there. We shall get to know it, but they did not. All the old Paper, the whole bundle, was laid upon the fire, and it was soon alight. "Ugh!" it said, and burst out into bright flame. Ugh! that was not very agreeable, but when the whole was wrapped in bright flames, these mounted up higher than the

Flax had ever been able to lift its little blue flowers, and glittered as the white Linen had never been able to glitter. All the written letters turned for a moment quite red, and all the words and thoughts turned to flame.

"Now I'm mounting straight up to the sun," said a voice in the flames; and it was as if a thousand voices said this in unison; and the flames mounted up through the chimney and out at the top, and, more delicate than the flames, invisible to human eyes, little tiny beings floated there, as many as there had been blossoms on the Flax. They were lighter even than the flames from which they were born; and when the flame was extinguished, and nothing remained of the Paper but black ashes, they danced over it once more, and where they touched the black mass the little red sparks appeared. The children came out of school, and the schoolmaster was the last. That was fun! and the children sang over the ashes:

"Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellurre!
The song is done."

But the little invisible beings all said,

"The song is never done, that is the best of all. I know it, and therefore I'm the happiest of all."

But the children could neither hear that nor understand it; nor ought they, for children must not know everything.

THE DUEL*

By EUGENE FIELD

THE gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there: I simply state*
What was told me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,

*From "Love-Songs of Childhood," copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate!*
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
And that is how I came to know.)

THE BALD KNIGHT

A CERTAIN knight, who wore a wig to conceal baldness, was out hunting one day, when a sudden gust of wind carried away his wig.

His friends all laughed heartily at the odd figure he made, but the old fellow, so far from being put out, laughed heartily also. "Is it any wonder," said he, "that another man's hair will not keep on my head when my own would not stay there?"

ATALANTA'S RACE

Adapted by Anna McCaleb

OST fathers and mothers are almost as glad to have a girl baby born into their homes as a baby boy. But sometimes a king who wants a son to reign after him is very sorry when his first baby is a girl. At any rate, this is what happened in the case of Jasius, a king of Arcadia, in Greece. For a long time he had prayed for a son, and when one day his servants said to him, "You have a little daughter," he was very angry.

If he had looked at the child and had seen how beautiful she was, and what bright black eyes she had, he must have loved her, whether he wanted to or not; but without having seen her, he just cried:

"I don't want her. She can never be a king. Take her out on the mountain and let her die."

The baby's mother cried and begged, but the king would have his way, and at last a servant took the pretty baby far from its home and left it on the mountain side.

While the child lay crying from hunger and cold and fright, a big, black bear came along. She sniffed at the child and rolled it over with her paw; but although she was so big and the baby was so little, she never even tried to hurt it. When evening came and the bear went back to her den and to the cubs she had left there, she took the little girl with her, and for a long time the child lived with the bear

family in a cave on the mountain side. Her only playmates were the baby bears. She ate berries and nuts and wild honey, as they did, and she grew quite used to being out in all kinds of weather.

At last, one day, some hunters saw the little girl and took her home with them. She was very lonesome, and cried for her bear playmates, but when the hunters made her a little hunting dress and gave her arrows and a bow and a little spear, she forgot to be lonely and became very happy again. She learned to hunt better than any other girl who had ever lived, and she could shoot an arrow or throw a spear just as straight as a big, strong man. After she grew to be a tall and beautiful girl, she took part in many wonderful adventures which would have frightened any other girl to death, and never once was she hurt. One time she helped some of the bravest and strongest men in all Greece to hunt a great boar, with awful tusks, like knives, and fierce, bloodshot eyes and long, stiff, sharp bristles. When the boar was finally killed, its head and its hide were given to the young huntress, because she had been the first to wound it.

One day when King Jasius of Arcadia was sitting on his golden throne, with his golden crown on his head, a tall girl walked into the room and straight up to the throne.

"Who are you, young woman," demanded the king, "and how dare you come into the palace and even to the steps of my throne?"

"My name is Atalanta," answered the girl, "and I am your daughter. If you don't want me here, I can go right back into the forest where I have grown up."

But the king, when he saw how beautiful and how brave she was (for of course it takes a very brave person to speak in that way to a king), said to himself, "She will be almost as good as a son," and he would not let her live any place but in the palace. And it was not long before every one there became so fond of her that it seemed strange they could ever have lived without her. Many princes came from all parts of Greece and wanted to marry her, but to every one she said, "I don't want to get married, and I'm not going to do anything I don't want to do."

"But, my dear child," said old King Jasius, "who ever heard of a princess without a husband? They always marry, and you'll just have to do it."

Atalanta pouted.

"But I don't *want* a husband," she said. "I like men to go hunting with, but I'm sure I couldn't bear to have one around all the time and to know that he was my husband."

Finally, however, when the king insisted and insisted, she thought of a way out.

"I'll marry any man," she said, "who can beat me in a foot race."

"That's fair enough," replied the king. "I'll send word to all the princes, and we'll have a great race."

"There's one thing more," added Atalanta. "Every man who tries and is beaten in the race must allow himself to be put to death."

She wasn't really such a cruel princess, but she thought that if the young men knew they would die if they failed, they would all go away and let her alone.

Her father looked very serious, but at last he said:

"Well, any one who will risk his life in that way is a fool, and deserves to die."

Word was sent to all the princes, but the most of them thought that while they loved Atalanta very much, they loved life even more, and they stayed away. Some of the princes, however, liked Atalanta so well that they could not bear to give her up without a trial, and when the day came for the first race, a number of strong young men were ready to try their luck. Every day a race was run, and every day, at the end of the race, some poor man had to lose his head. For no matter how strong they were, or how fast they could run, Atalanta beat them all easily. At last the people who watched the races began to feel that there had been enough blood shed, and to wonder if, after all, Atalanta were quite such a nice princess as they had thought her. Atalanta herself was very sorry for the foolish young men, but she could not stop now, for when a princess had once said she would do a thing, it was thought the worst sin in the world for her not to do it.

Now, among the princes who came there was one, named Hippomenes, who did not come to race. He had never seen Atalanta, and King Jasius had asked him to be there just to act as judge—that is, to watch the races and see who really came out ahead. The day before the first race Hippomenes went about telling the other princes how foolish he thought they were to risk their lives for such a thing.

"I should never be so foolish," he said. "No matter how beautiful and how rich the princess may be, she can't be as beautiful and as rich as the life I intend to lead."

But he never said such things after that first day. For when Atalanta stood up beside a brave young prince, ready for the first race, she looked so lovely, with her red cheeks and bright eyes and wind-blown hair, that Hippomenes fell in love with her on the spot. And as he watched her running and saw how graceful she was, he loved her more and more. Each day as he watched the race he found himself hoping that she would win, because he could not bear to think of any man but himself having her for his wife.

Finally, when all the other princes had run and had been beheaded, Hippomenes said to the king:

"And now I am ready to make my trial."

The king was surprised and grieved, because he had heard of the speeches Hippomenes had made to the other princes, and because he liked this young man the best of all who had come. But nothing he could say could induce Hippomenes to change his mind.

"I love Atalanta," he said, "and if I can't have her for my wife, I want to die."

Before going to the race course the next day, the prince, determined but frightened, prayed to Venus, the goddess who took especial care of people who were in love.

"Beautiful and powerful goddess," he prayed, "help me to win this race and Atalanta, and I shall never forget, as long as I live, to talk of your kindness and to make you rich gifts."

Now Venus was almost always ready to help people if they would admit that they could not get on without her, and while Hippomenes prayed, he saw that what he had thought was a soft white and gold cloud was really the goddess, coming toward

him with her hand stretched out. She came nearer and nearer, and finally dropped at his feet three shining yellow apples. They were not common yellow apples—no indeed! They came from Venus's own garden, and were of heavy, precious gold.

"I thank you, goddess, for this fruit," said Hippomenes. "In all my life I have never seen anything more beautiful. But how can they help me?"

ATALANTA STOOPED FOR THE APPLE

Then Venus stooped and whispered to the youth, and when he again raised his eyes to thank her, she had disappeared. But there was a smile on the face of Hippomenes—he looked as if he were not worried about the race.

When he stood side by side with Atalanta, however, he tried not to look too happy. All the people looked at him and whispered (for they did not dare let the king hear them grumbling):

"Must this youth also be killed? He is the youngest and the handsomest of all, and the king's daughter is too cruel."

Atalanta herself was more sorry than she had ever been before that she had made the vow about the racing.

But when she tried to induce Hippomenes to give her up without a trial, he only smiled at her and said:

"Something tells me that I shall not fail."

Atalanta knew nothing about the three golden apples which he had hidden in front of his loose robe; and when she saw that he was so sure of winning, her cheeks grew red with anger, and she said to herself:

"I had thought, because you are so young and look so much nicer than any of the other princes, that I might let you beat me. But since you are so sure, I shall run my best; and you will not be smiling long."

There they stood, each with one foot forward, each looking light as a bird just ready to fly from a branch. And then, while all the onlookers held their breath, the herald gave the word, and they were off.

Hippomenes ran like a deer, and at first he was a few paces ahead; but Atalanta ran like the wind, and soon she passed him. Then, still straining every nerve to overtake her, Hippomenes drew out one of the glittering golden apples, and tossed it ahead of him. Right in front of Atalanta's eyes it fell, and then it rolled to one side and lay there on the sand. What it was, Atalanta knew not—she only knew that it was beautiful and that she must have it. She turned aside, snatched it, and sped on. But while she stooped, Hippomenes had passed her, and she could see his fluttering robe far down the course. This did not frighten Atalanta—it just made her run faster, so that in a very few minutes she was again ahead. Then Hippomenes threw the second apple, and it came to a standstill so directly in front of Atalanta's feet that she almost fell when she stooped to pick it up. Again Hippomenes heard her breathing as she came close to him; again he saw her pass him.

The goal was in sight now, but the poor youth was so tired and so out of breath that he could scarcely run another step. You see, he had not been having as much practice in running as had Atalanta. But with all his strength he threw the last apple off to one side of the course. It was almost hidden in the tall grass, but Atalanta had seen as it passed her that this was the brightest and most beautiful of all, and she could not—no, she could not!—bear to think of any one else having it. As she raised herself after stooping to pick it up, behold! all the people were rising and were shouting "Hippomenes! Hippomenes!" And there at the end of the course, with his hands resting on the goal

post, was the young man who had beaten her, panting a little from his running, but looking, O, so happy!

Do you suppose the princess said that it was not a fair race—that he had not really run as fast as she had? By no means. She was almost as happy as he was as she went up to him with her hand held out to lead him to her father. And the people forgot all about the poor young men who had had to die, and were happy again as they shouted, "Hippomenes and Atalanta! Hippomenes and Atalanta!"

AUTUMN FIRES

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IN the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
And the grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

"SOMETHING"

By Hans Christian Andersen

WILL be Something," declared the eldest of five brothers; "I will be of use in the world; be it ever so humble a position that I may hold, let me be but useful, and that will be Something. I will make bricks; folk cannot do without them, so I shall at least do Something."

"Something very little, though," replied the second brother. "Why, it is as good as nothing! it is work that might be done by a machine. Better be a mason, as I intend to be. Then one belongs to a guild, becomes a citizen, has a banner of one's own. Nay, if all things go well, I may become a master, and have apprentices and workmen under me. That will be Something!"

"It will be nothing at all then, I can tell you that!" rejoined the third. "Think how many different ranks there are in a town far above that of a master mason. You may be an honest sort of a man, but you will never be a gentleman; gentle and simple—those are the two grand divisions, and you will always be one of the 'simple.' Well, I know better than that. I will be an architect; I will be one of the thinkers, the artists; I will raise myself to the aristocracy of intellect. I may have to begin from the very lowest grade; I may begin as a carpenter's boy, and run about with a paper cap on my

head, to fetch ale for the workmen; I may not enjoy that, but I shall try to imagine it is only a masquerade. 'To-morrow,' I shall say, 'I will go my own way, and others shall not come near me.' Yes, I shall go to the Academy, learn to draw, and be called an architect. That will be Something! I may get a title, perhaps; and I shall build and build, as others before me have done. Yes, that will be Something!"

"But it is Something that I care nothing about," said the fourth. "I should not care to go on, on, in the beaten track—to be a mere copyist. I will be a genius, cleverer than all of you put together; I will create a new style, provide ideas for buildings suited to the climate and materials of our country, suited to our national character, and the requirements of the age."

"But supposing the climate and the materials don't agree," suggested the fifth, "how will you get on then, if they won't help you? As for our national character, you do not know what it is now or ever will be, nor do you know what the people think nor what will please them now or in the future. I see you will none of you ever be anything, though of course you won't believe me. But do as you please, I shall not be like you. I shall reason over what you execute; there is something ridiculous in everything; I shall find it out, show you your faults —that will be Something!"

And he kept his word; and folk said of this fifth brother, "There is something in him, certainly; he has plenty of brains! but he does nothing." But he was content, for he was Something.

But what became of the five brothers? We shall hear the whole.

The eldest brother, the brickmaker, found that every brick he turned out whole yielded him a tiny copper coin; only copper—but a great many of these small coins, added together, could be converted into a bright silver dollar, and through the power of this, wheresoever he knocked, whether at baker's, butcher's or tailor's, the door flew open, and he received what he wanted. Such was the virtue of his bricks. Some, of course, were broken before they were finished, but a use was found even for these. For up by the trench poor Mother Margaret would fain build herself a little house, if she might; she took all the broken bricks— ay, and she got a few whole ones besides, for a good heart had the eldest brother, though only a brickmaker. The poor thing built her house with her own hands; it was very narrow, its one window was all on one side, the door was too low, and the thatch on the roof might have been laid on better. But it gave her shelter and a home, and could be seen far over the sea, which sometimes burst over the trench in its might, and sprinkled a salt shower over the little house, which kept its place there years after he who made the bricks was dead and gone.

As for the second brother, he learned to build after another fashion, as he had resolved. When he was out of his apprenticeship, he buckled on his knapsack and started on his travels, singing as he went. He came home again, and became a master in his native town. He built house after house, a whole street of houses; there they stood, looked well, and were a credit to the town; and these houses soon built him a little house for himself. How? Ask the houses, and they will give you no answer; but the

people will answer you and say, "Why, of course, the street built him his house!" It was small enough, and had only a clay floor, but when he and his bride danced over it, the floor grew as smooth as if it had been polished, and from every stone in the wall sprang a flower, that looked as gay as the costliest tapestry. It was a pretty house and a happy wedded pair. The banner of the Masons' Guild waved outside, and workmen and apprentices shouted "Hurra!" Yes, that was Something! and at last he died—that, too, was Something!

Next comes the architect, the third brother. He began as a carpenter's apprentice, and ran about the town on errands, wearing a paper cap; but he studied industriously at the Academy, and rose steadily upward. If the street full of houses had built a house for his brother the mason, the street took its name from the architect; the handsomest house in the whole street was his—that was Something, and he was Something! His children were gentlemen, and could boast of their "birth"; and when he died, his widow was a widow of condition —that is Something—and his name stood on the corner of the street, and was in everybody's lips—that is Something, too!

Now for the genius, the fourth brother, who wanted to invent something new, something original. Somehow the ground gave way beneath his feet; he fell and broke his neck. But he had a splendid funeral, with music and banners, and flowery paragraphs in the newspapers; and three eulogiums were pronounced over him, each longer than the last, and this would have pleased him mightily, for he loved speechifying, of all things.

A monument was erected over his grave, only one story high—but that is Something!

So now he was dead, as well as his three elder brothers; the youngest, the critic, outlived them all, and that was as it should be, for thus he had the last word, which to him was a matter of the greatest importance. "He had plenty of brains," folk said. Now his hour had struck; he died, and his soul sought the gates of heaven. There it stood side by side with another soul—old Mother Margaret from the trenches.

"It is for the sake of contrast, I suppose, that I and this miserable soul wait here together," thought the critic. "Well, now, who are you, my good woman?" he inquired.

And the old woman replied, with as much respect as though Saint Peter himself were addressing her—in fact, she took him for Saint Peter, he gave himself such grand airs—"I am a poor old soul, I have no family—I am only old Margaret from the house near the trenches."

"Well, and what have you done down below?"

"I have done as good as nothing in the world! nothing whatever! It will be mercy, indeed, if such as I am suffered to pass through this gate."

"And how did you leave the world?" inquired the critic, carelessly. He must talk about something; it wearied him to stand there, waiting.

"Well, I can hardly tell how I left it; I have been sickly enough during these last few years, and could not well bear to creep out of bed at all during the cold weather. It has been a severe winter, but now that is all past. For a few days, as your highness must know, the wind was quite still, but it was bit-

terly cold; the ice lay over the water as far as one could see. All the people in the town were out on the ice; there was dancing, and music, and feasting, and sledge-racing, I fancy; I could hear something of it all as I lay in my poor little chamber.

"And when it was getting towards evening, the moon was up, but was not yet very bright; I looked from my bed through the window, and I saw how there rose up over the sea a strange white cloud; I lay and watched it, watched the black dot in it, which grew bigger and bigger, and then I knew what it foreboded; that sign is not often seen, but I am old and experienced. I knew it, and I shivered with horror. Twice before in my life have I seen that sign, and I knew that there would be a terrible storm and a spring flood; it would burst over the poor things on the ice, who were drinking and dancing and merrymaking. Young and old, the whole town was out on the ice; who was to warn them, if no one saw it, or no one knew what I knew? I felt so terrified, I felt all alive, as I had not felt for years! I got out of bed, forced the window open; I could see the folk running and dancing over the ice; I could see the gay-colored flags, I could hear the boys shout 'Hurra!' and the girls and lads a-singing. All were so merry; and all the time the white cloud with its black speck rose higher and higher! I screamed as loud as I could; but no one heard me, I was too far off. Soon would the storm break loose, the ice would break in pieces, and all that crowd would sink and drown. Hear me they could not; get out to them I could not; what was to be done?

"Then our Lord sent me a good thought: I could

set fire to my bed. Better let my house be burned to the ground than that so many should miserably perish. So I kindled a light; I saw the red flame mount up; I got out at the door, but then I fell down; I lay there, I could not get up again. But the flames burst out through the window and over the roof; they saw it down below, and they all ran as fast as they could to help me—the poor old crone they believed would be burned; there was not one who did not come to help me.

"I heard them come, and I heard, too, such a rustling in the air, and then a thundering as of heavy cannon shots, for the spring flood was loosening the ice, and it all broke up. But the folk were all come off it to the trenches, where the sparks were flying about me; I had them all safe.

"But I could not bear the cold and the fright, and that is how I have come up here. Can the gates of heaven be opened to such a poor old creature as I? I have no house now at the trenches; where can I go, if they refuse me here?"

Then the gates opened, and the Angel bade poor Margaret enter. As she passed the threshold, she dropped a blade of straw—straw from her bed—that bed which she had set alight to save the people on the ice; and lo! it had changed into gold! dazzling gold! yet flexible withal, and twisting into various forms.

"Look, that was what yonder poor woman brought," said the Angel. "But what dost thou bring? Truly, I know well that thou hast done nothing, not even made bricks. It is a pity thou canst not go back again to fetch at least one brick—not that it is good for anything when

it is made, but because anything, the very least, done with a good will, is Something. But thou mayst not go back, and I can do nothing for thee."

Then poor Margaret pleaded for him thus: "His brother gave me all the bricks and broken bits wherewith I built my poor little house—that was a great kindness toward a poor old soul like me! May not all those bits and fragments, put together, be reckoned as one brick for him? It will be an act of mercy; he needs it, and this is the home of mercy."

"To thy brother, whom thou didst despise," said the Angel, "to him whose calling, in respect of worldly honor, was the lowest, shalt thou owe this mite of heavenly coin. Thou shalt not be sent away; thou shalt have leave to stand here without, and think over thy manner of life down below. But within thou canst not enter, until thou hast done something that is good—Something!"

"I fancy I could have expressed that better," thought the critic; but he did not say it aloud, and that was already—Something!

In the beginning of the story, the second brother says, "Better be a mason. Then one belongs to a guild," etc. Do you know what a guild was? Well, a long time ago, about a thousand years ago, in fact, the men of different trades formed clubs or societies and called them *guilds*. The carpenters had a guild, the jewelers a guild, the masons a guild, and so on. Some of the guilds became very powerful, owned fine buildings and even ruled big cities. The second brother, if he wanted to become a mason, must first be an apprentice and live in the house of his master and work very hard for his food and

clothing. After several years, perhaps when he was twenty or twenty-one, he would be made a journeyman. Then he would be paid some money for his work, though he still must live in the house of his master, and it would be years before he could earn much money or become a master mason himself, and have apprentices and workmen under him. However, no matter how hard he worked, he could never become one of the aristocracy, the people who were born to high positions. That is what troubled the third brother.

A story so beautiful as this is worth thinking about and remembering.

I. Here are the five brothers and what each wished to do:

1. The eldest, the brickmaker, would be useful and humble.
2. The second, the mason, sought influence and power.
3. The third, the architect, would become a gentleman, an aristocrat.
4. The fourth, the inventor, would be famed for his genius and originality.
5. The fifth, the critic, would reason, and with self-confidence give advice to others.

II. All succeeded in their wishes, and all died—only the first brother thought of others.

III. The critic and Margaret meet at the gates of heaven and she tells her story:

1. She builds her house from the fragments of the first brother's bricks.
2. She suffers from cold weather, but her shelter keeps her alive.

3. She stays at home while every one else in the village plays far out on the ice.
4. She sees a storm approaching.
5. She burns her cottage to alarm the people and bring them into safety.
6. She dies from exposure, but she has saved all the villagers.

IV. The Angel admits Margaret to heaven.

V. She drops a straw that turns to gold and shows how great and good a deed it was to burn her house.

VI. The critic is denied admission because he has done nothing.

VII. Margaret begs for him.

VIII. His brother's bricks save him from punishment, but he may be admitted only when he has done something.

IX. He feels critical about the Angel's remark, but as he says nothing—*that* is at least *something!*

If the eldest brother had not given bricks to Margaret, she would have died of exposure long before she did; if Margaret had died earlier she could not have saved the villagers, nor could she have met the fifth brother at the gates of heaven; if she had not met the fifth brother, he would have been lost forever. So the generous eldest brother saved them all.

Does the story not seem better now that we have thought about it? Is it not worth reading again?

THE FAIRIES

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

UP the airy mountain,
Down the dusky glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold, stormy nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
  For seven years long;
When she came down again,
  Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back
  Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
  But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since,
  Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag leaves,
  Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hillside,
  Thro' the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees,
  For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
  As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
  In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the dusky glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

A long time ago even the grown people believed in fairies, and told wonderful tales of what the little beings could do. Gradually, as people became

better educated, they grew to know that there really were no fairies, but still they made stories about them for their children, for they had found out that there were few things in the world that children like better to hear about. Some of the stories in this book, such as *Cinderella,* were written far back in the days when all people still believed in fairies. To-day, there are in most countries many of the uneducated peasant classes who still have a strong belief in the "little people," and who see signs of their activity all about.

When people of different nations think about fairies they have somewhat different pictures before their eyes. Thus in Russia, where it is cold so much of the time, fairies are supposed to be dressed always in furs—beautiful white furs which only an emperor could afford. The Chinese fairy has a queue, and the fairies of India, where the learned Brahmins are the class most looked up to, are thought of as little old men, wise beyond words, but not bright and friendly like the fairies that we hear most about.

Of course these fairies that we have heard most about are the English fairies, and very beautiful and charming creatures these are. Usually they look like very small and particularly graceful human beings, with gorgeous clothing and shimmering wings, though of course, being fairies, they may change their forms and look like anything they choose. These little creatures live in a place called Fairyland, where all things are done by magic; but they do not always stay there. In fine weather, especially during the nights of summer, the fairies prefer the earth to their own country, and they gather in great numbers in some flowery field or

wood and revel all night long. On moonlight nights they need no lights in the fields, but within the woods it is always dark, and they are forced to use fireflies as lanterns.

Sometimes, in a grassy meadow or pasture, there appears a very green, fresh circle, with a ring bare of grass about it; and to this day people call such a spot a fairy ring, though they know now, as they did not know when the name was given, that the bare ring is not formed by the feet of the fairies dancing in circle. Some of the gorgeous kinds of mushrooms, too, are known as fairy tables.

But the fairies are not supposed to spend all their time in dancing and playing; they take, often, a great part in the lives of human beings. Many of the fairies are good, and are of much help to the people who please them, slipping into their houses by night and doing, in a few hours, work which without them could not be accomplished in days; but some fairies are mischievous and tricky; and even malicious, and delight in doing things to spite and to injure people. Sometimes they overturn or take for themselves food that has been saved; sometimes they turn sour the cream that the housewife intends to use for butter on the morrow; sometimes they undo all the work that a seamstress or a shoemaker has done during the day. If a man can only find out what these mischievous little people like best, he can buy their good will by placing such things where the fairies can readily find them.

Besides the true fairies, there are supposed to be many other kinds of sprites, who are sometimes invisible, but who can appear when they wish. The dwarfs, or gnomes, usually dwell underground,

where they guard the gold and silver and precious stones hidden in the earth. The most malicious of the dwarfs, called trolls, live in the hills, and often come out to steal children, and even women. The nixies, who live in the water, try to induce men or children to go with them to their caves under the sea; and if they cannot do this, they are quite capable of carrying their victims off by force.

The Irish people have some very interesting fairy beliefs. Thus, they think that the banshees are little old women who conceal themselves in houses, and by their mournful wailing give notice of any death that is to occur. The pixies, another class of small beings in whom the Irish believe, are supposed to receive into themselves the souls of children who die before they have been baptized.

Though we know now that there are no such beings as fairies and gnomes, yet we can see about us every day things which are to the full as wonderful as any which the old-time peoples believed the fairies could accomplish. Centuries ago, when a story-writer wanted to have his hero go a very long distance in a very short time, he had to introduce a fairy; to-day he simply makes his hero take an express train. Then, a message could be transmitted through space instantly only by means of a fairy messenger; now the telegraph and the telephone do the work quite as quickly and as easily. You see, the old-time peoples saw the things that *ought* to be, but did not see how they *could* be; but we to-day do not need fairies to make the world seem marvelous—the things that really exist about us are more wonderful than anything that a man's imagination could invent.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER

A CERTAIN man had two children, a boy and girl. The lad was a handsome enough young fellow, but the girl was very plain.

The latter, provoked beyond endurance by the way in which her brother looked in the glass and made remarks to her disadvantage, went to her father and complained of it.

The father drew his children to him very tenderly and said, "My dears, I wish you both to look in the glass every day. You, my son, that, seeing your face is handsome, you may take care not to spoil it by ill-temper and bad behavior, and you, my daughter, that you may be encouraged to make up for your want of beauty by the sweetness of your manners and the grace of your conversation."

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE SANDS OF DEE

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

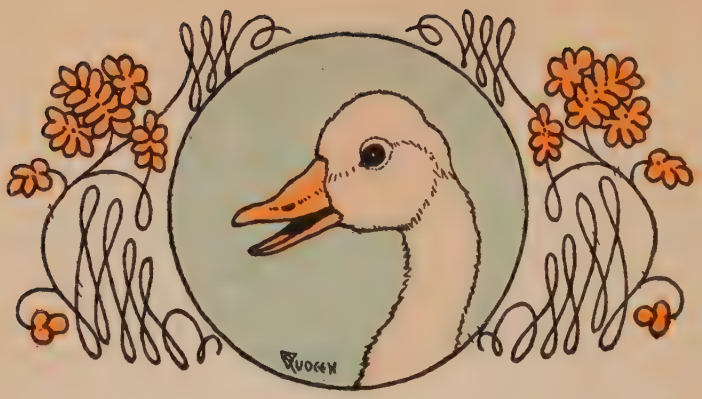
"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee!

MERCY TO ANIMALS

By WILLIAM COWPER

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged, perhaps, with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field;
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.



THE UGLY DUCKLING

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

IT was glorious out in the country. It was summer, and the cornfields were yellow, and the oats were green; the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows, and the stork went about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother. All around the fields and meadows were great forests, and in the midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was really glorious out in the country.

In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm, surrounded by deep canals, and from the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the loftiest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood. Here sat a Duck upon her nest, for she had to hatch her young ones; but she was almost tired out before the little ones came; and

then she so seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up to sit down under a burdock, and cackle with her.

At last one eggshell after another burst open. "Peep! peep!" it cried, and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Quack! quack!" they said; and they all came quacking out as fast as they could, looking all round them under the green leaves; and the mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eyes.

"How wide the world is!" said the young ones, for they certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked the mother. "That extends far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field, but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," she continued, and stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old Duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It takes a long time for that one egg," said the Duck who sat there. "It will not burst. Now, only look at the others; are they not the prettiest ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father; the bad fellow never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst," said the old visitor. "Believe me, it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones, for they

were afraid of the water. I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and clucked, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that's a turkey egg! Let it lie there, and you teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Duck. "I've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more." "Just as you please," said the old Duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. "Peep! peep!" said the little one, and crept forth. It was very large and very ugly. The Duck looked at it.

"It's a very large duckling," said she; "none of the others look like that; can it really be a turkey chick? Now we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, even if I have to thrust it in myself."

The next day the weather was splendidly bright, and the sun shone on all the green trees. The Mother-Duck went down to the water with all her little ones. Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and then one duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam capitally; their legs went of themselves, and there they were, all in the water. The ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said she; "look how well it can use its legs, and how upright it holds itself. It is my own child! On the whole it's quite pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! quack! come with me, and I'll lead you out into the great world, and present you in the poultry yard; but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you; and take care of the cats!"

And so they came into the poultry yard. There was a terrible riot going on in there, for two families were quarreling about an eel's head, and the cat got it after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the Mother-Duck; and she whetted her beak, for she, too, wanted the eel's head. "Only use your legs," she said. "See that you bustle about, and bow your heads before the old Duck yonder. She's the grandest of all here; she's of Spanish blood—that's why she's so fat; and do you see, she has a red rag round her leg; that's something particularly fine, and the greatest distinction a duck can enjoy; it signifies that one does not want to lose her, and that she's to be recognized by man and beast. Shake yourselves—don't turn in your toes; a well-brought-up duck turns its toes quite out, just like father and mother, so! Now bend your necks and say 'Quack!' "

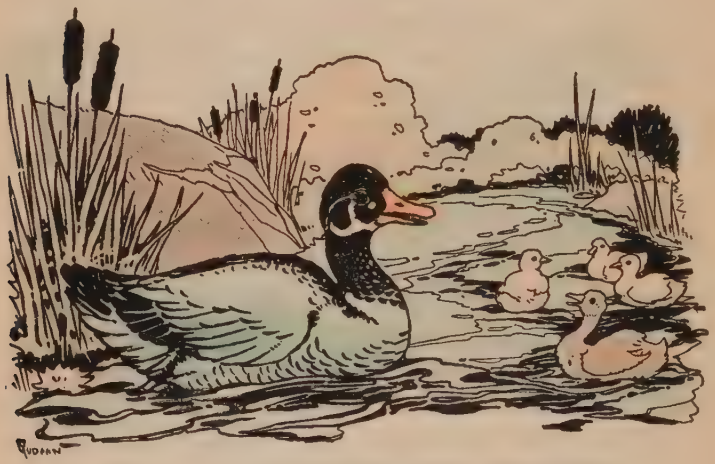
And they did so; but the other ducks round about looked at them, and said quite boldly:

"Look here! now we're to have these hanging on, as if there were not enough of us already! And—fie—! how that Duckling yonder looks; we won't stand that!" And one duck flew up immediately, and bit it in the neck. "Let it alone," said the mother; "it does no harm to any one."

"Yes, but it's too large and peculiar," said the Duck who had bitten it; "and therefore it must be disciplined."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has there," said the old Duck with the rag round her leg. "They're all pretty but that one; that was a failure. I wish she could alter it."

"That cannot be done, my lady," replied the Mother-Duck. "It is not pretty, but it has a really good disposition, and swims as well as any other; I may even say it swims better. I think it will grow up pretty, and become smaller in time; it has lain too long in the egg, and therefore is not properly



THE UGLY GRAY DUCKLING SWAM WITH THEM

shaped." And then she pinched it in the neck, and smoothed its feathers. "Moreover, it is a drake," she said, "and therefore it is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong; he makes his way already."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old Duck. "Make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

And now they were at home. But the poor Duckling which had crept last out of the egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten, pushed, and jeered at, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It is too big!" they all said. And the turkey cock, who had been born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon it; then he gobbled, and grew quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know where he should stand or walk; he was quite sad because he looked ugly and was scoffed at by the whole yard.

So it went on the first day; and afterward it became worse and worse. The poor Duckling was hunted about by every one; even his brothers and sisters were quite angry with him, and said, "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" And the mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit him, and the chickens beat him, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at him with her foot.

Then he ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; and he shut his eyes, but flew no farther; thus he came out into the great marsh where the wild ducks lived. Here he lay the whole night long, and he was weary and downcast.

Toward morning the wild ducks flew up, and looked at their new companion.

"What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in every direction, and bowed as well as he could. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the wild ducks. "But that makes no difference to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! He certainly did not think of marrying, and only hoped to obtain leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp water.

Thus he lay two whole days; then came thither two wild geese, or, properly speaking, two wild ganders. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Near here, in another marsh, there are a few lovely wild geese, all unmarried, and all able to say 'Honk!' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are!"

"Crack! crack!" resounded through the air; and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood-red. "Crack! bang!" it sounded again, and whole flocks of wild geese rose up from the reeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The hunters were lying in wait all round the marsh, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees, which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose up like clouds among the dark trees, and was wafted far away across the water; and the hunting dogs came—splash, splash!—into the swamp, and the rushes and the reeds bent down on every side.

That was a fright for the poor Duckling! He turned his head, and put it under his wing; but at that moment a frightful great dog stood close by the Duckling. His tongue hung far out of his mouth, and his eyes gleamed horrible and ugly; he thrust out his nose close against the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and—splash, splash!—on he went without seizing him.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I'm so ugly that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so he lay quite quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds, and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, silence was restored; but the poor Duckling did not dare to rise up; he waited several hours before he looked round, and then hastened away out of the marsh as fast as he could. He ran on over field and meadow; there was such a storm raging that it was difficult to get from one place to another.

Toward evening the Duck came to a little, miserable peasant's hut. This hut was so dilapidated that it did not know on which side it should fall; and that's why it remained standing. The storm whistled round the Duckling in such a way that the poor creature was obliged to sit down, and the tempest grew worse and worse. Then the Duckling noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given way, and the door hung so slanting that the Duckling could slip through the crack into the room; and he did so.

Here lived a woman, with her Cat and her Hen. And the Cat, whom she called Little Son, could arch his back and purr, and could even give out sparks; but for that, one had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The Hen had quite little, short legs, and therefore she was called Chickabiddy-Short-legs. She laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was at once noticed, and the Cat began to purr, and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all round; but she could not see well, and therefore she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had

strayed. "This is a rare prize," she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake. We must try that."

And so the Duckling was admitted on trial for three weeks; but no eggs came. And the Cat was master of the house, and the Hen was the lady, and they always said, "We and the world!" for they thought they were half the world, and by far the better half. The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then you'll have the goodness to hold your tongue."

And the Cat said, "Can you curve your back, and purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then please keep still when sensible people are speaking."

And the Duckling sat in a corner and was melancholy; then the fresh air and the sunshine streamed in; and he was seized with such a strange longing to swim on the water, that he could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do, that's why you have these fancies. Purr or lay eggs, and they will pass over."

"But it is so charming to swim on the water!" said the Duckling; "so refreshing to let it close over one's head, and to dive down to the bottom."

"Yes, that must be a mighty pleasure, truly," quoth the Hen. "I fancy you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it—he's the cleverest

animal I know—ask him if he likes to swim on the water, or to dive down; I won't speak about myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman; no one in the world is cleverer than she. Do you think she has any desire to swim, and to let the water close over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Then pray, who is to understand you? You surely don't pretend to be cleverer than the Cat and the old woman—I won't say anything of myself. Don't be conceited, child, and be grateful for all the kindness you have received. Did you not get into a warm room, and have you not fallen into company from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and it is not pleasant to associate with you. You may believe me, I speak for your good. I tell you disagreeable things, and by that one may always know one's true friends. Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr and give out sparks!"

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the Hen.

And the Duckling went away. He swam on the water, and dived, but he was slighted by every creature because of his ugliness.

Now came the autumn. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown; the wind caught them so that they danced about, and up in the air it was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snowflakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying "Croak! croak!" for mere cold. Yes, it is enough to make one feel cold to think of this. The poor little Duckling certainly had a sorry time.

One evening—the sun was just setting in his beauty—there came a whole flock of great, handsome birds out of the bushes; they were dazzlingly white, with long flexible necks and shining feathers; they were swans. They uttered a peculiar cry, spread forth their glorious wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, to fair open lakes. They mounted so high, so high!

The ugly little Duckling felt quite strange as he watched them. He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out his neck toward them, and uttered such a strange, loud cry that he was frightened at himself, for he had never made such a sound before.

Oh! he could not forget those beautiful, happy birds; and as soon as he could see them no longer, he dived down to the very bottom, and when he came up again he was quite beside himself. He knew not the name of those birds, and knew not whither they were flying; but he loved them more than he had ever loved any one. He was not at all envious of them. How could he think of wishing to possess such loveliness as they had? He would have been glad if only the ducks would have endured his company—the poor, ugly creature!

And the winter came in earnest. It grew colder and colder. The Duckling was forced to swim about in the water, to prevent the surface from freezing entirely; but every night the hole in which he swam about became smaller and smaller. The Duckling was obliged to use his legs continually to prevent the hole from freezing up. At last he became exhausted, and lay quite still, and thus froze fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came by, and when he saw what had happened, he took his wooden shoe, broke the ice crust to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. The warm room soon brought him to again, and the children wanted to play with him.

The Duckling thought they would hurt him, and in his terror fluttered up into the milk-pan, so that the milk spurted down into the room. The woman clapped her hands, at which the Duckling flew down into the butter-tub, and then into the meal-barrel and out again. How he looked then!

The woman screamed and struck at him with the fire-tongs; the children tumbled over one another in their efforts to catch the Duckling, and they laughed till they cried! Happily, the door stood open, and the poor creature was able to slip out between the shrubs into the newly-fallen snow; and there he lay quite exhausted.

But it would be too sad if I were to tell all the misery and care which the Duckling had to endure in the hard winter. He lay out on the moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine again and the larks to sing; it was a beautiful spring.

Then all at once the Duckling could flap his wings; they beat the air more strongly than before, and bore him quickly away; and before he well knew how all this had happened, he found himself in a great garden, where the elder trees smelt sweet, and bent their long green branches down to the canal that wound through the park.

Oh, here it was so beautiful, such a gladness of spring! and from the thicket came three glorious white swans that rustled their wings, and swam

lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and felt oppressed by a peculiar sadness.

"I will fly away to them, to the royal birds! and they will kill me, because I, that am so ugly, dare

A BEAUTIFUL WHITE SWAN!

to approach them. But it is of no consequence! Better to be killed by *them* than to be pursued by ducks, and beaten by fowls, and pushed about by the girl who takes care of the poultry yard, and to suffer hunger in winter!"

And he flew out into the water, and swam toward

the beautiful swans, who looked at him and came sailing down upon him with outspread wings.

"Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bent his head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what was this that he saw in the clear water? He beheld his own image—and, lo! he was no longer a clumsy, dark-gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but—a beautiful, white swan!

It matters nothing if one is born in a duck yard, if one can only be hatched from a swan's egg!

He felt quite contented after all the misfortunes he had suffered, now that he realized his happiness in all the splendor that surrounded him. And the great swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Into the garden came little children, who threw bread and corn into the water.

The youngest cried, "There is a new one!" and the other children shouted joyously, "Yes, a new one has arrived!"

They clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother; and bread and cake were thrown into the water.

"The new one is the most beautiful of all! so young and handsome!" they said in chorus.

And the old swans bowed their heads before him!

Then he felt quite humble, and hid his head under his wing, for he had suffered too much to be proud. He did not know what to do; he was so happy and contented. He thought how he had been persecuted and despised; and now he heard them saying that he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder tree bent its branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm

and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart:

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still that Ugly Duckling!"

THIS is one of the finest little stories that Hans Christian Andersen ever wrote, and no man ever wrote better stories for children. This is so good that we ought to be glad to read it more than once and see if we cannot find in it something new every time we read it.

In the first place, we are very much interested in the Ugly Duckling himself, his sorrowful childhood, his sufferings in winter, and the glorious end of everything; but unless we stop to think we do not realize how very much like one of ourselves the great Danish story-teller has made his Ugly Duckling, or how much like human beings are the characters in the story.

Does not the Ugly Duckling seem to feel as an awkward boy does when people talk about his big hands, his clumsy feet or his red hair?

Is it not just like a human mother to say, "Look how well he can use his legs, and how upright he holds his head. He is my own child. On the whole he is quite pretty if one looks at it rightly."

Perhaps you have seen people like Little Son or Chickabiddy-Shortlegs who were so very proud because they could do some one thing well that they made themselves disagreeable to everybody else. It is not manly to think that the thing one can do very well is the only thing that is worth doing. Everybody can do something well, and something

that is very important, too. This is just what Little Son and Chickabiddy-Shortlegs did not understand.

Do you notice that the reason the Ugly Duckling was not proud when he found he was a white swan was that he had suffered so much when he was little? We cannot always see that our troubles make us better and really turn out in the end to be great blessings.

But then again, the birds and animals are not entirely human. They show their own natures very clearly.

The turkey cock swells up and struts around, just as such birds always do. The hunting dog will not touch the bird it is not trained to bring back to its master, and the cat arches her back and purrs just as cats always do when they are feeling good.

In every flock of fowls there is one leader, and every time new chickens or ducks come into the flock they are looked at and approved, or picked at and mistreated, just as are the old Duck's little brood.

Perhaps the best thing in the whole story is the conclusion that, after all, "it matters nothing if one is born in a duck yard if one can only be hatched from a swan's egg."

It seems a very good conclusion to make, for no matter where a person was born, or how poor he is, there is always a great deal of the swan in him if he only takes care to find it, and he can make himself strong, fine-looking and noble if he remembers that fact.

If you have time, and wish to study the story

more, you can find the answers to the following questions written in the story, or you can think what the answers may be and talk to your parents or your older brothers and sisters about them:

1. How did the Duck find out that her ugly child was not a turkey?
2. What does the Mother-Duck mean when she says, "That is how it goes in the world"?
3. Why does the Mother-Duck think that because he is a drake the Ugly Duckling's looks are of no consequence?
4. Why did the dog's tongue hang out of his mouth?
5. What was the reason that the old woman's house did not fall down?
6. What advice did Little Son give the Ugly Duckling?
7. Are the birds prettier in the early summer than they are in the winter? Do they change their color? Is an old bird sometimes colored differently from a young one? Do you know the bobolink? Did you ever see him in winter when he is in the southern states, and in summer in the north when his wife is nesting?
8. Do you suppose the elder tree really bent its branches straight down into the water?
9. Do you think that the way to know one's true friends is by the disagreeable things they say?

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

Adapted

LONG, long ago, in a far-away land called Greece, lived people who were very different in some ways from those who live to-day. About some things they knew more than any people who have lived since their time. They made statues and built temples which were more beautiful than any made in later ages, but about some things they knew very little. They had no correct ideas as to how the earth was made, and they believed that there were many gods, who knew all about everything in the world, and who made things happen just as they pleased.

These gods, they believed, could make themselves look like anything they wanted to—so exactly like that not even the brightest eyes could tell the difference. And the old Greeks used to be very fond of telling their children stories about the times when the gods made themselves look like human beings and came to visit men and women. Then the people whom they visited did not guess that their guests were not men and women just like themselves, and sometimes this was very unpleasant; for if the gods did not like what people were doing and saying, they punished the offenders. One of the stories which the Greek children liked best you may read here.

One day the king of the gods, the wisest and

strongest of them all, whose name was Jupiter, called one of his sons to him and said:

"Come, Mercury, let us go and see how the people in Phrygia are behaving themselves."

Mercury was always very glad to go any place with his father, and in a very little while he was ready.

"But, my son," said Jupiter, "you cannot wear

your wings. Everybody who sees you will guess who you are."

"O father," cried Mercury, "I get so tired without my wings."

"Never mind," replied the father; "you may take your staff, which will help you just as much. Nobody will notice that."

It must have been a very strange staff which could be as much help to a boy as a pair of wings, and so, indeed, it was. For it had two little wings of its own, and it made the person who carried it so light that he could scarcely keep his feet on the ground.

The clothes which Jupiter and Mercury put on for this trip were old and shabby, and so, when they came to the town in Phrygia which they meant to visit, people thought they were just beggars. Now, if they had come riding on fine horses, and wearing gold chains about their necks and diamond rings on their fingers, the people in this wicked town would have given them their softest, whitest beds to sleep in, and would have cooked for them fine dinners, for they were always ready to give good things to people who could just as well have paid for them. But when poor, hungry men came to the town, children were sent out to drive them away, and—for the people were *very* wicked—fierce dogs were turned loose. And that's the way they treated Jupiter and Mercury. How different it would have been had they known who their visitors were!

Mercury, who was young and proud, and had always been used to having his own way, grew very angry, and cried to his father, "Just let me wave my staff over these wicked children and dogs, and

turn them all into stone children and iron dogs." But Jupiter said, "No; let us see just how bad they really can be."

So the two travelers were chased out of the village and up a little hill, almost to the gate of a cottage which stood back from the country road. Now it was evening by the time they reached this place, and the two old people who lived in the cottage had finished their work and eaten their supper and were sitting on a bench beside their door. It was a very hard bench and a very plain, low door, for old Philemon and his wife Baucis were as poor as Jupiter and Mercury looked in their old clothes. But the old couple were very different from the bad people in the town, and as soon as they saw the two men coming they hurried to the gate as fast as their old feet would take them, and Philemon cried:

"Come in! Come in! Have those saucy children and those snappy dogs been treating you as they treat every stranger? You'll find no saucy children or snappy dog here."

Jupiter and Mercury, smiling at each other, followed the old people to the cottage door, and sat down on the bench there.

"I'm very sorry," said Baucis, "that there is so little in the house to give you to eat. You can see without my telling you that we are very poor. But what there is I shall be very glad to give you."

While Philemon talked to the visitors and brought water in a wooden bowl that they might wash, his old wife got supper. And even though she thought the visitors were only beggar men, she was just as careful about the meal as she would have been had she known that they were really gods.

Finally, she called Philemon in and said:

"Everything is ready, but this table is so crooked that I am ashamed to ask them to sit at it. One leg is shorter than the rest."

It was hard for Philemon to get down on his knees, for he was old and stiff; but he knelt and shoved pieces of slate under the short table leg until that corner was as high as the rest. Then Baucis put the supper on the table and called the guests.

And after all, it was not such a bad supper. There was a stew—not very rich or very strong, it is true, but piping hot and nicely seasoned; and there was cheese and brown bread and honey and milk. To be sure, the pitcher that held the milk and the bowl that held the stew were of the commonest brown ware, while the cups and the plates were of wood. But these things the visitors did not seem to mind at all.

Poor Baucis was very much worried for fear there was not enough milk, for the strangers seemed very thirsty after their walk; and when Mercury asked for the third cup of milk she said sadly, "I'm sorry, young man, but the milk is all gone. I poured the last of it into your cup."

Mercury winked at his father, and there was even a twinkle in Jupiter's eye, though the old people did not see it.

"Just try and see," said Mercury; "maybe you can squeeze out a drop for me."

To show him that she was right, Baucis seized the pitcher and held it upside down over his cup; when lo and behold! the milk came flowing out in such a stream that it filled the cup and ran over onto the floor. Baucis was so startled that she almost dropped the pitcher. She knew that there was no mistake; the pitcher had been empty and was now full, yet no one had poured in a drop. It did not take her as long to guess what had happened as it would take you or me if such a thing should come to pass in our homes; and as soon as she could speak, she cried:

"O Philemon, these are the gods, for nobody but a god could fill an empty pitcher without even

touching it. Get down on your knees, Philemon, for these are in truth the gods!"

This time it did not take Philemon so long to kneel—he never stopped to think of his age and stiffness, but down he dropped beside his wife. They both hid their faces in their hands, for they were frightened half to death—not because they had done anything bad, for they knew they hadn't; but just because it was all so wonderful that it almost took their breath away.

"Do not be afraid, good people," said Jupiter in a deep voice. "It is true that we are gods. I am Jupiter, and this is Mercury. But no one who does good need fear the gods, and to you we shall bring nothing but happiness, because you were kind to us when you knew not who we were. The pitcher of milk shall never be empty, no matter how much you drink; the loaf of bread shall never be eaten up, no matter how much you eat, and there shall always be honey to eat with your bread."

"But, father," put in Mercury, "what about those bad people in the village yonder?"

Spoiled boy that he was, he was thinking much more about the punishment that should come to the bad people whose children had thrown stones at him and whose dogs had torn his clothes, than he was about any reward for the good people who had fed him.

"Come," said Jupiter, "let us go out and look at the village."

Baucis and Philemon scrambled to their feet and followed their guests out of doors, still too excited to speak. From the hilltop on which their house stood, they looked down toward the village, as they

had done every day of their life there. They expected to see the white houses with their dark roofs and the higher roofs of the temples shining in the bright moonlight; but at the sight they saw they could only stand and gasp. There was no village there! The valley in which it had stood was filled to the brim—almost to their very gate, in fact—with a lake; and the moon was shining across the lake, making a silver road.

"Our neighbors!" gasped Baucis and Philemon together. "Are they drowned?"

"All turned into fishes," replied Jupiter, "and that's better than they deserved, heartless wretches that they were. Now look behind you, Baucis and Philemon, and see whether you like that sight better."

The two old people were beginning to feel that they could not bear many more surprises, but they turned slowly and looked at their house. And right before their eyes they saw the poor little cottage changing to a great palace of white marble, with wide marble steps.

"Come," said Mercury, "let me lead you into your new home."

And the old people followed him up the steps and through the doors and about the beautiful rooms with their marble floors.

"Here shall you live, good Baucis and Philemon," said Jupiter. "And if there is any one thing that you want very much, just ask me, and I will give it to you."

Baucis and Philemon looked at each other. There was no need for them to talk it over, for they had often amused themselves by trying to think what

they would say if they ever had a chance to ask for anything they wanted, and they had always decided on the same thing.

"O kind and wonderful Jupiter," answered Philemon, "all we ask is that we may die at the same time. Don't let one of us live after the other is dead."

"It shall be," replied Jupiter. And then, followed by Mercury, he left them, not taking the road around the lake, but walking right across the water on the silver road which the moon made.

For years Baucis and Philemon lived in their beautiful house, and very happy they were because they always had enough food to set before hungry people, and plenty of beds where the tired might rest. And you can imagine that they never grew weary of telling their visitors of the wonderful things the king of the gods had done for them, for they never became forgetful or ungrateful.

One day they were standing at their door, one on each side, talking about the goodness of the gods. They thought that all the wonderful things were over, but as they looked at each other, they saw that another very strange thing was coming to pass. They were turning into trees! Their hair turned to leaves, their arms to great branches, and the bark grew about their bodies.

"Dear Baucis," said Philemon, and "Dear Philemon," said Baucis; and then together they said, "Farewell!"

Just as they said it the bark closed over their mouths, so that they never spoke again. But they grew before the house for many years, and were still good to travelers; for they threw a broad, cool shade which was very pleasant to rest in on hot days. And

those who knew the story of the two beautiful trees used to fancy that the trees enjoyed giving pleasure, and used to imagine that they heard the leaves saying, just as the two kind old people had always said:

"Welcome, stranger! Come in! Come in! Rest and refresh yourself."

THE WIND

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

By MARY HANNAH KRAUT

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture
Up thro' the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field
That is yellow with ripening grain.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

IN the reign of Richard the Third, king of England, there lived a ragged little boy whose name was Dick Whittington. His father and mother died when he was an infant, and as he had no other relatives, he lived from hand to mouth on the charity of the poor people in the parish of Taunton Dean, in Somersetshire. In spite of his rough life he grew up into a fine, sturdy youth, but rather indifferent to work. When he was strong enough to earn his own living, the people in the parish grew tired of feeding him, and threatened to whip him unless he set out to work for himself.

Dick was a sharp young fellow and had learned a great deal from listening to the talk of his elders, and had been in so many homes that he had picked up a great variety of information. More than by anything else his fancy had been caught by tales of London, which in the minds of the ignorant people of the parish was a marvelous city, the streets of which were paved with gold, and which was inhabited only by gentlemen and beautiful, finely dressed ladies. Dick felt that in such a place as this he could earn his living much more easily than among the country folk he knew.

The day he was threatened so severely a great carriage drawn by six horses came through the village on its way to London, and Dick resolved to

follow it. The driver took a fancy to the sturdy lad, and in return for such little services as rubbing down the horses and cleaning the harness, he often gave Dick a ride, and at night bought him his supper and gave him lodging. When, however, they arrived in the great city, the driver, knowing that Dick had no money, was afraid he would become a troublesome hanger-on, and so gave him a shilling and sent him about his business.

So in tattered clothes, dusty and forlorn, Dick wandered about the city, very soon penniless, for his shilling was all spent for his first meal. At many places he asked for food and sometimes was given a little, but never enough to stop the fierce hunger that boys have. Several times he was tempted to steal, but he was an honest lad and was firm in his resolve to starve rather than take anything that did not belong to him. As he wandered farther and farther into the dark and filthy streets of London, his rich men and ladies and golden streets faded completely away.

After two days of such wandering he learned that he must work if he would eat, and so no longer asked for food. Everywhere he was called an idle rogue and told to go to work, but no one gave him anything to do. At night of the third day, more weary and hungry than ever, he came to the house of a rich merchant in Leadenhall street, where he asked again for work or for food enough to keep him from starving. The cook to whom he had applied was an ill-natured woman, and exclaimed, "Get you gone, you idle fellow. If you tarry here I will kick you into the dog kennel."

This was the last straw for poor Dick, who crept

wearily into a corner and lay down upon the ground, unable to go any farther.

In the meantime, Mr. Fitzwarren, the merchant, came home and found the boy lying exhausted by his door. "What business have you here?" asked the merchant. "Get up and leave at once, or I will have you sent to the house of correction, you lazy fellow."

Dick struggled to his feet and tried to walk, but after falling two or three times from faintness, he lay upon the ground and sobbed out, "I am only a poor, half-starved country boy. I am willing to work if you will only give me something to do, no matter what it is. I will work hard for my food only."

Mr. Fitzwarren looked more closely at Dick and satisfied himself that the boy was telling the truth, and as he was a kind-hearted man, he ordered one of his servants to take the boy in, feed him well and set him to work in the kitchen as a scullion. Dick might have had a very happy time in this family but for the ill-natured cook, who was always scolding and finding fault.

"You are to work under me. Now look sharp at your business, clean the spits and dripping pans, make the fires and do all the work I set you about in a hurry, or I will break your head with my ladle."

Such a place was very trying, but it was better than starving, and Dick stuck to his work manfully. However, after a few days, Miss Alice, his master's daughter, hearing of the arrival of the new scullion, came into the kitchen to see him, and learning how unkind the cook was, ordered her to be more considerate to her new help. Then she talked to the

boy about his early home and his manner of living and how he came to London, and finding him frank, honest and pleasing in his answers, she had him dressed properly for his position as a servant in their household.

DICK IN HIS GARRET

After this, the cook treated him a little better, but his bed was a poor mattress in the garret, where the rats and mice ran over his face and squealed so loudly and frequently that they troubled him almost as much at night as the cook did during the day-

time. His bed was so unpleasant that he was always up early in the morning and quite willing to remain diligently at work until late in the evening. Such hard, honest labor ought to have pleased the cook, but her temper was so bad that poor Dick had to take many beatings, and the more he tried to earn her good will, the more she abused him.

About this time a strange merchant came to visit Mr. Fitzwarren, and at night, as was the custom, left his shoes outside the door to be cleaned. Dick polished them carefully, and when he returned them in the morning the gentleman gave him a penny.

The same day as he was going along the street on an errand he met a woman carrying a cat.

"What will you take for the cat?" asked Dick, who was very fond of animals.

"She is a fine mouser, this cat," said the woman, "and I could not sell her for less than a sixpence."

"But I have only a penny," said Dick.

"O, well, if that is the case," said the woman, "you may have the cat for a penny."

Delighted with his purchase, Dick took the cat home and kept her in a box all day for fear she might stray into the kitchen, where the cook would kill her. At night he turned her loose in the garret, and in a little while she had delivered him from his plague of rats and mice.

Whenever Mr. Fitzwarren sent one of his ships out on a voyage, in order that God might bless his endeavors more abundantly, he called all his servants together and gave each an opportunity to venture something in the enterprise free of charge for freight or custom. The ship was ready to sail soon after Dick bought his cat, and all the other servants

brought something to venture on the voyage. As he had nothing, neither money nor goods, Dick did not go with the rest of the servants to his master, but remained quietly at work in the kitchen. Miss Alice missed him and went to the kitchen, where she found him cleaning the spit.

"Why don't you invest something in the voyage of the *Unicorn?*" asked the girl.

"I have nothing," said Dick; "nothing in the world except my cat which I got for a penny."

Returning to the parlor, Alice said to her father, "Dick Whittington, the scullion, is not here because he has nothing to venture on the voyage. He has no money, and owns nothing excepting a cat which he bought for a penny, which has rid his garret of mice and rats. I will put in some money for him and let him have the profit."

"No, no," said the father; "that will not do. Whatever is invested must be his own. Let him bring his cat and let her go."

So Dick brought down his cat, and with tears in his eyes gave her to the captain, who sailed away on his voyage. Kind-hearted Alice gave him a little to buy another cat, but it never quite took the place of the first one. Besides, the cook, seeing the interest Alice took in him, grew jealous and more sullen than ever. She was always sneering at him about his grand venture and wondering what he expected to get for his cat. In fact, she led him such a life that he finally gave up in despair and decided to quit the service of the Fitzwarrens for good and all.

Packing up his little bundle one night, he started early on All Hallow's Day, the first of November,

to begin again his rambles about the country. By the time he reached Moorefields he was beginning to regret his resolution, and when he had reached Halloway he sat down by the roadside to consider the situation. While he waited there, lonely and dejected, the bells of Bow Church began to ring a merry peal. The music caught his fancy, and as he listened he thought he could hear them say:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

He could not resist such an appeal and the good fortune promised him, and so turned back without delay. In fact, so rapidly did he run that he reached the house before the family were stirring, crept softly in at the door he had left ajar, and set to work at his usual drudgery, no one the wiser for his little desertion.

All this time Dick's cat was sharing the fate of the *Unicorn*, which, driven by contrary winds, was forced to make land on the coast of Barbary, where the Moors, unaccustomed to seeing white people, treated them civilly and were eager to buy the wonderful things that the strangers had for sale. The captain, noticing this, sent samples of his goods to the king of the country, who was much pleased with them and invited him to bring his wares to the palace.

Here, according to the custom of the country, the captain was entertained lavishly, all sitting cross-legged upon carpets of interwoven gold and silver. Tables were brought in, laden with good things to eat; but the feast was sadly marred by the great troops of rats and mice which ran over the carpet

and even snatched bits of food from the table and out of the fingers of the guests.

The surprised captain turned to one of the nobles and said, "How do you endure this plague? Are not the mice offensive to you?"

"Indeed they are," replied the noble, "very much so. His majesty would give half his revenue to be free from them. They are not only offensive at his table, but he can scarcely sleep at night for the hordes that invade his chamber and bed. In fact, guards are always stationed near him for fear of mischief."

This reminded the captain of Whittington's cat, and rejoicing at the opportunity of helping the king, he said, "Why, I have in my ship an English beast that will rid the court of rats and mice in a hurry."

When the king heard the good news he was overjoyed and said, "Bring me this surprising creature. If she can do what you say I will give you a good price for her. I will load your ship with gold, diamonds and rich pearls."

Such extravagant offers made the captain try to put still a greater value on the cat's merits.

"She is the most wonderful animal I ever saw," he said, "and I cannot spare her. She keeps my ship clear of rats and mice, which otherwise would destroy all my goods."

But his majesty the king would listen to no excuses, and ordered the cat brought before him. Perhaps, too, the captain was influenced by the queen's enthusiasm, for she added her good word to the king's.

"Run, run," she said; "bring the dear creature.

I am perishing to see her. We will give you anything you ask for her."

The cat was sent for, and the tables were again spread for another feast, to which the rats and mice came as before. As soon, however, as the cat was freed she fell to her work, and in a trice killed all the vermin, not leaving a single mouse to tell the story of the destruction. Then, curling up her tail and purring loudly, the cat walked up to the king and queen and rubbed herself against them as if begging for a reward for what she had done. For their part, they were delighted, and pronounced it the finest sport they had ever seen.

The Moorish royal couple were pleased to have a chance to do a good turn for the captain, so they not only bought his whole cargo, but gave him for the cat more than his whole shipload was worth. Then, with a fair wind behind him, he sailed away, arriving safely in England with the richest ship that ever entered port.

Among the gifts of the king was a rich cabinet of jewels, a special present for Dick, the owner of the cat. These the captain took with him, as too rich a prize to be left on board the ship. When he made his report to Mr. Fitzwarren the latter was much pleased, and gave thanks to God for such a prosperous voyage.

As soon as he reached home he called his servants all about him and gave to each his just share of the profits.

When he came to Dick he remarked, "This casket of jewels was given especially for Dick Whittington's cat, and God forbid I should deprive him of a single farthing."

Then it was discovered that Dick, poor boy, was still in the kitchen cleaning pots and pans.

"Run, one of you," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and call Mr. Whittington to me."

When the messenger found Dick and called him Mr. Whittington, and said the master wished to see him, the poor boy made several excuses, but after a while followed his fellow-servant to the door, where he stood bowing and scraping before his master. Not until the merchant had spoken to him personally did he dare to enter, and when his master offered him a chair beside himself, Dick felt they must be making sport of him and fell on his knees, exclaiming with tears in his eyes, "Why do you make such sport of me? I am only a poor, simple scullion who means no harm to any of you."

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said Mr. Fitzwarren, raising him up, "we are very serious with you, for at this instant you are a richer man than myself."

When he had spoken these words he handed Dick the casket, which indeed contained vast riches; for when they were valued they were found to be worth three hundred thousand pounds, about one and a half million of dollars, which was considered an immense sum in those days.

When Dick at last believed them, and before he knew the extent of his riches, he again fell upon his knees and thanked God for remembering so poor a creature in his misery. Then, turning to his master, he laid the casket before him and said, "Take what you will. It is more yours than mine."

"Whittington, I shall not take so much as a shilling from you. This is all yours, and I am sure you will use it well."

Dick then turned to Miss Alice and offered the treasure to her, but she likewise refused the proffer, urging Dick to use the money himself. Still the generous fellow was not content, and distributed

DICK RECEIVES THE CASKET

great sums among his fellow-servants and to the captain, the officers and the crew of the ship, for he felt that he owed much of his good luck to his friends. Moreover, he did not forget his mortal enemy, the cook, who received one hundred pounds for her share.

Following the advice of Mr. Fitzwarren, he sent for the proper tradesmen, who fitted him out and dressed him like a gentleman, after which he returned to the house of Mr. Fitzwarren, who had invited him to remain there until he could provide himself with a better home.

When young Mr. Whittington appeared with clean face, nicely combed hair, a cocked hat and the fashionable clothes then worn by young gentlemen, he was indeed comely to look upon, a fact which Miss Alice did not fail to notice. Whittington was an observant young man, and soon fitted himself nicely to his new position in society. Remembering the kindness that Alice had always shown him, he would indeed have been ungrateful had he not shown a great interest in her. He was always trying to do little acts of kindness for her, and she in turn showed that she appreciated his efforts. In a little while they were deeply in love, and Mr. Fitzwarren was not long in noticing the situation.

By this time Whittington had won his way so far into the good graces of his former master that the latter proposed a match between him and Miss Alice. At first Whittington objected on the grounds of his humble birth, but that objection was soon overruled, and the Lord Mayor of London and the aldermen were invited to the wedding. After the honeymoon was over, Whittington went into partnership with his wife's father, and their commercial business made them immensely wealthy.

Whittington was not spoiled by his rapid rise to riches, but remained honest in all his dealings and became popular with every one who knew him, because of his good manners and lively wit.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady, with their family of several children, lived in great splendor and were very happy. He was sheriff of London, three times Lord Mayor, and was knighted by King Henry the Fifth. When the king returned from the great battle of Agincourt, Sir Richard entertained him and his court in grand style at Guild Hall. So delighted was his majesty that he was pleased to say, "Never prince had such a subject."

In return Richard remarked, "Never had subject such a prince."

The king complimented him again on the fire, which was of choice woods, cloves, mace and other spices which gave forth a pleasing fragrance. On hearing the king's praise, Sir Richard said, "I think I can make the fire much more pleasing to Your Majesty. Here are Your Majesty's bonds, amounting to over sixty thousand pounds, for loans made in the progress of the war. All these I will throw into the flames, and I believe Your Majesty can say that you never saw another such fire."

Suiting the action to the words, he cast the bonds into the flames, where they were quickly destroyed, leaving the king and his nobles to marvel at such wealth and liberality.

The remainder of his days Sir Richard spent surrounded by wealth and beloved by all, and his children grew up around him into manhood and womanhood.

He built many charitable houses and a church and college, to which he made an allowance for the support of poor scholars. He built, too, the famous prison of Newgate, where there was to be

seen as late as 1780 a statue of Sir Richard with his cat.

Such is the popular legend of Dick Whittington and his cat. We do not know how much of this is true, but there was a Sir Richard Whittington who arose from poverty to wealth and was three times Lord Mayor of London.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

AS a Wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray Lamb paddling at some distance down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his violence.

"Villain," said he, running up to her, "how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?"

"Indeed," said the Lamb humbly, "I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you."

"Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, "it was but a year ago that you called me names."

"Oh, Sir!" said the Lamb, trembling, "a year ago I was not born."

"Well," replied the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use trying to argue with me;" and he fell upon the Lamb and tore her to pieces.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

HEN Joseph was little more than a child, he began to help his brothers keep and feed the flocks of their father on the hills of Palestine. Joseph was then the youngest of Jacob's sons, and Jacob loved the lad more than he did any of the others, and to show his affection made him a coat of many colors.

The brethren, seeing how much their father loved Joseph, hated him, and would not at any time, unless the father was within hearing, speak to the boy a kind or a gentle word.

Now it happened one time, as Joseph slept, he dreamed a curious dream, and in the morning he told it to his brothers.

"Listen to the dream I had last night," he said. "I thought I was with you binding sheaves of grain in the field, and when I laid down my sheaf, it stood up, and yours, standing up all around, bowed down and worshipped my sheaf."

His brethren answered, "Foolish boy, do you think then that you should be our king and we should be subject to you and obey your orders?"

So the dream became another cause of envy and hatred, both of which were increased when Joseph had another dream and told it to his father and his brethren.

"Last night in my sleep I thought I saw the sun, the moon and eleven stars worship me."

Even the father blamed the boy for telling his dream in so proud and lofty a manner.

"What!" said the father. "Do you think that this dream means that I and your mother and your brethren shall worship you upon earth?"

Nevertheless, the father wondered if this did not mean that some time Joseph would be king.

A little while after, it happened that Jacob called

JOSEPH

Joseph and said, "Your brethren are now feeding their sheep in Shechem. I want you to go to them and see if all things be well and prosperous, and then come again and tell me what they are doing."

Joseph answered, "I am ready." So he went from the vale of Hebron and came unto Shechem; but here he could find no trace of either his brethren or their flocks.

At last, however, a man spied him wandering in the fields, and asked him what he sought. Joseph answered, "I am looking for my brethren. Tell me where they have fled with their flocks."

The man answered, "They have gone from this place. I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.' "

So Joseph passed on into Dothan, and there he found his brethren, who, when they saw him approach, began to talk among themselves after this fashion: "Lo! here the dreamer comes. Let us slay him and throw his body into this old cistern. Then shall we tell our father that some evil beast has devoured him, and then shall he know how little Joseph's dreams profited him."

Reuben, one of the elder brothers, for his father's sake tried to save Joseph. "Let us not slay him nor shed his blood, but keep our hands clean. Follow me and do as I direct."

So when Joseph came to them, they stripped off his coat of many colors and dropped him down into the well, where there was no water. Having done this, they sat down to rest, and as they were eating their noonday meal they saw a company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead, who had, on their camels, loads of spices and raisins which they were carrying down to sell in Egypt.

When Judah saw the Ishmaelites, he called to his brothers, "How can it profit us if we slay our brother and shed his blood? It is better for us to sell him to these Ishmaelites. He is our own brother, and of our own flesh. Let us not slay him."

The brothers agreed to this, and drawing Joseph out of the well, they sold him to the merchants for thirty pieces of silver, and Joseph was led away into Egypt.

At the time Joseph was sold, Reuben was not with the other brothers, but was tending his flock in another place. When he returned, he went to the well, and finding that Joseph was not there, he tore his clothes in sorrow and cried out to his brethren, "The child, my brother, is not yonder. Where shall I go to find him?"

Then the brethren told Reuben that they had not slain Joseph, but they had sold him into Egypt, and all agreed not to tell their father what had happened. Instead, they slew a kid and dipped Joseph's coat in the blood and sent the coat to their father, saying, "Is not this coat, which we have found thus sprinkled with blood, the coat of your son Joseph, our brother?"

When Jacob saw the coat, he wept and said, "This is indeed my son's coat. Some evil beast must have devoured him." So Jacob, believing his boy to be dead, rent his clothes, donned sackcloth and threw ashes upon his head, while he wailed in sorrow for his son.

All the brethren gathered together to comfort their father and ease his sorrow, but Jacob would take no comfort, saying, "I shall die and go to my son and sorrow with him where he is."

The merchants carried Joseph with them away into Egypt, and sold him to Potiphar, master of Pharaoh's knights. Here God was always with Joseph and made him wise, ready, and prosperous in everything he undertook. He dwelt in Potiphar's house, and so well pleased his lord that he was given charge of the whole household, and ruled it wisely and well. Moreover, God blessed Egypt, and Pharaoh's flocks and herds increased, and wealth and plenty filled the land.

But after a time, the Egyptians grew jealous of Joseph, and Potiphar's wife, accusing him falsely, made her lord think that Joseph was a traitorous friend. So Potiphar threw Joseph into prison and kept him there for many days.

But still God was with Joseph and made him win favor in the eyes of the chief keeper of the prison to so great an extent that he was placed in charge of all the other prisoners, and here he acted wisely and ruled well.

After this, it happened that two of the king's officers, one a butler and the other a baker, fell into disgrace, and they were put into the prison where Joseph was.

One night, while they lay in prison, each officer had a dream which astonished him greatly, and which he could not in any way understand.

When Joseph came in the next morning to serve them, he noticed that they were troubled, and said, "Why are you more sad this morning than on other days?"

And they answered, "We have dreamed strange dreams, and there is no one who can interpret them to us."

Joseph replied, "Perhaps God will give me grace to interpret your dreams. Let me know what it was you saw in your sleep."

The butler told his dream first: "I thought I saw a vine that had three branches, and after they had flowered and the grapes were ripe, I took the cup of Pharaoh in my hand and wrung wine out of the grapes into the cup and gave it to Pharaoh."

Joseph answered, "The three branches are three days, after which Pharaoh shall remember your service and restore you to your office, so that you may serve him as you were wont to do. Then, I pray you, remember me, and be so merciful as to beg Pharaoh to take me out of this prison, for I was stolen out of the land of the Hebrews, and am innocent of the sin with which I am charged."

Then the baker told his dream, as follows: "I thought that I walked with three baskets upon my head, and in the one basket that was highest, I bore all the bread from the bakehouse, and the birds came and ate of it."

Joseph answered, "This is the interpretation of your dream: The three baskets are the three days that yet remain before Pharaoh shall come, take you from the prison and hang you on the cross. There shall the birds tear your flesh."

The third day after this, Pharaoh gave a great feast, and while he was eating he remembered the baker and the butler, whom he had cast into prison, and he summoned them to him. The butler he restored to office and permitted him again to serve the cup at the feast, but the baker he caused to be taken out and hanged, as Joseph had predicted. The butler, however, did not remember his promise to

Joseph, who still remained forgotten in prison for many long months.

Two years after Joseph was thrown into prison, Pharaoh himself had a dream. He thought he stood upon the river, from which he saw seven fair, fat oxen come up to the land and feed in a pasture. Then seven other poor and lean oxen came out of the river and were fed in the green pastures until they grew strong and devoured even the seven oxen that were so fat and fair at first.

At this he started out of his sleep and wondered, but after a time slept again and saw another dream. This time there were seven ears of corn, each fair to see and full of kernels, all standing on one stalk; but there were also seven other ears, small and gnarly, smitten with drought, and these seven small ears destroyed the full ones and left them all barren and worthless.

In the morning, when Pharaoh arose, he was greatly troubled by his dreams, and sent for all the wise men and diviners of Egypt. When they were gathered together, he told them his dreams and asked them to interpret them for him, but there was no one of all the wise men who could tell what the strange dreams might mean.

At last the butler who had been in prison remembered Joseph, and said to the king, "Once, you remember, O king, you became angered at your servants and sent the master of the bakers and me into prison. There, one night, we dreamed strange dreams that foretold things coming. There was then in the prison a servant of the jailer, a child of the Hebrews, and when we told him our dreams he explained them to us and foretold what should happen. As he pre-

dicted, I have been restored to my office, and the baker has been hanged upon the cross."

The king then sent straightway for Joseph, who, after being shaved, bathed, and clothed in fine raiment, was brought before Pharaoh.

To him Pharaoh said, "I saw a dream which I have told unto all the wise men of Egypt, and there is no one of them who can interpret it."

Joseph replied, "God shall tell to Pharaoh, through me, things that shall be greatly to his advantage."

Then Pharaoh told Joseph his dreams of the seven fat oxen and the seven lean ones, and how the lean devoured the fat, and also of the seven full ears and the seven poor ears, and how the latter destroyed the former.

Without any hesitation, Joseph then said, "Through these dreams God speaks to Pharaoh. The seven fat oxen and the seven full ears betoken that there will come seven years of great plenty in the land of Egypt. The seven poor oxen and the seven small ears mean that after the seven plentiful years shall come seven years of barrenness and famine, so severe that all the plentifulness of the seven fruitful years shall be forgotten, and Egypt shall be smitten with hunger and suffering.

"Now, therefore, let the king choose some wise and honest ruler who may appoint officers in all the towns of the kingdom. Let these officers gather into great barns and granaries the fifth part of all the corn and the fruits that shall grow during these first plenteous years that be to come, and store it there to be ready against the coming of the seven years of famine, so that Egypt may not perish from hunger."

Pharaoh and his counselors all believed the words of Joseph and were convinced that his advice was good, and Pharaoh said to his servants, "Where shall we find such a man as this Hebrew describes—a man who is honest, and filled with the spirit of God?"

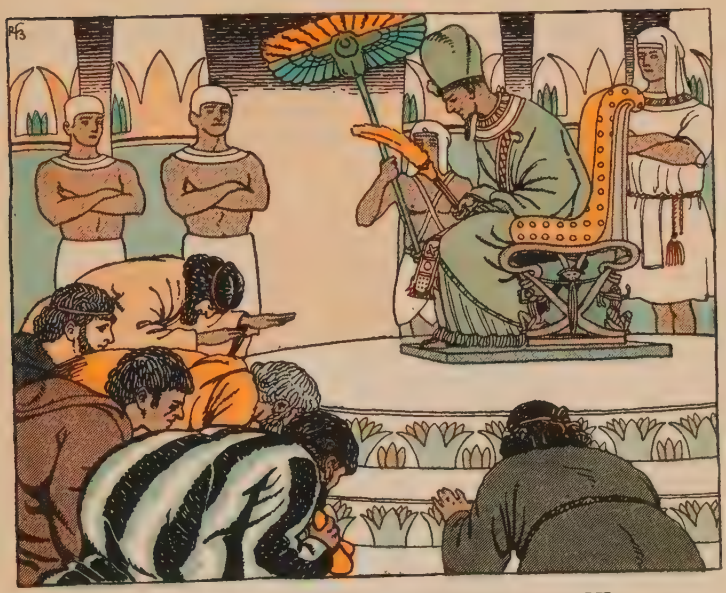
As he thought, he turned to Joseph and said, "Inasmuch as God has spoken to us through you, we can find no man who is wiser than you, or better fitted to perform this great task than you are. So I make you chief ruler of my house and my kingdom, and the people shall obey the commands of your mouth. Only I shall stand before you. Lo! thus have I ordained you master over all the land of Egypt."

So Pharaoh took a ring from his hand and put it into the hand of Joseph, and clothed him with a rich double cloak bordered with royal fur. He put a golden collar about his neck and led him to the royal chair. Then Pharaoh caused the trumpet to sound and the heralds to cry out that all men should kneel before Joseph, the chief ruler of all the land of Egypt.

And the king said to Joseph, "I am Pharaoh. Without your command shall no man move hand nor foot in all the land of Egypt."

At the same time, he changed Joseph's name to one that in the tongue of the Egyptians meant *The Savior of the World.* Moreover, he gave to the new ruler, as his wife, Asenath, the daughter of the priest, Poti-phera. At this time, Joseph was about thirty years old.

The seven years of plenty came, and the yield of the fields was greater than ever before. Joseph traveled round about all the region, and under his direction one-fifth of all the sheaves of corn were



THE BROTHERS BOWED DOWN BEFORE JOSEPH

brought into the barns, and of the abundance of fruits, one-fifth was stored away in every town. So great was the abundance that the corn might be compared to the sands of the sea; and it was impossible to measure the great harvests.

During the seven years of plenty before the famine and hunger came, Joseph had two sons. The first of these he named Manasseh, saying, "God has made me to forget all my labors, and my father's house has forgotten me." The second son he named Ephraim, saying, "God has made me to grow rich and powerful in the land of my poverty."

So passed the seven years of plenty and great fertility, and the seven years of scarcity and hunger began to come as Joseph had foretold. And all over the world hunger and suffering grew universal, and

in the land of Egypt, too, there were hunger and scarcity.

When the Egyptians, suffering from hunger, cried aloud to Pharaoh, asking food, he answered them, "Go to Joseph, and whatever he says, that shall you do."

Daily grew the hunger and increased the suffering in all the land. Then Joseph opened the barns and granaries and sold corn to the Egyptians, and from all the provinces people came into Egypt to buy corn to stop their hunger.

Now Jacob, far away in Palestine, suffering from the scarcity, heard that in Egypt were victuals to be sold. So he called together his sons and said to them, "Why are you so negligent? I have heard that corn may be bought in Egypt. Go you thither and buy for us what is necessary, that we and our flocks may live, and not perish."

Then ten of the brothers of Joseph went down into Egypt to buy wheat, but they left Benjamin, the youngest, at home with their father, because of the perils of the journey.

When they had entered into the land of Egypt they came before Joseph, the prince and ruler, who alone had power to sell wheat to the people. But the brothers did not know Joseph, and they fell down before him and worshipped him.

But Joseph recognized his brothers, and spoke to them hard words, as though to strangers, saying, "Whence come you?"

His brothers answered, "We are of the land of Canaan, and have come hither to buy what is necessary to keep us from starvation."

As Joseph looked upon his brothers, he remem-

bered the dreams he had had as a boy, yet he still spoke harshly and said, "You are spies, and have come here to note the weak places in this land."

"It is not so, my lord," they answered, "for we thy servants have come only to buy victuals. We are all sons of one man, and we come peaceably, neither thinking nor imagining any evil to you."

Again Joseph answered them, "That is not true. You are certainly spies, and have come to find our weaknesses."

Still they replied, "We are twelve brothers, your servants, sons of one man in the land of Canaan. One brother is at home with our father, and one other brother that we had is dead."

"What I said is true," said Joseph; "you are spies. I swear to you by the health of Pharaoh that you shall not go hence till your youngest brother comes. Send one of your number back to Canaan to bring him hither. You shall lie in prison till it be proved whether the things you say are true or false."

Joseph then cast them into prison, but at the end of the third day he brought them out again and said, "It may be that you are peaceable as you say. If it proves so, then shall you live. Let one of you be bound in prison here, and the rest go your way. Carry home with you the wheat that you have bought into your houses, and come to me with your youngest brother, that I may prove your words; otherwise shall you die."

The brothers spoke together apart and said, "We deserve to suffer thus, for long ago we sinned against our brother Joseph, when in his anguish he prayed to us and we heard him not. Therefore is this sorrow fallen upon us."

Reuben said, "Did I not tell you that in nowise should you sin against the child, but you would not hear me? Now is his blood avenged upon us."

All this Joseph heard and understood, but the brothers did not know it, for always before he had spoken to them through an interpreter. So Joseph turned aside a little and wept.

After he had returned to them, he took Simeon and bound him and sent him to prison, and commanded his ministers to fill the other brothers' sacks with wheat and to put each man's money in his sack, and, more than that, to give them food for their journey.

Afterwards, when the brothers had loaded their wheat, they departed on their way sorrowing, for they feared that never again should they see Simeon.

As they went on their journey, one of the brothers opened his sack, and seeing the money in the mouth of it, said, "Here is my money in my sack. What is this that God has done for us?" And they were all astonished, for each man found in the mouth of his sack the money he had paid for his wheat.

When they reached home and met their father, they said to him, "The prince of Egypt spoke harshly to us and said that we were spies who had come to learn the weakness of the country. We told him we were peaceable people and were not spies, and that we were twelve sons born of one father, but that one son was dead and the youngest was with our father in Canaan.

"Then the prince said to us, 'Now shall I prove whether you are peaceable or not. You shall leave here one brother with me, and take home all that is necessary for you. Then if you bring to me your

youngest brother, I shall know that you are not spies, and I will release the brother whom I hold in prison, and you may then buy whatever grain you need and take it back to your home.' "

Then they told him how each had found his money in the mouth of his sack, and how strange it all was.

Jacob was astonished and much grieved when he heard their story, and cried out to them, "You have made me without children; Joseph is gone and lost, Simeon is bound in prison, and now you will take Benjamin from me. Why do all these evils come upon me?"

Judah answered him, "Take my two sons and slay them, if I do not bring Benjamin back again to you. Give him to me in my hands, and I will certainly restore him again to you."

But the father answered, "My son shall not go with you. His brother is dead, and Benjamin alone is now left with me. If any misfortune should fall upon him, then will my gray hair go down in sorrow to the grave."

Still famine and hunger increased in the land of Canaan, and in time the corn which the brothers had brought from Egypt was consumed, and Jacob said again to his sons, "Go back into Egypt and buy for us more wheat, that we may not perish."

Judah answered, "That man said to us, swearing by great oaths, 'You shall not see me again nor come into my presence unless you bring your youngest brother with you.'

"Therefore, if you will send Benjamin with us, we will go together and buy for us the provisions that are necessary. If you will not let us have your son we will not go, for the prince said, as we have often

told you, if we bring not our youngest brother with us, we shall not see the ruler's face."

Jacob said to them, "Why have you led me into this misery? Why did you tell him that you had another brother?"

"The prince asked of us, one by one," they answered, "whether we had another brother, who our father was, and all about us. We answered him truthfully, as he asked, for we did not know what he would say, or that he would tell us to bring our brother with us. Give us now the child, that we may go forth and live, that neither we nor our children may perish from hunger. If we bring the boy not back with us, then shall we be guilty of sin. If you had not delayed us, we might have gone there and returned by this time."

Then Jacob, their father, said to them, "If it be as necessary as you say, do as you wish; but take with you the best fruits that we have and present them to that prince as gifts. Take some raisins and honey, some storax, terebinth and dates. Take with you, too, double money, and also the same money that you found in your sacks, lest there be any mistake; and take with you Benjamin, your brother. May God the Almighty make him happy with you, and bring him back in safety to me, together with Simeon, who is now held in prison. While you are gone, I shall be a sad and lonely man, bereft entirely of my children."

With the gifts, the double money and the money that was first in their sacks, and with Benjamin, the brothers went forth into Egypt and came and stood again before Joseph.

When Joseph saw the brothers and Benjamin

with them, he commanded the steward that he should slay sheep and calves and make a great feast, so that the brothers might dine with him that day. The servant did as he was commanded, and took the brethren to Joseph's own house.

They were all very much frightened, for they thought that Joseph meant to charge them with the theft of the money that was in their sacks and then throw them into slavery, so they spoke to the steward at the gateway before they entered into Joseph's house, saying:

"We pray you to listen to us. The last time that we came here to buy food, we found after we had bought it and were on our way home, that in the mouth of each one of our sacks was the money that we had paid. Now we bring with us again this money and more also to pay for the new food that we wish. We do not want to keep the money, and we have no idea who it was that put it in our sacks."

But the steward brought Simeon to them and conducted them into Joseph's house, and washed their feet as was the custom, while he gave orders to the servants to feed their animals. Then, as they were told that they should that day dine with Joseph, they made ready and laid out their gifts and presents, so that Joseph might see them when he came in.

When Joseph entered, they fell down to the ground and worshipped him, at the same time holding up to him in their hands the gifts which they had brought.

Joseph saluted them pleasantly, and asked, "Is your father, of whom you told me, yet living, and is he in good health?"

They answered, "Your servant, our father, is

still living, and is in good health." Then they knelt down and worshipped him again.

Joseph, casting his eye on his brother Benjamin, who was indeed his own brother, for both had been born of one mother, asked, "Is this your young brother of whom you told me? God be merciful to you, my son."

Then Joseph left them suddenly and went into his bedchamber, for he was moved in spirit, and he wept over his brother. Then, having washed his face, he came out again with a cheerful countenance and commanded that they should sit at the table, and there he placed his brethren in order, each after his own age.

But Joseph sat at another table and ate with the Egyptians who were present, because it was not considered lawful for Egyptians to eat with the Hebrews. The brethren were all well served with fine meats and drinks, but Benjamin was given always a double portion.

Then Joseph said to his steward, "Fill every sack with wheat as much as it will hold, and put into every man's sack his money. But into the sack of the youngest, with his money, put my cup of silver." And all this was done as Joseph had commanded.

In the morning early the brethren loaded their animals and departed from the town.

When they had gone but a little distance on their way, Joseph called to his steward and said, "Make ready and ride after the brothers and say to them, 'Why have you done evil for good. The cup that my lord is accustomed to drink from, you have stolen. There is no worse thing you can do.' "

Just as Joseph had commanded, the steward did,

and they answered his charge, saying, "Why does your lord accuse us so? The money that we found in our sacks before, we brought back to you from the land of Canaan, and now how can it be possible that we should steal any gold or silver from the house of your lord? Look! if it be found upon any one of us, thy servants, let that one die."

The steward said to them, "It shall be as you wish, and if the cup be found upon any of you, he shall become my servant, but the rest of you shall be free to go and not be considered guilty."

Then, one after another, beginning at the eldest, the brothers took off their sacks and opened them, and at last when they reached the sack of Benjamin, there in the mouth they found the cup of silver. When this was seen, all the brothers sorrowed greatly, and cut and rent their clothes. Neither would they proceed on their journey, but loaded their animals and followed the steward and Benjamin back into the town.

First, Judah with his brethren went before Joseph, and all together they fell face down to the ground.

"Why have you done this?" said Joseph. "Do you not know that there is no man so wise as I am?"

"What shall we say to you, my lord," Judah answered, "or what defense can we make? God hath remembered the sins of us your servants, for we are all your servants, we, and he in whose sack the cup was found."

"God forbid that I should act unjustly," said Joseph. "Whosoever stole the cup shall be my servant. As for the rest of you, return you free to your father."

Then Judah, rising, approached near to Joseph and said bravely, "I beseech you, my lord, that you will hear me speak, and that you will not be angry at your servant. You, I know, are next to Pharaoh. Now, my lord, when you asked first of us, your servants, 'Have you a father or brother?' we told you, my lord, that our father is an old man, and that we have a brother, a young child, who was born to him in his old age, whose brother of the same mother is dead, and he the only son whom the father loveth tenderly.

"Then you said to us, your servants, 'Bring the boy hither to me, that I may see him.' We told you, my lord, the truth, 'Our father will not let the child go; if he lose him he will certainly die,' and you said to us, your servants, 'If you do not bring him with you, never again shall you see my face.'

"Then when we had come to our father and told him all these things, he told us to return and buy more corn. We answered him, 'We may not go thither again unless our youngest brother go with us, for unless he accompany us we dare not go into the presence of the prince.'

"Our father answered us, 'You know well that my beloved wife gave me but two sons; the one went out and you said that wild beasts had devoured him, and I heard no more of him and he never appeared. If now you take this, my son, and anything happens to him on the way, you will bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.'

"Therefore, if I now go home to my father, and bring not Benjamin, his best-loved son, with me, our father shall die, and we your servants shall be the cause of his death. Now I took Benjamin upon my

own promise and said to my father, 'If I bring him not again to you, I shall be guilty.'

"So now I shall abide and continue your servant in place of the child, and shall minister and serve you honestly, my lord. I may not go back without the child, for I cannot endure the sorrow of my father. Wherefore, I beseech you humbly to receive me into your service and to suffer this child to go to his father."

When this request had been made, Joseph could no longer control himself, but commanded that all who stood by should withdraw, leaving only him and his brothers together. No sooner were they alone than he said to them, weeping, "I am Joseph, your brother. Does my father yet indeed live?"

The brethren were so afraid that they could not speak nor answer him.

Then he said lovingly to them, "Come hither to me."

And when they were come round about him, he said, "I am Joseph your brother, that you sold into Egypt. Be not afraid, nor think it a sin that you sold me into this country. God hath sent me into Egypt before you for your safety. It is now two years since the famine began, and there are five years yet to come in which men will reap no harvests. God sent me here that you might be preserved on earth and have food for your need. It was not by your counsel that I was sent hither, but by the will of God, who placed me next to Pharaoh, the lord of his house and prince in all the land of Egypt.

"Go you now to my father and say to him, 'These words your son Joseph sends you: "God has made me lord of the land of Egypt. Come to me now lest

you die, and you shall dwell in the land of Goshen. You shall be next to me, you and your sons and the sons of your sons, and I shall feed your sheep, your beasts and all that you have. Come, rest here through the five years of famine that are yet before us. Come! lest you perish with your house and all that you own." '

"Lo! your eyes and the eyes of my brother Benjamin see that I speak these words to you. Show you my father all my glory and all that you have seen in Egypt. Go quickly and bring him to me."

When he had finished speaking, Joseph embraced his brother Benjamin and each of the others, weeping with them, but none dared speak to him again.

Soon it became known all about in the king's hall that Joseph's brothers were come, and Pharaoh was glad, as was all his household.

And Pharaoh told Joseph to say to his brethren, "Load your beasts, and go into the land of Canaan and bring thence your father and kindred, and come to me, and I shall give you all the goods of Egypt, that you may eat the very best that the earth produces. Take with you carriages from this land of Egypt to bring with you your children and your wives. Bring your father and come as soon as you may, and leave nothing behind you, for all the best things shall be yours."

The sons of Jacob did as they were commanded, and Joseph gave them carriages, and meat to eat by the way. Besides, he gave to every brother two garments, but to Benjamin he gave five of the best garments and three hundred pieces of silver. Moreover, he sent clothing to his father and ten asses laden

with all the riches of Egypt, and as many laden with victuals to eat by the way.

As Joseph sent them from him he said, "Be you not quarrelsome on the way."

When they were come into the land of Canaan they met their father and said, "Joseph, your son, is alive, and he is the greatest prince in all the land of Egypt."

When Jacob heard this he awoke as a man that had been startled suddenly out of his sleep. Nevertheless, he believed them not until they told him all in the order in which it had occurred.

When he saw the carriages and all that Joseph had sent, his spirit came back, and he believed.

"It is sufficient for me," he said, "if Joseph, my son, yet lives. I shall go now to see him before I die."

Then Jacob went forth with all his followers and slew beasts and made sacrifices to the God of Isaac, his father. And that same night God appeared to him in a vision, saying, "Jacob, Jacob!"

Jacob answered, "I am here."

God spoke again to him, saying, "I am the God of thy father Isaac; dread not, but go down into Egypt. There shall I make thee grow into a great people. Thither will I go with thee, and back will I come with thee when thou returnest. Joseph, indeed, shall put his hands upon thine eyes."

Early in the morning Jacob and his sons took their wives and children and placed them on the carriages that Pharaoh had sent, and gathering all that they possessed, they went down into the land of Egypt. And Jacob sent Judah before him to tell Joseph of his coming.

When Joseph heard that Jacob was in Goshen he

ascended his chariot and drove forth to meet his father, and when he saw him he embraced him meekly and wept. And Jacob received his son and embraced him also.

"Now shall I die joyously, because I have seen your face," he said; and Joseph spoke to his brothers and to all the house of his father as follows:

"I shall go before you to Pharaoh and shall say to him, 'My brothers and all the house of my father that were in the land of Canaan have come to me. They are men accustomed to keeping sheep, and they know well how to tend their flocks. They have brought with them all their beasts of every kind that they had.'

"When Pharaoh shall ask you of what occupation you are, say to him, 'We, your servants, are shepherds from our childhood until now, even as our fathers have been.' This shall you say so that you may dwell in this land of Goshen, for the Egyptians have enmity against shepherds."

So Joseph came before Pharaoh and said, "My father, my brethren, their sheep and all their beasts have come from the land of Canaan, and are in the land of Goshen."

And Pharaoh asked of the five brothers whom Joseph had brought with him, "What is your occupation?"

"We, your servants, are keepers of sheep, we and our father. We have come to dwell in your land, for there is no grass for our sheep, so great is the famine in the land of Canaan. We beseech you to let us, your servants, dwell in the land of Goshen."

"Your father and your brethren," said the king to Joseph, "have come to you. The land of Egypt is

at your command. Permit them to dwell in the best places, and give to them the land of Goshen. And if you know that they are skilful herdsmen, make them masters of my beasts."

After this Joseph brought his father in and made him stand before the king, and the king blessed him and asked how old he was.

"The days of the pilgrimage of my life," he answered, "are a hundred and thirty years, small and evil, and yet have I not come under the days that my fathers have lived." Then he blessed the king and went out.

Then Joseph established his father and his brothers in Egypt in the best soil of the kingdom.

In all the world then was there a scarcity of bread, and hunger and famine oppressed the whole land, but especially, and most, the land of Egypt and the land of Canaan. And Joseph collected all the money for selling wheat and brought it into the treasury of the king.

When people lacked money to buy bread, they came to Joseph, saying, "Give us bread, or we die, for we have no money."

To them he answered, "Bring to me your beasts, and for them will I give you victuals, if you have no money."

When they had brought their beasts he gave them, in exchange for their horses, sheep, oxen and asses, food for a year.

The second year they came and said, "We hide not from you, our lord, that our money is gone, and our beasts are gone, and there is nothing left but our bodies and our land. Shall we die in your sight? Rather buy us and our land into bondship and serv-

itude to the king, and give us seed to sow lest the world turn utterly into wilderness."

Then Joseph bought all the land of Egypt, every man selling his possessions because of the vehement hunger he had. All this land he returned unto Pharaoh, even to the uttermost, except the land belonging to the priests, for to them victuals were given openly out of all the barns and granaries, so that they were not compelled to sell their possessions.

Then Joseph spoke to all the people, saying, "Lo! now you see and know that Pharaoh owns and is in possession of you and of your land. Take seed, now, and sow the fields, that you may have fruit. The fifth part of the fruit you shall give to the king, and four parts I promise to you, that you may have seed and may have meat for your servants and your children."

"Our health and our lives are in your hands," the people answered; "gladly will we serve the king."

From that time until this present day, in all the land of Egypt, the fifth part is paid to the king, except that which is produced from the lands belonging to the priests.

Now, all this time Jacob dwelt in the land of Goshen, and his flocks and his herds increased and multiplied greatly. When the years of his life were an hundred and seven and forty, he understood that the day of his death approached. Then he called to him his son Joseph, and said unto him:

"If I may find so much grace in your sight, show me so much mercy as to promise and swear that you will bury me not in Egypt. Take and carry me from this land and lay me in the sepulchre of my forefathers, that I may rest with them."

"I shall do as you have commanded," answered Joseph.

"Swear it to me," said his father.

And Joseph swore as he had been commanded. As he listened to Joseph, Jacob adored and worshipped God and turned his face away to the wall.

Soon after it was told to Joseph that his father was feeble and sick. So the prince took his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim, and went to his father.

When Jacob heard that Joseph was approaching, he sat up in his bed and was comforted; and when Joseph entered, his father said, "Almighty God appeared to me in the land of Canaan and blessed me and said, 'I shall give to thee this land, to thee and thy seed after thee in perpetual possession.'

"Therefore, the two sons that were born to you in this land of Egypt, before I came hither, shall be my sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, and they shall be to me as Simeon and Reuben."

Then, seeing Joseph's two sons, he said, "Who be these children?"

"They are my sons," answered Joseph, "whom God hath given me in this place."

"Bring them hither to me," said Jacob, "that I may bless them."

The old man's eyes were dimmed, and he could not see clearly because of his great age, but he took them to him and kissed them, and said to Joseph, "I have not been defrauded from the sight of you, and, furthermore, God hath showed me your children."

Then Joseph took his sons from his father's lap and worshipped him, kneeling low to the earth, and he set Ephraim on Jacob's left side, and Manasseh

on the right side, but Jacob laid his right hand on the head of Ephraim, the younger brother, and his left hand upon the head of Manasseh, who was the firstborn.

Then blessed he the sons of Joseph, saying, "God in whose sight walked my fathers Abraham and Isaac; God that fed me from my youth until this present day; the angel that kept me from all evil, bless these my children, and may my name be given them, and the names of my fathers, Abraham and Isaac, and may they grow into multitudes upon the earth."

But Joseph, seeing that his father's right hand lay upon Ephraim, the younger brother, felt sad, and took his father's hand and would have laid it on the head of Manasseh, saying, "Nay, father, this is not right that you do. This is my older son. Put your right hand upon his head."

But Jacob would not do as Joseph had said. "I know, my son," he replied, "I know what I do. This son shall increase into peoples and multiply, but his younger brother shall be greater than he, and he shall grow into larger power."

Then Jacob blessed them again, saying at the same time, "In these shall be blessed my name."

Then he turned to Joseph, his son, and said, "Lo! now I die, and God shall be with you. He shall again bring you into the land of your fathers. And I give to you, above your brethren, the lands which I won from the hands of the Amorite with my sword and my bow."

After speaking in this manner, Jacob called his sons before him and said to them, "Gather now about me, that I may show you the things that are to come,

and listen while your father Jacob speaks." Then told he to each of the brothers his condition and future, one after another, and when he had blessed his twelve sons he commanded them to bury him with his fathers in the sepulchre which Abraham bought in the land of Canaan. And when he had finished, he lay down and died.

When Joseph saw that his father was dead he fell on his face and kissed him. Then he commanded his servants, the physicians, that they should embalm his father's body with sweet spices, and decreed that there should be mourning for forty days.

When the wailing time was passed, Joseph told Pharaoh how he had sworn and promised to bury Jacob in the land of Canaan.

"Go and bury thy father as thou hast sworn," said Pharaoh.

So Joseph took his father's body, and accompanied by the aged men of Pharaoh's house and the noblest men of birth in all the land of Egypt, and the men of the house of Joseph also, went forth into Canaan. There were chariots, carts and horsemen, and a great gathering of people that came over the Jordan, where they mourned and wailed for seven days longer.

And the people of Canaan said, "This is a great sorrow to the Egyptians likewise." And the place is still called "The Wailing Place of Egypt."

When Jacob the father was buried, Joseph and all his fellowship returned into Egypt, where they had left their children and flocks and herds.

Then the brethren, after they had spoken together alone, fearing that Joseph would avenge the wrong that they had done to him, came and said:

"Your father commanded us before he died that we should say this to you: 'We pray that you will forget and not remember the sin of your brothers, and the malice with which they treated you. Forgive for thy father's sake this great wickedness.' "

Joseph, hearing this, wept bitterly, and his brothers came and knelt low to the ground and worshipped him, saying, "We are your servants."

"Be you nothing afraid and dread you not. Think you that you can resist God's will? You thought to have done me evil, but God has turned it into good, and has exalted me as you see and know, so that He might save many people from death by famine. Be not afraid; I shall feed you and your children."

So he comforted them with many fair and friendly words.

So Joseph dwelt in the land of Egypt with the house of his father, and lived an hundred and ten years, and he saw the sons of Ephraim to the third generation.

After these things he said to his brethren, "After my death, God shall visit you and shall send you again from this land into the land that he promised to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. When that time shall come, take my bones and carry them with you from this place and bury them in the land of Canaan."

So saying, Joseph died, and they embalmed his body with sweet spices and aromatics, and laid it in a sepulchre in Egypt till they should go forth into the land of Canaan.

This *Story of Joseph* has been taken from a translation of *The Golden Legend.* The tale has been

simplified somewhat, and the language made a little more modern, but the quaintness and charm of the old narrative have not been destroyed.

The Golden Legend was written in the thirteenth century by Jacobus de Voragina, the Archbishop of Genoa. He used the Bible as the basis of his stories, but combined with the Bible narrative the many interesting legends that had grown up in the Church. In the fourteenth century *The Golden Legend* was translated into French, and from the latter version the English translation was in turn made. This was one of the books printed by the famous William Caxton, and for many, many years it was read in church in England, where its simple and graphic language created a lively interest in the stories of the Old Testament.

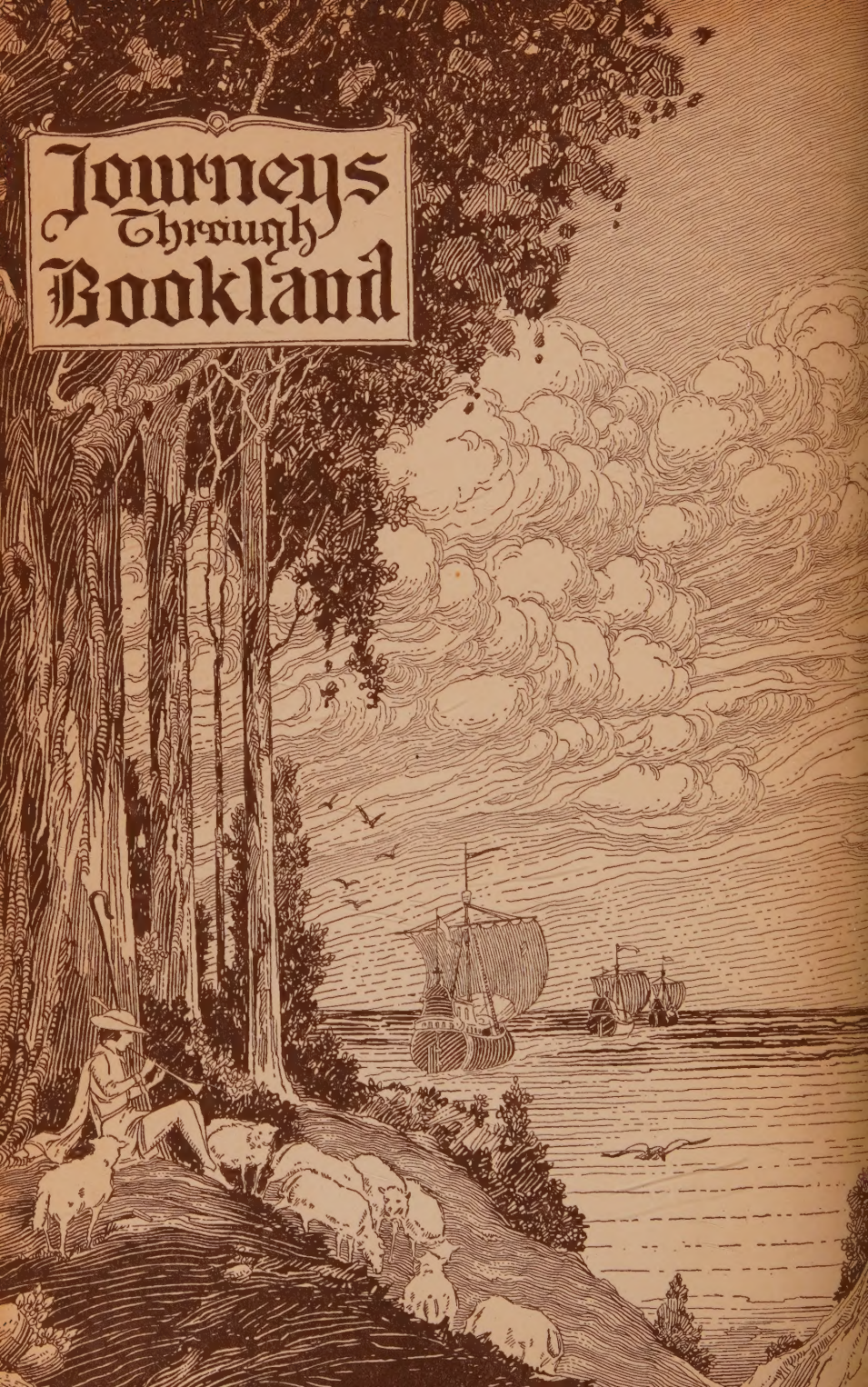
PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

NOTE.—The pronunciation of difficult words is indicated by respelling them phonetically. *N* is used to indicate the French nasal sound; *K* the sound of *ch* in German; *ü* the sound of the German *ü*, and French *u*; *ö* the sound of *ö* in foreign languages.

ABRAHAM, *a′ bra ham*
AGINCOURT, *ah zhan koor′*
AMHERST, *am′ urst*
AMORITE, *am′ o rite*
ARCADIA, *ar ka′ di a*
ASENATH, *as′ e nath*
ATALANTA, *at′ a lan′ tah*
BAUCIS, *baw′ sis*
BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE, *byorn′ son, byorn′ shur″-ne*
BRAHMINS, *brah′ minz*
CANAAN, *ka′ nan*
CINDERELLA, *sin″ dur el′ lah*
CORMORAN, *kor′ mor an*
DANISH, *dayn′ ish*
DON QUIXOTE, *don ke ho′ tay*, or *don quix′ oat*
DOTHAN, *do′ than*
EDINBURGH, *ed′ 'n bur″ o*
EPHRAIM, *e′ fra im*
ESKIMO, *es′ ky mo*
FREY, *fri*
GAELIC, *gayl′ ik*

GENOA, *jen′ o ah*
GILEAD, *gil′ e ad*
GOSHEN, *go′ shen*
GRENADIER, *gren a deer′*
GRETHEL, *greth′ el*
GRIMM, WILHELM and JAKOB, *grim*, *vil′ helm* and *yah′ kohp*
GUILD, *gild*
GULLIN-BURSTI, *gool″ in boor′ sty*
GUNGNIR, *goong′ nir*
HANSEL, *han′ sel*
HEBRON, *he′ bron*
HIPPOMENES, *hip pom′ e neez*
ISHMAELITES, *ish′ ma el ites*
IVAN, *e vahn′*
JASIUS, *ja′ si us*
JEKYLL, *jek′ il*
JUDAH, *ju′ dah*
JUPITER, *ju′ pi ter*
LOKI, *lo′ ke*
MANASSEH, *ma nas′ seh*
MARIE, *mah ree′*
MASSACHUSETTS, *mas″ sa chu′ sets*
MERCURY, *mur′ ku ry*
MERLIN, *mur′ lin*
MOOREFIELDS, *moor′ feeldz*
ODIN, *o′ din*
OGRE, *o′ gur*
OGRESSES, *o′ gres sez*
PALESTINE, *pal′ es tine*
PERRAULT, *pa″ ro′*
PHARAOH, *fa′ ro*, or *fa′ ra o*
PHILEMON, *fil′ e mon*
PHRYGIA, *frij′ e a*

Potiphar, *pot′ i far*
Potiphera, *po tif′ e ra*
Renard, *ren′ urd*
Reuben, *ru′ ben*
Saint Michael, *saynt mi′ ka el*, or *mi′ kel*
Samoan, *sa mo′ an*
Schurz, Carl, *shoorts*, *karl*
Shechem, *she′ kem*
Sif, *sif*
Simeon, *sim′ e on*
Sindri, *sin′ dre*
Sioux, *soo*
Skidbladnir, *skid blahd′ nir*
Thor, *thor*, or *tor*
Unicorn, *u′ ny corn*
Vaea, *ve′ a*
Vailima, *vail′ i ma*
Villeneuve, *veel′′ neuv′*
Voragina, Jacobus De, *vo rah′ ji na*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